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TO THE

## TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

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*Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

VOLUME 236

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NUMBER I

## Apéritif

### *An Innocent in Washington*

IN CONNECTION with his famous Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land in 1867, Mark Twain tells a story on one of his fellow travelers, a young man who had exaggerated notions of the number of people intending to go abroad that summer. Before leaving he stepped into a store on Broadway, in New York, where he bought a handkerchief. When the clerk could not make change the young man said:

“‘Never mind, I’ll hand it to you in Paris.’

“‘But I am not going to Paris.’

“‘How is — what did I understand you to say?’

“‘I said I am not going to Paris.’

“‘Not going to *Paris*! Not g — well then, where in the nation *are* you going to?’

“‘Nowhere at all.’

“‘Not anywhere whatsoever? — not any place on earth but this?’

“‘Not any place at all but just this — stay here all summer.’

“‘The young man took his purchase and walked out of the store without

a word — walked out with an injured look upon his countenance. Up the street apiece he broke silence and said impressively: ‘It was a lie — that is my opinion of it!’”

An analogous situation really exists today — except that the focal point is Washington, D. C. Visiting firemen have undoubtedly increased many, many fold, and there are also endless streams of foreign statesmen, domestic business men with variegated axes to grind, writers and hungry politicians, not to mention bankers, who would, perhaps, as leave stay home. So it occurred finally to this bemused commentator that he might as well join the procession.

From a mass of confused impressions only two things stick out in his memory of the trip. One was a street fight. His party had just driven into the maze of curved and chopped up streets bestowed upon the city by Major L’Enfant in his infinite incapacity to foresee the horseless carriage, and had stopped at a drug store to make a purchase and inquire directions. The clerk, courteous but Southern, was doing

his best to answer questions when he happened to glance toward the doorway. His words trailed off, he dodged out from behind the counter and headed rapidly for the open air. The other clerks followed, as did the few other customers. To New Yorkers this behavior was startling, even after they discovered its cause — which discovery, for want of something else to do in the empty store, they soon made. Across the street one Negro was sitting on another Negro's chest and grasping him by the neck, all too firmly for comfort.

For a minute or a little more it was a tableau: the two figures were motionless and held a clear stage. Then, apparently from nowhere, a multitude gathered about them, milling and jockeying for position. There was a great buzzing of excitement, punctuated occasionally by shrill laughter. Now and then a gap in the spectators would permit a glimpse of the contestants, whose position did not alter. No one interfered with them, and the underdog seemed to make little effort to throw off his assailant. Within a few more minutes the crowd had thickened so that it became impossible to catch sight of the Negroes. There was nothing to do but leave, since the drug store clerks gave no indication of reviving interest in their business.

The fact that Washington newspapers made no mention of the combat is without significance, except perhaps to make it a little doubtful that either combatant suffered extinction. What is interesting is that no one showed any inclination to interfere. In a city so political as Washington it might have been

expected that any excuse would be sufficient for drawing sides and waging wholesale battle.

THE other thing was a remark made by one of Washington's most famous newspaper correspondents, which appeared to throw a certain amount of much-needed light on the course of events. He said that things being done now indicated a dichotomous national policy (that was his word for it), although he seemed somewhat less than sure that the President and his advisers realized the fact. On the one hand there were the efforts being expended to restore international trade, stabilization of currencies and political peace, which, if successful, would end our isolationism, even as many optimistic people are hoping. On the other hand there were the industrial control bill, the farm bill, the Tennessee River project and many other matters which would require a closed national economy for success, or at least would tend toward greater isolation.

As Mr. George Gerhard points out in his article on the World Conference in this issue, political tangles are likely to destroy the chances for success at London. Tariffs may not be lowered; there may be no solution of the debt problem; currencies may continue their riotous way up and down the international scale. In which case we shall probably see an attempt made to deal with our problem from the purely domestic angle. The correspondent thought that such an attempt would involve an unrealized amount of suffering over a long period of years, entailing, as it would, the gearing down of our



production to the level of our own consumptive power.

Dean Donham, of the Harvard Business School, however, expresses a quite contrary opinion. Braving the arrows of the internationalists, he comes out firmly for the domestic solution. The essence of his argument is that we as a nation have no power of control over world markets; that so long as our products sell on a world market they can command only such prices as *laissez faire* (affected mildly in some cases by international agreements) will permit; and that competition in this market must necessarily become progressively keener as the world becomes more mechanized. If, on the other hand, we make up our minds to pay strict attention to the portion of our business concerned solely with the home market, and to balance necessary imports with judicious exports, limiting our foreign trade to that by any means necessary, he feels that we can very quickly raise prices here, readjust our productive apparatus, give the masses an adequate purchasing power and enjoy the greatest prosperity ever imagined. Moreover, he believes that, by thus insulating ourselves from the economic and political struggles of Europe, we shall be doing more for world peace than we could accomplish in a thousand parleys and conferences.

Dichotomy, indeed! The correspondent felt that socialism in some degree was an inevitable concomitant of the isolationist course, and that job insurance, regulation of capital, labor and production would pall on Americans in exceedingly short order. Dean Donham does not men-

tion the dread word, but some of its appliances are implicit in his scheme and the success he foresees for them would, presumably, assuage its sting.

There are tariff experts in Washington (or one, anyhow) who believe that selective tariff arrangements could be made, without increasing competition in this country unduly, which would pay interest and amortization on the debts. Between the pronouncements on policy of close Administration men and Secretary Hull there is no clear agreement. Mr. Hull is an old free-trader. The Administration does not seem entirely to have made up its mind which way to jump — most-favored-nation-ward or toward bargaining. But lately there has been seen a tendency to dampen the too enthusiastic hopes of some for results from the London Conference, and that might be taken as an indication that the Administration feels that bargaining will be necessary — that world solutions are too difficult and Dean Donham's way more practicable.

It will be queer if the Roosevelt who used to believe in the League of Nations and who came into office on the wave of reaction from a decade of do-nothingism, one of whose main tenets was non-entanglement, leads us into completer isolation. It will be queer, but not impossible. Mr. Roosevelt is an active man and if his international conferences do not produce results he will be impelled to try other methods; if the other methods show signs of working, it will be difficult to turn back from them. And in a world so distractingly complicated with logic and illogic there

seems to be little reason why such methods should not show signs of working, or actually work.

At any rate, in the ensuing months there will doubtless be prodigious new argument over the respective merits of internationalism and isolation. The skeptic will have his usual wide range of choice for belief, his usual incapacity to choose. Meanwhile it might be instructive to consider what a new isolationism would mean for this country. Such a consideration should, perhaps, be left to economic experts, or other persons of great faith, but there are one or two things anyhow which can be safely referred to.

IT SEEMS assured that an almost total reliance on the home market would slow down the tempo of production and business. Whether that would entail the suffering predicted by the correspondent mentioned above should really depend on how our system is run. Our skeptic, again, is hard put to it to find a reason why people should work harder than is absolutely necessary, and if those individuals who insist that the home market can be supplied by a twelve-hour week's work should happen to be right, and we had sense enough to make employers stick to that schedule, there should be some other effects besides the usually mentioned increase in leisure. For instance, there should be an appreciable lessening of the incentive to pile up large fortunes.

This is easily inferred from Veblen's arguments concerning conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. When every one had so large a portion of leisure for his enjoyment there

would be much less stimulus to work for money or a position which would let one out of the necessity of getting to an office at nine and remaining till five. Neither innate laziness nor the desire to appear favored over his fellow men would have so much play. And with wealth necessarily spread more widely (or a decent income, at least), and a far greater number and variety of museums, parks, playgrounds of all sorts and other amusements provided free by the community (which would result from a public construction programme), there should be a slimmer margin for waste to be conspicuous in.

If there is an appreciable lessening of the incentive to pile up large wealth, there ought also, of course, to be an appreciable diminution of graft, attempts to withhold from labor a reasonable income, cut-throat competition, racketeering, political skullduggery and many other phenomena which are thought to interfere with a reasonably happy and prosperous existence.

However, if that seems too Utopian, there is the matter of population shifts. A large movement back to the country has been in process for two years or so, and such projects as the Tennessee River development should certainly accelerate it, with a difference. Up until now the people who have returned to the land have largely returned to poor land, enjoyed inadequate capital and equipment and generally not had too happy a time of it. But if the thing is done systematically, if electric power is provided cheaply and small industry is built up regionally for the benefit of a farm population raising diversified crops and partially occu-



pied with that industry, something really beneficial should result.

Take the obverse side of the question. There would be little sense in an aggregation of human (and mental) ants like New York City with no foreign trade to support it. The rest of the Union, as has been suggested, might secede from it, or simply draw off its population for more useful pursuits than trading on the stock market or building Radio Cities. Its Greenwich Village culture might profitably (or not) be sown farther afield; its movie theatres never would be missed; its subways, if brought above ground, could be stretched out toward western Pennsylvania instead of leading so inexorably to the Bronx; its magnificent banks could be chopped up into enough marble tombstones to last America for a century. For so efficient an organization as Tammany Hall some use could surely be found elsewhere, though it must be confessed that this commentator is more bemused than ever concerning that subject.

So it goes. Possibly an even brighter picture could be painted of the effects of real international coöperation. Germans and Frenchmen laboring side by side for the world good, Chinese and Japanese doing the same, Americans forgiving their debtors — all in peace and prosperity, instead of merely our countrymen. Whatever doubts the skeptic may have, it must be clear to him that a choice has to be made, and that the alternatives, as they should be, are now only two. Our traditional policy of attempting to enjoy the advantages of both nationalism and internationalism is finished.

### *Hitler Endorses Marriage*

SINCE this subject of nationalism as opposed to internationalism has taken up so much space already (and if the reader has been patient this far), it may be as well to look at Herr Hitler's much-vaunted national recovery bill for a moment. At the time of writing the New York papers have had no more than a sketchy account of the thing. Although they describe it as a "program of many parts," there are only three of its features commented upon: a public works appropriation, a reduction in interest rates on agricultural debts and a marriage subsidy, the last of which is the only one in which many people on this side of the water can be expected to take much interest.

The internationally minded person can consider a country (sometimes even his own) and judge that it is overpopulated, or sufficiently populated; the nationalist, apparently, can think of birth rates only with the idea of *crescendo* as the ultimate desideratum, whatever the circumstances. Therefore, when the Nazis justify their tax on spinsters and bachelors by the fact that Germany's birth rate last year was less than Italy's, there is no reason to be surprised. China may be at the insufficient mercy of Japan partially because her four hundred millions are too closely crowded even in that broad land to be effective, either economically or as a military force, but cannon fodder must always be bred before its efficient uses are considered. There is, in this country, a school of economic thought which lays our frequent periods of prosperity in the past to the fact that our

population, until late years, has always increased so rapidly. The idea is that every new mouth must be fed, every new body be clothed and housed, and that the wherewithal will emerge from the same obscure source as Ricardo's theory of wages. It seems odd that those violent antitheses, business and war (the business men *will* some day realize that the money which they can make in wartime is too dubious, war's aftermaths too disquieting for their support), should on the two main continents demand the same sacrifices.

Herr Hitler stipulates, in return for the 1,000 mark loan which is his inducement for couples to marry, that the bride must give up her job, so long as her husband earns more than 125 marks a month. This is another of the curious examples which keep cropping up of a recent tendency to make young people choose between sex and industry. The poor overworked skeptic already mentioned so many times has one of his worst efforts trying to reconcile such matters with a painfully clear ideal of the least possible work for every one, compatible with comfort and

civilization. Housework is not, say what you will, the most invigorating or noble of human pursuits. Little has been done in the last two thousand years to improve it; more could be if the sort of ingenuity that has been expended on industry were allowed to deal with it. Continue to segregate the work of men and women and the chances of that's happening are greatly reduced. On the other hand, it has been abundantly proven that much work in business and industry is done better by women than by men.

Most people desire freedom above all other things. When they suffer from disease, they want freedom mainly from its symptoms. The doctor's function, at his best, is to subordinate this desire and treat the fundamental causes of the disease. Those thousands of people who have been asking for a dictator to doctor our troubles might not do badly to note that Herr Hitler seems to see no farther than symptoms. His prototype, Signor Mussolini, has looked on the birth rate and found it wanting, too.

W. A. D.





# Can the London Conference Succeed?

BY GEORGE GERHARD

*For all the intricate economic problems there are solutions, but politics also must be dealt with*

THE World Economic Conference, scheduled to be in session at the time this article appears, is aiming at some sort of economic order for the group of nations involved. Obviously, the achievement of this aim necessitates a certain amount of control, and this is the key to the maze of problems before the Conference: can this control — or shall we call it “agreement”? — be established in spite of the tremendous diversity of national interests assembled at London?

Suppose we had been blessed, back in 1931, with an Economic Control Board possessing exclusive world rights over production and trade and tariffs, gold, currencies and capital movements. Suppose outstanding economists, bankers and statesmen had served as members of the board. Suppose they had been in thorough agreement as to the measures most likely to bring back prosperity.

What would they have done?

In all likelihood they would have dictated five or six decrees, running about like this: (1) reparations and

War debts are canceled, thus removing one of the most stubborn obstacles on the highway of international traffic; (2) tariffs are reduced and stabilized at a given level so that international trade and capital movement may flow freely; (3) quotas and exchange restrictions are eliminated for they only block trade exchange; (4) national currencies are stabilized at a fixed ratio; (5) the international currency standard, say gold, is re-established, as a foundation on which to build international trade commitments and financial obligations; (6) huge public funds are distributed among the consuming classes, through public works, subsidies, bonuses, dividends and the like.

With this set of decrees the stage would have been set for a resumption of world traffic and trade. Increased buying power would have stimulated the demand for goods and led to higher prices. Increased exports and imports would have enabled the debtor nations of the world to obtain an export surplus so that they could meet their obligations. And smoothly

and easily the tremendous machinery of world production would have settled down to the task of supplying the needs of the people of the earth.

So far, so good. But why wasn't it done? Even in 1931 the economic condition of the world was such that it justified the establishment of an International Economic Control Board. How much more so today! Prices of raw materials and agricultural products have fallen more than fifty per cent since 1929; wholesale commodity prices have dropped more than one-third; world unemployment exceeds by now the thirty million mark; taxes have risen from fifteen to twenty-five per cent; production in many key industries has been cut by sixty and more per cent; the gold standard has been abandoned by about one-half of the nations of the world; most of the other half have introduced exchange restrictions which, in effect, are even more radical than the outright suspension of the gold standard. In fact, there is only one country which, by her own economic strength, is able to maintain the standard, and that is France. Long-term debts have risen in proportion to the decline of prices, and the War debts continue to play a very disturbing part in the economic drama. Rising tariff walls and shrinking foreign trade may be mentioned to round out the scene.

The world missed its chance in 1931. It did not call for a dictatorial control board. It did not even bother much about unifying a disrupted (not to say, discredited) international system. As a matter of fact, if the nations have been conscious of their rôle as mutually dependent world units at any time since the

Armistice, they have not shown it. They rather behaved like a man who is dissatisfied with his partner, or a manufacturer who is disgusted with his trade association. They forced exports, they limited imports, they arranged trade facilities, they pushed capital movements, so long as these things seemed profitable. But their belief in the principles of international trade, in the give-and-take doctrine of a new world order, was not very deeply founded. In the main it expressed itself only in sonorous phrases on world solidarity and the common interest.

With polite regret the nations got up from the tables at Geneva and London and Paris, and went home to raise their tariffs, to establish import quotas, to restrict gold exports, to develop home markets and to dedicate themselves to a renaissance of *Autarkie*. One notable exception was Germany — not that she was less selfish than the rest, but that she lacked the means, could not afford to ignore her dependence upon foreign markets. But what she may have missed in the pursuit of nationalistic aims then, she later more than made up under the economic third-degree of Herr Hitler. And while the other nations have in the meantime gone through harassing experiences in their search for national self-sufficiency, Germany is still to undergo hers. While France and England and America and Italy seem today to be more inclined toward some sort of international agreement than has been the case at any time during the last decade, Germany remains full of hope for the national reawakening. She is, hence, the most disturbing factor in this new international



alignment. True enough, the Hitler speech outlining German policies has for the time being reassured world opinion as to the peaceful attitude of German Fascism, but actions are still awaited to convince the world that the new Germany will march shoulder to shoulder with other nations toward the goal of complete and trusting world coöperation.

Now the nations are back at the conference table. The World Economic Conference is under way. Its programme has been drawn up by the experts who met in a preparatory conference at the end of last year and the beginning of this. Such authorities as Professor Williams, the American financial expert, Professor Rist of France and Sir Frederick Phillips of Great Britain contributed to the recommendations on monetary and economic problems. Since the members to the London Conference will turn to the experts' agenda to guide them in the process of unraveling the mass of monetary and economic problems, it will be interesting to see what they had to say.

Their first advice was that gold should be restored as the common basis of an international monetary system: "The World Conference, in the absence of another international standard likely to be universally acceptable, will have to consider how the conditions for a successful restoration of a free gold standard could be fulfilled." Then they point to "that restoration of confidence without which great hesitation will be felt in taking decisions to return to the gold standard." They believe that to affect this restoration of confidence intergovernmental debts

must be settled. In what way they do not say. Nor do they consider the effect of such settlement upon taxes, tariffs and the rate of interest.

The experts make it clear that government budgets must be balanced, that inflation of the currency must be avoided no matter what the cost, that exchanges should be stabilized by liberal credit policies. They do not make clear, however, not even by implication, how this is to be accomplished. It is hard, perhaps impossible, for any government to balance its budget if relief and emergency measures require increased expenditure coincident with declining revenue in taxes and duties. Then again, liberal credit policies have not been lacking everywhere, certainly not in the United States; but so far they have been flat failures. And the drive for inflation arises from declining prices and rising debts; so long as these continue, it is not likely that the agitation of the inflationists will be checked.

So the experts recommend: there is inconclusiveness and cautious restraint on page after page of the agenda. Regarding prices, they state that either costs must be reduced or prices increased; regarding debts, they suggest coöperation between creditors and debtors; regarding international capital movements, they stress lack of confidence and exchange instability; regarding exchange restrictions, they favor wholesale removal.

On the problem of expanding purchasing power throughout the world the experts have not expressly stated their opinion. It is clear, however, that they had in mind that the solution of the economic riddles men-

tioned above would automatically lead to increased consumption capacity. Better working schedules, minimum wage laws and a more sensible relation between production and consumption would result from the abolition of unemployment attendant upon the removal of trade and tariff barriers and the resumption of a free flow of gold and capital. Whether they are correct in this anticipation has been the subject for considerable debate.

It is a fine document, this agenda, thorough and abounding in economic theories. But what the experts have proven theoretically we have experienced very realistically. We know rather definitely what is wrong, but we don't know how to get out of it. This is one thing which the experts preferred to leave to the Conference.

More important, it is at this point that the Conference is likely to get into deep water. It is true that the conferees have expressed their agreement "in principle"; it is also true that the experts have agreed "in theory." But it has yet to be proven that theory can stand the hard, cruel light of reality, and that agreements "in principle" carry any weight in practice. Past experience does not augur well for the outcome of the Conference. We might remember the "World Economic Conference," held at Geneva in 1927; there also was a "preparatory committee," embracing thirty-five members from some twenty countries; there were dozens of experts, and three score of memoranda. However, there is only one phrase which can do full justice to the results achieved, that is: flat failure. Nothing came of it, and whatever breath-taking resolutions

were passed vanished in the maze of committees, assemblies and conventions of one sort or another. Indeed, if it were not for the documentary proof, we should hardly know that the World Economic Conference of 1927 was held.

THE critical turn of the present Conference will come when the various countries are asked to make sacrifices for the common as well as the individual good. Without these sacrifices it is unthinkable that any tangible result will be achieved. A sensible agreement on tariffs, for instance, presupposes the willingness of the nations to lower their tariff walls. The United States, under a Republican Government, refused to do so. Under Roosevelt the prospects have perceptibly brightened. But Germany, England, France and Italy (not to mention the ambitious countries of the Balkan Peninsula) have since 1925 or thereabouts strictly adhered to a policy which would protect and stimulate home interests. The average German pays three or four times as much for wheat which is grown at home as he would have to pay on the world market. German agriculture would be cut in half if it had to compete with foreign producers from the Americas, Russia or Australia. Before the German Government could risk the collapse of a goodly part of the farming industry, it would have to inquire about compensations. Berlin would be sure of strenuous competition from foreign farming interests, it would be sure of loss for the peasant at home; but who could assure Germany that she would easily make up for the loss through increased selling opportunities abroad?



She might be persuaded, she might be promised, but she would not be guaranteed.

France has made great efforts during the last five years to counter-balance the loss of foreign marketing possibilities (caused by the British and German export expansion) by carefully developing her home market behind high protective tariffs. She has furthermore used these tariffs for bargaining purposes. The bargaining as well as the protective end would be hard hit if France agreed to a straight low-tariff policy.

England's struggle used to be the struggle of an empire. It is no longer so. England has found that it is not even possible to draw tariff walls around what is in name still an empire (though not in fact). If she can not unify her empire tariff policy, if Canada and South-Africa and India and Australia insist on their own tariff policies, which they have developed quite successfully, how does she expect to bring the much larger, much more complicated and much more diversified trade interests of the whole world under one hat?

The multitude of tariff interests and prejudices and policies of the Balkan countries, of Scandinavia, of Latin America, of Italy and Austria and Hungary, of the overseas countries and the colonial possessions of the big powers, further confound this confusion. The experts are well aware of the tariff danger and are "unanimous in affirming the necessity that action for the removal of the restrictions on international trade should be taken as soon as possible and continued on progressively wider lines." But they fail to indicate *how* action should be taken.

Once more it is up to the nations assembled, through their delegates, their experts and statesmen, to find the proper method. Obviously, tariffs as purely economic measures could be dealt with easily. They are, after all, no more than instruments or weapons. But behind them there stand the commercial policies of nations, which are formulated by the sole consideration of economic advantage. It is therefore the *political* approach to tariffs which will furnish the dynamite at the London Conference. Tariffs stand for the economic consciousness of nations; take this away and replace it with an *international* consciousness, and you have the solution.

Almost every one of the issues on the Conference programme may be reduced to the same formula; gold, for example. Gold is an international medium. But every nation will treat it (and has treated it) from the national viewpoint and without the slightest consideration for international repercussions. Gold may be an international standard, but it has never carried any international obligation. Nations have abandoned it, or restricted it to their hearts' content. But, by the same token, there is no reason why they should not return to gold if it can be done with the proper protection of their currencies. This would not mean, however, that we had a better standard than we had before. Gold has doubled its value since 1920, in terms of goods; since 1929 alone, it has increased its value by more than forty per cent. In other words, it has utterly failed as a stabilizing factor in the world's currency system. The disaster may happen again, because

to the nations of the world the gold standard is a facility, not an obligation.

PAST conferences have failed because they attempted to treat important problems independently from their underlying forces. They have overlooked the fact that economic problems have invariably grown out of political situations, and while they have thoroughly delved into the economic side, they have neglected the political.

If the London Conference falls into the same mistake, it is doomed before the opening address has been launched on a politely listening world. Unless the Conference is willing to take up the French demand for "security," the German drive for "rehabilitation," the Italian cry for "equality," all the resolutions about gold and prices and budgets and tariffs will quickly burn to ashes in the white heat of political agitation. Unfortunately, the latter will be amply represented. Even at the experts' conference at Geneva, the leading men were (1) a Director in the French Ministry of Commerce, (2) a Director in the German Ministry of Economics, (3) the Japanese Financial Commissioner in London, (4) the Secretary-General of the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, (5) the Chief Economic Adviser to the British Government — all of definite political affiliations.

The London Conference will be made up of about the same calibre of men, though they will be headed by some outstanding statesmen, such as Ramsay MacDonald and Herriot. While we have been told about the economic plans of the conference, we

have not been informed how the political controversies are to be settled. Yet, it is the political development of national interests which has created every one of the issues to be taken up at London, from intergovernmental debts and tariffs straight down to overproduction, unemployment and exchange restrictions. The extent to which the underlying political forces are drawn into discussion, and somehow resolved, will determine the degree of success of the Conference.

It may not be amiss, however, to call attention to the intrinsic worth of an international conference, regardless of success or failure. Looking back upon the flow of events since the Versailles of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, one sees the increasing concentration upon nationalistic policies, culminating in the Italy of Mussolini, the Germany of Hitler, the Russia of Lenin and Stalin, the Balkans of Venizelos and Dr. Benes. In the light of these trends, which, from the international watch-tower, must be considered regrettable, the very calling of an international conference is apt to relieve the world of a great burden of anxiety and worry. It proves that the idea of internationalism is by no means buried beneath nationalism; it indicates that there is, in spite of domestic radicalism, an unceasing effort toward international coöperation.

There remains hope, therefore, that, even if the conference falls short of far-reaching results, the door to the poisoning influences of exaggerated patriotism will be definitely blocked. There remains also the trust that future conferences will realize what may be denied to the London Conference.



# Do Farmers "Revolt"?

BY KARL PRETSHOLD

*The case history of an Oklahoma "riot" seems to indicate, despite newspaper scareheads, that their action is something quite different*

WITHIN recent months "farm revolts" have grown increasingly numerous in Middle Western States. Nearly all have been marked by ominous threats of violence on the part of the "farm rebels." Scores of news despatches carried on the front pages of hundreds of Mid-Western dailies have stressed the "ugly mood" which irate farmers have displayed at foreclosure sales or threatened evictions.

In the Middle West the cities are "closer" in thought and feeling to the rural regions on which they depend, and which they serve, than are comparable cities in the East. In many cases, and in many ways, the economic functions of Trans-Mississippi cities are directly bound up with agriculture. One need only think of the flour milling industry of Minneapolis; the stock-yards and packing plants of Omaha. To the Easterner the relation between, for instance, the oil industry of cities in Oklahoma and Texas and the farmers is less obvious, but none the less sure.

As "farm revolts" flash and flare

across those States, city dwellers are becoming more and more convinced that the American farmer is "becoming revolutionary" or "going Bolshevik" or "turning red." Many editors, politicians, business men and (especially) bankers feel that the once dependably conservative farmer is ready to "line up with" William Z. Foster and the Communists. Urban Middle Westerners have for decades been accustomed to what they call "political radicalism," but they are not accustomed to seeing groups of farmers defying sheriffs, intimidating judges and threatening to burn down courthouses.

Conservatives are alarmed; liberals hope discontent can be canalized into "constructive reform" and radicals grin and cheer at news of each new outbreak. But all agree that the revolts possess either actual or immediately potential "revolutionary significance."

If an isolated "farm revolt" can have "revolutionary significance" (exhibit the "revolutionary" temper of the men who take part in it), that significance should be apparent in connection with any such revolt in

Oklahoma. The whole past of the State has been militantly "radical," especially in the farming sections. For years there was a strong Socialist movement in Oklahoma, and lately the Socialists have been staging something of a come-back. The Farmers' Union, proudly proclaiming itself a "class" organization, has both numerical strength and political influence all over the western half of the State. The organized farmers and organized labor (when the State had an organized labor movement) worked together. Old-timers "out in the black-jack country" still remember Pat Nagle and the Tenant Farmers' Union which used arson and Johnson grass as weapons, and had as its slogan: "War to the manor; Peace to the hut."

Recently Oklahoma had its second "farm revolt." A mortgage had been foreclosed on the farm of Sherman Sebastian in Custer County. He was to be evicted. The Custer County Protective Association was called, gathered its members together and, meeting on the Sebastian farm, prevented the sheriff from carrying out the eviction order of the court. The sheriff returned next day and, before the Protective Association members could assemble, evicted Sebastian. Later in the day Sebastian's son and eight other men were arrested on charges of rioting for their part in preventing the eviction the day before.

A friend of mine, who helps edit a Socialist paper in Oklahoma City and who knew some of the arrested men, was going to Custer County to "cover" the story. He also wanted, if possible, to use the "revolt" and arrests as instruments with which to

advance Socialist organization among Oklahoma farmers. Hoping that I might get a chance to see the "inside" of a typical "farm revolt," and thus have something on which to base a judgment of the "revolutionary temper" of the aroused Middle Western farmer, I went along.

FOR purposes of investigation and study, we found conditions which approached laboratory standards. We had planned to drive to the homes of two or three of the arrested men and talk to them there. But, by a stroke of luck, we were able to meet all nine of them, and Sebastian, together. They had been released on bond and were gathered in the office of an attorney to consider plans for their defense at a preliminary hearing.

Action was over. An investigator ran no danger of watching an event and then reading into the action of the participants motives and a significance which might be meaningless to those participants. Because the Socialist editor knew several of the men, we were able to talk with them as friends. No barriers of suspicion or timidity were set up. These men were typical farmers; while they were local leaders (their arrest was certificate of that), they were not "farm leaders" with an organization to boost and speak for, or a hobby to ride, or a following to "hold in line." They could, and did, speak in full and friendly frankness about their activities and their views.

Any one of the nine men would rate the designation "substantial citizen" in any farming community. In clothes, appearance, demeanor, there was a greater difference be-



tween these men and the tenant farmers or share-croppers of southeastern Oklahoma than there is between a Park Avenue debutante and an East Side shop girl. There was nothing of the peasant about them. Obviously they belonged to the Middle West, that region which is associated in the American mind with ownership of property, a sound educational system and an easy, unaggressive independence rather than a pinched, narrow shrewdness.

A number of the men held minor political office, membership on school boards, township offices. To a city-bred person they were surprisingly alike, and yet they did not lack a fundamental individuality. They were the sort of men whose moral code included the copybook maxims on thrift and industry.

There was a wide and vivid difference between these men and industrial workers — printers, coal miners, factory hands, building tradesmen or railroad workers. At no point in attitude or outlook did they resemble city "proletarians." This was strikingly brought out in our first few minutes with them. Both the Socialist editor and I had, as newspapermen, "covered" strikes and industrial conflicts. A group of arrested strikers would have made merry over their arrest. These men were not frightened, but they were deeply concerned, worried. They were keenly conscious that the charges against them carried a penalty of from two to ten years in prison.

A group of strikers just out of jail on bond would have taken it as a matter of course that their defense in court "would be taken care of." The union would provide lawyers or

a "defense committee" would be formed if there were no union. To each man here the question of legal fees was a problem. No one had thought of appealing to the other farmers in the Protective Association to take up collections to defray expenses caused by the arrests.

Most striking of all — these men did not see their arrest as part, a to-be-expected part, of the activities of their Association. That arrest should follow their attempt to stop the eviction of a neighbor was so surprising that it left them bewildered. Not one of them "had ever been in trouble before." A dozen things which strikers would have taken so much as a matter of course as not to require statement had these fellows groggy with amazement.

When the Socialist editor declared that their arrest was an attempt to break up their movement of protest against foreclosures and evictions, they remained silent. They thought it over. Several agreed. They let the idea sink in. Not addressing the editor, but passing the idea from man to man, they allowed, "That's right, they want to bust up our organization." It would never be necessary to tell a group of strikers that their arrest was not aimed at them as individuals but as leaders. It is a commonplace of strike tactics to use arrests to dramatize or symbolize any point or idea which needs dramatizing, symbolizing.

Not a man here had thought of using his arrest as something which might aid in building and widening the power of the Protective Association. An arrested striker is a more militant, more active striker. Arrest is looked upon as a citation, as a

possible apprenticeship to martyrdom. Here the nine farmers took it very much as a matter of course that their Association activities were over until after their trial. They "weren't getting into any more trouble." They wanted to see action against foreclosures and evictions continue. But the "other boys" would have to carry on. The last thing in the world they wanted was to become martyrs. They had wives, families, property. Certainly a strange variety of "revolutionists."

MORE in order to clarify their own minds in regard to the consequences of their action than for our benefit, they told the story of the "revolt" which had landed them in jail. They chose to stress the point that Sherman Sebastian, on whose behalf they had acted, was a respectable, hard-working farmer who had come out into this country at the time of the "opening" of the Cheyenne-Arapahoe reservation in '92. He had homesteaded a quarter section of excellent land along a creek bottom. Industrious, intelligent, a "good farmer," blessed with health and the help of a big family (the last two points were not stressed, hardly mentioned), he had prospered and purchased the adjoining quarter section. As one of the nine put it: "He's been out here longer than Custer County."

When the railroad was "put through" he had shipped the first car of hogs ever sent from that part of the Oklahoma Territory. At the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1904, his prize corn won him the title "Corn King of the World." Back when it was possible to find prosperous farmers he had had a substantial fortune.

Now, at the age of seventy, that fortune was wiped out. Bad "investments" had been his financial undoing, made the mortgage necessary. Since he was unable to "keep up the interest" or pay on the principal, the insurance company had been forced to foreclose.

Neither Sebastian nor any of the other men objected to the foreclosure; they admitted the justice of the mortgage-holder's seeking such settlement. But they did believe he had a "moral right" to protection against eviction. The insurance company had secured a tenant for the place. The farmers of the neighborhood believed Sebastian had a prior claim to a lease and it was that prior claim which they were attempting to assert when the sheriff tried to evict the old man and his family.

When told that he would have to "get off," Sebastian went to the officers of the Association, explained his plight and asked aid. The officers "investigated the case" and took action. They called the agent of the insurance company in Oklahoma City. He referred them to the regional representative of the company and declared his willingness to "do the right thing." But the regional representative failed to meet with the Association officers on the appointed date. Why, none of the men who were arrested could say.

Sebastian had cattle on the farm, had good pasturage on which to feed them. He objected to the eviction because it would force him to sell his cattle at sacrifice prices and the new tenant would get the benefit of the excellent pasture the one-time owner had built up. Several of the men called attention to this point. Fore-



closure of the mortgage had been right and proper. But the mortgage-holder had "no moral right" to use foreclosure as an instrument with which to visit further property damage on Sebastian.

All through their account of the "revolt" it was interesting to watch the points which they chose to stress. They were making a case for a property owner and willingly recognizing the justice of the claims against him. They were not against "corporations," or "bankers," or "blood-sucking money-lenders." They were, from their point of view, merely insisting on an "adjustment."

When they gathered at the farm to prevent the sheriff from "putting the old man out in the road," they still hoped to meet with the insurance company representative and "iron things out." The leaders of the men who gathered, these men who had been arrested, were active in small time politics. They knew every county office-holder, had "known them for years." In more than one instance they had discussed questions of public interest with officials, had expressed opinions and had their opinions respected, acted on. Why, they never stopped to ask themselves, shouldn't they talk this matter over with the sheriff and get a delay until Sebastian's case could be adjusted?

They could call up a county commissioner and get delay on repairing a road if their convenience required the delay. They did not realize that the sheriff was not free to delay or exercise his judgment in the matter of "carrying out an order of the court." Why, shucks, they knew the county judge as well as they knew the sheriff. Not being lawyers they

saw nothing sacred in a "court order." They *did* see something sacred in a man's claim to the home he had carved out of the raw prairie with the labor of forty years.

County authorities and the farmers who took part in preventing the eviction differ as to what occurred. The county attorney insists the farmers "got rough"; that they "ran the sheriff off." He is quoted as declaring: "The action of the farmers in preventing the sheriff from carrying out his duties was a grave offense against the government." Certainly, to a lawyer, any sort of intimidation of an officer which resulted in failure to execute a court order would be a "grave offense."

But the arrested men insisted, and insisted repeatedly, that there was no violence. They were equally insistent that there were no threats of violence. Therefore, they had not "defied" the sheriff. "We argued with him," one man admitted. "But nobody even raised his voice — well, maybe there was some loud talk. What would we have to get rough about? Why, we all know that sheriff. Some of us voted for him. Helped elect him."

Every man protesting against the eviction gave his name to the sheriff. A deputy took down the names; he missed Bill Connoway and Connoway followed the deputy and insisted his name be put at the head of the list. The names were given so that the sheriff "would know who to come after if he wanted to come after us." Persuaded, or intimidated, the sheriff left without evicting Sebastian.

Any newspaperman who has come in contact with country sheriffs can guess what would be likely to happen were such a sheriff forced to admit to

a judge that he had "failed to execute an order of the court." The Custer County sheriff reported to the judge, consulted with the county attorney and went to Oklahoma City. There he got tear gas and a sub-machine gun. Next day he went back to the Sebastian farm and did his duty. Then he and his deputies arrested the nine puzzled and bewildered men on warrants issued on complaint of the county attorney.

**R**EPEATEDLY the men declared and insisted they had done nothing but "help a neighbor." The sanctity of "court orders" was less than meaningless to them. It was a concept which simply had no existence for them.<sup>1</sup> They had never heard of the idea that a judicial writ is something vastly different from an ordinance of a board of county commissioners, or a resolution of a school board. Suppose the sheriff had caught a boy or young man driving while drunk. The father of that boy,

<sup>1</sup> The more recent "roadside brawl" at LaMars, Iowa, which resulted in the declaration of martial law in five Iowa counties, seems to have involved much this same sort of difference of attitude toward courts and judges. When his court was "invaded" by a "mob" of irate farmers who insisted on wearing their hats and smoking "in the presence of the court," aged Judge Bradley ordered them to cease smoking, to remove their hats. He would tolerate no such disrespectful action in "his courtroom." J. D. Cope, seventy-five, a leader of the Farm Holiday Association, living near LaMars, in a letter to the Socialist editor about the "riot" declared: "That's not his courtroom. We farmers paid for it with our tax money and it was as much ours as his. The crowd had a perfect right there." The judge was "dragged from the bench," nearly lynched and martial law followed.

and the father's neighbors, could see the sheriff and county attorney and "talk it over." Very likely the boy would be turned over to his father for "good, old-fashioned home punishment" and the whole incident be officially forgotten.

Well, why did nine men have to face the possibility of from two to ten years in prison for doing the same sort of thing in an effort to "save a man's home for him"? These men had been raised in a tradition of pioneer neighborliness. "In the early days" people "out here" had been forced to help each other. If a farmer fell seriously ill his neighbors joined together to see that his crops were cultivated or harvested. At harvest time they aided each other; and made a picnic of the occasion. Years ago, before there were roads and towns and undertakers, neighbors "came in" at a time of death and "sat up" with the dead, built the coffin, dug the grave and "conducted services." No matter what sort of misfortune befell, every family could depend on the help of its neighbors.

This pioneer neighborliness was something more than mere willingness to be kindly. It was strict custom. A man who refused to help when help was needed would "be looked down on." Many of the conditions which had compelled the strict custom have disappeared, but the tradition of helpfulness in time of misfortune is still strong.

To these men no greater misfortune could befall a man than to lose his farm, his home. But to be able to make demands for their aid he must really be unfortunate. That is, the threatened loss must be through no fault of his own. That



is why the Association "investigates each case." A farmer "over the line in Washita County" faced the foreclosure of a chattel mortgage. His farm machinery, cattle were to be sold. The Association had investigated and found a "good banker" held the mortgage and that the farmer "hadn't done the right thing." So no action would be taken.

They were not "on the loose" gaily "defying law and order" for the fun of the thing. They were trying to uphold a concept of "moral right." That concept had grown up under pioneer conditions; was deeply attached to the idea of property as the creation of industrious, thrifty individuals. Coming into this country when there was nothing but a frontier set down on the raw semi-arid prairie, they and their families had "earned" every bit of property they now owned. The lives of these men stood, to them, as living, vivid proof that property and wealth are created by saving and self-denial.

They saw their own and Sebastian's troubles, the whole question of mortgages, foreclosures, evictions and the results of protest, as a mere matter of the action and attitudes of individuals. They spoke of "good bankers" and "bad bankers" and of farmers who "tried to do the right thing" or, being shiftless, tried to dodge their obligations. Their anger was directed at individuals. They were "sore at the sheriff" because they felt he had "double-crossed" them.

They lacked even the first requisite of the "revolutionary" attitude — "class-consciousness." Nor were these nine Oklahomans alone in their stand. From time to time the Social-

ist editor receives letters from farmer readers in which they express their opinions about such matters as mortgage foreclosures. One letter, received the day after we talked with the men in Custer County, from a Nebraska farmer was unusually intelligent and articulate.

"The injustice of foreclosures under existing conditions," the Nebraskan said, "is that such sales amount to virtual 'steals.' The mortgagee in such cases will double the amount of his investment within a few years. If land values would remain at their present low levels, the injustice of foreclosures would not be as great. These legalized 'steals' should be averted by staving off foreclosures until conditions become more stabilized."

Yet it would have been easy to read "revolutionary implications" into the action of the Oklahoma men in protesting the eviction.

To accomplish that feat it would not have been necessary to do greater violence to their actual motives than was already being done by the sheriff, county judge, prosecutor and "leading citizens" who were insisting they must be prosecuted on the rioting charges. The nine "rioters" had used the rough and ready, informal procedure of the township meeting of frontier days in an attempt to achieve "justice" and the triumph of "moral right." They now found such informal exercise of the rights of citizenship, such easy reversion to pioneer patterns of thought, might be considered a crime, a "grave offense" against formal law which commands respect merely because it is formal law.

If their protest, instead of being

the product of local leadership, had been organized by a professional "farm leader," such leadership would very probably have hidden the real intent and motivation of the protest. An agrarian leader of the type of Milo Reno or A. C. Townley could, had either been "in charge" of this "revolt," have taken his leadership as proof that the men "endorsed" his brand of "farm relief." They could thus have been made to appear as advocates of inflation or of the cancelation of farm mortgages or as warriors bent on "breaking the strangle hold of Wall Street."

When the Socialist editor tried to point out to them that the sheriff was acting as the representative of "group interests" (he deliberately dodged use of the word "class"), they agreed — but the agreement was more out of politeness than out of understanding. A moment after voicing hesitant agreement that the sheriff had really acted on behalf of "the bankers," they were blaming what they considered the stupidity of the county attorney for their plight.

A newspaperman, or a magazine writer, more familiar with industrial disputes and strikes than with the pioneer past of this region, would, almost unconsciously, have described their activities in the terminology of "class warfare." By the simple process of describing their actions in terms which might have meaning when applied to a strike of five thousand mill hands, this "revolt" could have been made to appear something other than what it actually was.

Any "liberal" journalist glib in the

use of phrases lifted from the vocabulary of the "reds" and burdened with preconceived notions concerning the significance of "farm revolts" might have had a happy holiday with this simple set of facts. Such a one need only permit expressions such as "mass pressure," "direct action," "growing militance," "wide-spread discontent," "united front," "rank and file leadership," to drop into their appointed places in his description and he could rest content in the knowledge that the sleep of any banker who read his words would be disturbed. An insurrection would not only have been created; its existence would have been proven.

CAN conclusions drawn from the examination of a single "revolt" pretend to general validity? Even when the examination was conducted under unusually favorable circumstances? However open to question from a scientific point of view such conclusions may be considered, the temptation to draw them is irresistible.

"Rebellious" Middle Western farmers are not "revolutionists." They are not "turning revolutionary." Caught in the grip of circumstances and complex forces which their education and lives gave them no preparation to understand, they may grow irate and unruly.

They hold to the ideas and ideals, to the understanding and points of view which were imbedded in their minds by the teachings and experience of an earlier and simpler set of circumstances. When, bewildered and irritated, they go on the rampage, or "riot," or merely



threaten, they are holding fast to those truths concerning industry and thrift and personal responsibility about which they learned in school and church and from experience when their minds were maturing.

In a world of trusts, "finance capital" and international competition, they stand as almost the sole group representing an outworn, outmoded economy of individualistic production and rewards. Failing to see in themselves the representatives of a doomed group, busy with the pressing concerns of every-day life, they do not understand the many schools and doctrines and movements which compete for their attention and support. Naturally inarticulate as individuals they have, as yet, failed to produce a spokesman. And, besides, their case was stated and believed by "everybody" a generation and more ago.

In the Administration farm bill with its complexities and alternatives they find nothing to catch or fire their imagination. They have watched through the years since the War as bills and measures and remedies and proposals for "farm relief" have followed each other and their economic condition has not improved. The Administration farm bill is, admittedly, "an experiment" and they grow impatient at the prospect of being the subject of still another attempt at relief by trial and error methods. Especially so since they can not understand the intricate character of the action which is to constitute the experiment.

Meanwhile the radicals, ranging in political complexion from the comparatively pale pink of John

Simpson, national president of the Farmers' Union, to the vivid scarlet of the organizers of the Communist-controlled Farmers' National Committee of Action, have an undoubted advantage on their side. Since they are unhampered by the responsibilities which attend any attempt to make a programme effective, the remedies they propose can be made to appear simple, direct, one-two-three propositions.

Farmers of the Middle West, and those town dwellers whose fortunes are closely linked with conditions in the rural regions put little faith in the farm bill. An individual farmer may have no idea what constitutes the "cost of production" of the crop he raises. But he feels he is entitled to that "cost of production." He is likely to have less than no idea of the difficulties which would attend an attempt to fix a general "cost of production" figure for all raisers of wheat or cotton or hogs. But were such an argument advanced to the farmer he would demand to know if the acreage leasing and crop planting regulations of the Administration bill is likely to be any less cumbersome and difficult in actual practice than an attempt to carry out a guarantee covering "cost of production." Congress has defeated the "cost of production" amendment to the farm bill. It is easier for that fact to stick in a farmer's mind that it is for him to understand the many other provisions of the bill.

All of which does not mean that disappointment will send the Middle Western farmer rushing into the arms of the revolutionists. For generations farm leaders and agitators

and insurgent politicians have preached the doctrine of inflation, "cheap money" and "an honest dollar." The Farmers' Alliance of the 'Eighties; the Grange in its young and radical days; the Populists of the 'Nineties; the Farmers' Union and the Farm Holiday Association of today all had, or have, inflationary demands in their programmes. Men, now well on the wrong side of middle age, who are "raising hell," can remember that even in their youth inflation was lauded as a sovereign remedy for all farm ills.

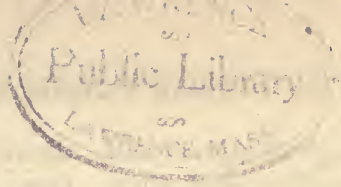
The years of preaching and of

agitation for inflation have created a solid faith among the farmers in its magic possibilities.

It is in inflation, rather than in carrying out of another "farm relief experiment" that they place their hope. If their condition does not improve, if inflation does not come (and they are shrewd enough to recognize that so far there has been much talk about, no actual, inflation) the radicals and revolutionists may find their thundering preachments received with a heartier welcome and a more willing understanding than they now meet.







# Surgical Crisis

BY PAUL HORGAN

*A Story*

IT WAS possible to see the river from the corridor that led to the operating theatre at the University Clinic. The bright hall was full of students going toward the doors that led to the amphitheatre of seats, in time for the two-thirty. The young men went through two ranks of glass doors, and found themselves behind the last of five rows of seats. The rows curved sharply around the demonstration theatre, and each was three steps lower than the one behind it.

There was a twilight in the operating room. High narrow windows let early afternoon sunlight into a restricted area of upper air, for the room was very tall. The students took their seats and talked in low voices. They were all robed in white muslin gowns, sterilized and creamy-looking in the reticent light. Below, on the floor, the cylindrical drums of the steam chambers glowed darkly. A faint hissing issued from one corner of the room where the sterilizers were ranged. The shadows were surprisingly thick, rich in reflected highlights, even though everything below the ranks of seats was covered with white — tile, paint, rubber, glass.

It was nearly half-past two. The

young men watched the wide door of glass and chromium through which the patient was to be wheeled from the anæsthetizing room. Through that door the surgeons would appear. Doctor Fenimore was famous for his promptness, which was a symptom of the wild control he held over his nerves. The students knew his legend very soon after being admitted to his surgical course. He interviewed each of the aspirants personally, and alternated between an angry skepticism of where the doctors of the future were coming from, and a sentimental fury of faith in all young men who applied for his teachings. All his students accepted his rages with respect. Between rages he was gentle and humorous, and brilliant in their joint work.

At half-past two, the glass doors were swung open by two orderlies in white. An interne and a nurse wheeled the patient in upon a discreetly-tired table. The doors swung and softly rested shut. From the wall where the steam cylinders stood, the operating table was wheeled to the centre of the room. The patient was transferred to it. The orderlies unfolded sheets.

A tall figure in surgeon's gown and

mask strode through the doors and went to the table. The head nurse held up a bowl of solution in which he washed his gloved hands. He waved them in air, to dry them. He towered above table and attendants. He looked up at the immense dome that housed lights. He nodded briskly. An orderly went to the wall and touched a switch. With appreciable slowness, the twilight was dispelled on the floor. The huge lamps bloomed into light that was flat and piercing upon the operating table and its area. The tall surgeon touched the rows of instruments on the glass tables. He seemed impatient. He coughed behind his mask and looked around. There was a suppression of all movement and sound in the theatre. The students sat leaning forward. It was like a moment at a play, when action is lost in stillness, and a premonitory shiver runs up the lighted curtain.

Then the doors swung open again, and the anæsthetist arrived, at once taking his position on a stool by the patient's head and adjusting his shining cone with its gauze drip. The students began to smell the ether. A few of them gagged behind their hands until they became used to it. They studied the patient, an old man with gray skin and long hair. His body was flat under the covering sheets. His hip bones made ridges under the white.

The tall surgeon leaned, looking through the door, and at once walked to his station by the table. The nurses, the interne and the orderlies seemed to straighten into attention. The students whispered, "Here he comes." The doors opened briskly. Doctor Fenimore went rapidly to

the table. He looked at the patient's face. Then he nodded shortly to the assistant surgeon who towered above him, and faced the students.

"No lecture today," said Doctor Fenimore. "Watch."

His voice squeaked. He was short and fat. The apple red of his face showed around the eyes. He lifted his hands to bathe them in anti-septic, holding his elbows up with a fastidious, almost a fussy, attitude. He squinted up at the light that stood in almost palpable beams about him. With his hand, he ordered the assistant to expose the patient and paint the operative area with iodine. The tall surgeon stooped over and began his work. Doctor Fenimore held his hands by his breast, snapping his fingers softly, and watching. When the assistant failed, once, briefly, in deftness, the Doctor held his snapping, resuming a little later. The sound was then like a comment, an opinion. The nurses exchanged looks in the background.

THE old man's belly was exposed, an amazing dark yellow with iodine and white light. Doctor Fenimore took a scalpel. The assistant handled two retractors. The Doctor brought the knife down to the skin, and hesitated. He looked around, as if something were troubling him.

The younger of the nurses began to tremble. He was looking at her. His gaze passed on. It came back to his tall assistant, and the pale blue eyes crackled and snapped behind their brilliant glasses. The assistant nodded politely, an inquiry. The students held their breaths. The interne bit his tongue to keep an exclamation of nervousness.



Doctor Fenimore raised his elbows again, pulling his gown looser about the shoulders. He seemed constricted, tightened, hemmed-in. The watchers were charged with silence. They knew the symptoms of nerves in their chief, this agony of hesitation before beginning. They dreaded the incision. Even more, they dreaded the crisis of the operation. That was the second hurdle they all had to leap with him, after what terrors of indecision and rage only they knew.

The old man's breathing suddenly sounded loud and liquid. The anaesthetist lifted one of the eyelids and watched the pupil a second. He raised his cone a trifle. The steam hissed with a friendly little sound in the polished brilliant quiet.

Doctor Fenimore sighed. Every one could hear him. He raised his elbows and dangled his plump small hands from the wrists briefly, loosely. Then his grasp on the scalpel became concentrated and he settled the white edge against the wonderful color of the iodine. His strokes were short and serene. Life seemed to be free again in the room. The watchers noticed the rumble of their pulses in their ears, after that fearful suspended moment. The operation proceeded with a classical skill. Perhaps the only ill moments occurred when Doctor Fenimore would pause and fix his assistant with a sharp eye, and then resume. The tall man was slowly becoming unnerved by such blank questioning. He had never operated with the Old Man before. If he only knew it, the Old Man was having stage fright on his account, misunderstanding the new man's

silent watchfulness as skepticism instead of embarrassed respect.

The curved retractors lay around the incision now. The students squinted at a perfect entry.

They saw the plump hands begin to probe with flashing delicacy. The assistants closed around as the crisis was sought for, and Doctor Fenimore hung his head, closing his eyes, trusting to the search of his fingers. It was a pure concentration. Once he opened his eyes and twisted a frown at his aide. Then he closed them again. He nodded shortly. He seemed to tighten his intensity. They saw the color deepen around his glasses. The head nurse wheeled the instrument table closer at his wave. He nodded to the assistant to hand him what he wanted. The breathlessness hung again in the room. The patient's throat slaked his breath with relaxation.

The assistant lifted a forceps to Doctor Fenimore.

The Doctor paused. He dropped his free hand to his side, and withdrew his other hand. He bent his fat back in a curve of fury. He took the forceps offered and threw it into the corner of the room where it clinked dismally on the floor. His face faded. The mask against his face blew in and out, making grotesque mouths like a clown's. He began to curse, the ripe, florid curses of a full-blooded temper. Holding his stained hands away from his still spotless gown, he walked to the glass doors and turned and walked back again. His piping voice deepened into a hoarse new tone. The students felt like laughing, horrified because the scene was not in any way funny. The assistant attended to

the patient, working with gauze sponges and drains. The watchers could see his hands tremble and his face deepen. He was full of scornful thoughts — “Prima donna surgeon!”

The staff licked their mouths, and the younger nurse felt tears of fright in her eyes. Nobody knew how long it would keep up. But it had been indicated with perfect sureness when the Doctor started snapping his fingers softly as he came in.

“What in hell!” whispered the assistant softly to the anæsthetist.

The anæsthetist closed his eyes and nodded secretly, with sympathy, an injunction to think nothing of it. Doctor Fenimore came to the table of instruments and with a precise first finger flicked the perfect rows of knives and devices into disorder. Then he selected a forceps, showing it ironically to the assistant, with a final curse. He stepped back to his place at the table, and held his hands over the incision. They trembled slightly. He watched them. The assistant watched them. The fingers in iodine-colored thin rubber flowed into strict calm again. They fell to their work gently. The students sat back, having to relax. Then they sat forward again, and

saw Doctor Fenimore lift his head to the assistant. His eyes were full of a smile.

The plump hands of Doctor Fenimore traveled in precision about their inspired directions. The steam continued to hiss dreamily, and the light changed in the upper corners as the sunlight changed. The staff half-expected it, but the assistant was very much amazed when he heard Doctor Fenimore begin to whistle the waltz from *The Merry Widow*, muffled, ridiculous, behind his mask. But it was full of a reminiscent, a contented, musing ease.

He stopped it suddenly, and the silence suggested further furies. But Doctor Fenimore beckoned the assistant to lean forward and peer. His fingers had just performed a small miracle of control. The squeaky voice, filled with good feeling, said:

“Isn’t that beautiful?”

The assistant looked, and nodded. The light poured. Like every one else in the operating theatre, he had forgotten the tantrum in the achievements that followed. Presently the wavery whistle began again, and the faded waltz hissed along with the little let of steam they had noticed all afternoon.





# College and the White Collar

BY P. W. WILSON

*What employment can we find for the 125,000 graduates  
now emerging from the campus?*

THE United States is endeavoring to extend to every citizen, irrespective of social, racial and religious distinctions, a free opportunity to benefit by the utmost measure of education, elementary and advanced, which he is capable of absorbing. By this enthusiastic determination to cultivate the well-being of the individual and the progress of society, education throughout the world, intellectual and physical, has been encouraged, assisted and humanized. The pursuit of happiness is no mere phrase. As Thomas Jefferson foresaw, schools, colleges and universities of every kind are transforming the phrase into fact.

According to the Office of Education in Washington, the public cost of this great enterprise amounts to ten cents a day for every person of voting age. It is an estimate that works out at more than \$2,500,000,000 a year. If the revenues of universities, colleges and professional schools as a whole be brought into the reckoning, the expenditure is found to exceed \$3,000,000,000 or twenty-five dollars per head of population. Roughly, it is double the corresponding expenditure per head

in England and Wales; and we may add a further comparison which no critic of democracy, however cynical, can afford to ignore. For every franc that is spent in France upon educating the citizen for peace, more than two francs are lavished on preparing and equipping him for war. But in the United States, every dollar spent on the army and navy, including aircraft, is balanced by five dollars, spent on schools, colleges and universities.

The Office of Education provides figures that enable us to calculate what is the investment of the nation in the personality of a graduate. During earlier years at school, he costs \$67.82 per annum. At high school, the figure rises to \$144.03 per annum. College and university, it is reckoned, require \$500 per annum — a sum obviously to be regarded as a minimum. If we allow for respective periods of eight, four and four years at these rates, we find that such an education, apart from many incidental expenses, has run away with over \$3,000, and this estimate is usually much exceeded. The endowment of educational institutions by wealthy benefactors has been the romance of

riches. The sacrifices of parents — indeed, of students themselves — have been heroic.

To substitute the student for the conscript, the campus for the parade ground and the dormitory for the barrack is thus not enough. The state, the parent and the student are entitled to assume that, after so considerable an outlay of money, an adequate use will be found for the abilities and resources of character which education has developed. Here, abundant and willing, are the trained reserves of the commonwealth. They are as well trained, on the whole, as any conscript army. They are as courageous and patriotic. What employment, valuable to the world and the nation, is to be found for them?

IT is the bitter cry of youth that a fair opportunity is denied. In all respects, academic and personal, the graduate may have an excellent record. But there is no certainty — sometimes it is said, no likelihood — that he will get a job or retain a job when he has it. The revolution that has seized the bourgeoisie in the United States by the white collar may be piecemeal. But for numberless lives, it is as tragic as the fate that has overtaken the Russian bourgeoisie as a class. For a college graduate who has to make some kind of “commencement” in a career, the prospects are a test of courage.

The disaster that has befallen the educated professions is attributed — and with obvious reason — to the depression. Building is arrested. Architects, therefore, and their draftsmen are out of work. Development of industry is postponed. Engineers with their blue-prints are not wanted.

Consuming capacity is reduced, advertisements fall off, the press is impoverished and journalists walk the pavement. Publishers dispose of “remainders” at whatever they will fetch in the drug stores and authors are driven to the wall. There are slumps on the stock exchange and the stage loses its patrons. Opera is sacrificed, actors and musicians are not needed. There is a disinclination to consult lawyers, doctors and dentists, who — if consulted — can not collect fees. City taxes fall into arrears. Teachers clamor for salaries. Agencies like the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army — never more needed than in an emergency — are called upon to economize on staff. For peripatetic genius, the lecture platform, once a goldfield, has become a bleak and barren wilderness.

Students, actual and prospective, are thus conscious of a certain misgiving over college. Is it merely a threshold of disillusion? Does it serve as a form of unemployment relief and so postpone the inevitable conflict with the grim realities of economic stress and strain? What is the use of vocational courses if the vocation itself is a blind alley — of the Phi Beta Kappa key if one has to eke out a living as furnace-man? We must survey college and its potentialities in the far-reaching perspective that, of recent years, has resulted from a transition, unprecedented in its range and rapidity.

For statesmen it has not been enough to attribute the plight of industry to a momentary tornado called the depression. The conduct of industry and agriculture has been subjected to a searching diagnosis. Eager for production — so we are



told — manufacturers overlooked the problem of distributing the commodities produced. So vigorous an initiative, therefore, must be guarded by a wise control. Prices, wages, hours of labor can be left no longer to the chances of a competitive anarchy.

Operating from coast to coast, the education which may be described as the real brain trust of the nation has also to be brought to fulfill its function in a highly organized society. The youth of the United States have been inspired and sustained by a splendid, if deceptive, mirage. In the world of Napoleon, every soldier, enlisting in the battle of life, has been told that, in his knapsack, lies concealed the field marshal's baton of what is held to be "success." To escape from the rank and file of wage-earners, to mount the ladder that leads to the top where always there is plenty of room — this has been and, perhaps, will continue to be ambition of youth. College is the accepted casino where careers are staked, won and lost. To have been to college is to have had a chance.

Any form of speculation, financial, athletic or academic, is infectious to the masses. Millions enter for a sweepstake where individuals only can expect to win the prize that may run into millions. Since this is the gambling instinct of our race, especially manifest in a nation of pioneers, we need not be too much amazed by the fact that in 1929-30, the number of students in the universities, colleges and professional schools of the United States was — men, 604,243; women, 367,341; total, 971,584.

In a country with the population of Great Britain, the student roll,

corresponding to 971,584, would be about 350,000. The actual number of such students is 45,000. It means that collegiate life is eight times as highly developed here as there. Allowing for all differences of educational systems and standards, it is manifest that a question must be faced. An apostle of learning like the late Lord Haldane used to declare that Britons were undereducated. Is overeducation also a possibility? There is said to be a surplus of goods. Is there a crowding of the classroom? Are we to conclude that, during a period of spurious prosperity, education suffered from a prevalent inflation?

A COURSE at college lasts, presumably, for four years. Every year, one quarter of the student body, ought, therefore, to be graduated. If, then, the number of students is 971,000, the number of graduations should be 242,000. In fact, it was 100,000 short of that figure. For some reason or another, a large minority of the students — nearly a half — failed to make the grade.

To the student who falls by the way, there has been shown but a questionable kindness. A wage-earner, who without attempting college continues some form of self-education, is only receiving a benefit. But a student who fails and has to return to hand-labor is apt to be humiliated. He has lost time. Possibly he has lost heart. It is difficult to see what he has gained.

The raising of the standard of entrance into college seems to be, therefore, a wise policy. It reacts upon standards in the schools that prepare students for college. Quality is em-

phasized as well as quantity, and the best is allowed to emerge from the average. The republic is furnished with a real aristocracy, based not on wealth or on birth, but on the ascertained merits of the mind. All that remains to be considered is whether this mind is stimulated at the expense of the body politic as a whole. Is the civilization of the Twentieth Century afflicted with swelled head?

It is officially stated that, of every thousand adults in the United States, twenty-three, or about one in forty, are college graduates. The number of such graduates has been therefore, 1,500,000 and, if the annual recruitment be a graduation of 125,000 students or thereabouts, it is manifest that the glorious company of the alumni must be increasing in number. We have thus to consider at what point, if any, we arrive at educational satiety.

It is suggested that life should be self-expression — that each of us is entitled to paint and exhibit whatever picture suits us and compel the world to look at it. In the Moscow of Lenin, there were said to be 10,000 poets and 5,000 others on part time. In the China of the mandarins, education, prolonged over the best years of a man's life, became a habit as well as a benefit. In countries described as priest-ridden, it is alleged that the number of clergy became at times so great as to be a burden on the resources of society.

Is it time that each of us is entitled, as a natural right, to the career that best suits him? The fact is that pegs can not be all square if holes are often round. Despite the individual and his likes and dislikes, occupations must be adjusted to the

needs of society. As a high road to the success that is usually worshiped, colleges will always be overcrowded. Many will be called — few will be chosen. The broad gate where all in a class march abreast will end in the narrow door where one or two only are fortunate enough to be admitted. It is only when the ideal of personal success is subordinated to the opportunities for social service that college becomes worth while for the many.

It is thus possible that credits in college, like currencies in commerce, should be — as Mr. Keynes puts it — “managed.” We raise and lower the bank rate. So should the standards of attainment follow, as it were, the market in efficiency.

In surveying the panorama of civilization as it has been elaborated during the Twentieth Century, I, for one, am by no means convinced that there are too many college graduates even in the United States. Many of these graduates are employed in business and bring a broader outlook to bear upon commerce and industry. Everywhere we see that the hard elements of supply and demand, of profit and loss, are civilized by an atmosphere of welfare and courtesy. Other graduates are wives and mothers. Beyond all contradiction, they, with their luncheons and book clubs, have brought ideas onto the front porches of Main Street.

In the Middle Ages, special vocations were controlled, more or less, by trade guilds and traditional customs. Professions today are ceasing, similarly, to be a free-for-all and are organized by regulation and etiquette into orderly partnerships of common purpose. If numbers are un-



duly restricted, the public suffers under a monopoly. On the other hand, supernumeraries are of no use either to the profession, to society or to themselves.

It may be that there are too many practising lawyers and many lawyers, therefore, who can not practise. On the other hand, law is a valuable qualification for executive responsibility, not specifically litigious. So with the medical and teaching professions. If it be the aim of society to uplift the weak in body and mind, to bring out the capacity of every citizen to the utmost, there is no reason at all to suppose that the medical and associated professions, however capriciously they may be organized and distributed, are, in fact, overstaffed.

THE situation into which, thus suddenly, society has been plunged far transcends the limits of any particular profession or calling. It should be envisaged as a whole.

First, we have the fact that the number of persons engaged in learned professions and helpful vocations — medical, legal, pastoral, teaching, administrative and the rest — far exceeds the present number of college graduates. In all branches of these various colleges, the qualifications of a graduate, if not yet requisite, are seen to be advisable. Gradually, the standards improvised in the covered wagon are raised by a new and settled generation. The mortality among mothers and infants in sparsely populated areas is but one instance of the need for higher efficiency and more adequate equipment.

Much has been said recently about foreign missions. One of the noblest

activities in the educational field has been this patient and disinterested consecration of the best minds and purest hearts to the formidable task of ameliorating disease, enlightening ignorance and vindicating equities in lands where infinite suffering, of every kind, moral and physical, has been the fate of millions. Not a few of the graduates, now wearing out their shoes on the pavement and their souls in penury, have that in them which, suitably applied, would hasten the new deal in Africa and the Orient.

Labor-saving devices have transformed the leisured classes into the leisured masses. The thirty-hour week in plants means that wage-earning is now only a part of normal life. To earn that wage is, by no means, the most skillful of the worker's activities. He has yet to learn the art of spending the time that has become his own.

New industries have sprung up — the radio, the movie, the automobile — which are designed to spend a man's time for him. He listens. He looks. He is propelled. He does not as yet initiate his own enjoyments. The graduates from college have learned what resources of music, of painting, of acting, lie latent in the amateur — the person whose motive for art is love of it. The day is bound to come when such academic leadership will change the entire atmosphere alike of the small town and the big city. For the first time, a nation, as a nation, has listened to the *Allegretto* in the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. That music does not enter one ear merely in order to escape by the other. It leaves behind it a taste for music beyond itself.



Finally, we have the simple and unescapable fact that the Federal Government of the United States employs more than a million persons. To this vast army of permanent or temporary civil servants must be added the multitudes who hold remunerated offices in the States, cities and counties. Whatever view be taken of the policy pursued by President Roosevelt, two conclusions are plain. Employment by the community must increase. And it is increasingly important to the community that this employment shall be at once honest and effective.

All over the world — in China, in India, in Italy, in Germany, and even at Oxford, refusing to “fight for King and Country” — youth is insurgent. The insurgency is due to a demand that the capacities of youth shall be dedicated to purposes worthy of this and future generations. In the United States, that demand is audible, and no wonder. No country has ever developed a finer material for organized and employed citizenship. No country has ever treated this splendid material with more persistent contempt. Youth has now a right to demand that the entire Civil Service shall be extended and reconstructed on the basis of merit alone.

A reasonable programme would be as follows:

(1) Division of the country into regional areas. Appointment within those areas of Civil Service Commissioners, politically irremovable and including distinguished presidents of colleges or other educationists of unquestioned prestige.

(2) Formulation by the Civil Service Commissioners of Federal regula-

tions, including, amending and broadening regulations now in force.

(3) Grant of permanent status, with pension, to all civil servants, now holding positions, irrespective of how those positions were conferred or, within reason, have been administered. But insistence on strict fidelity to public trust for the future.

(4) Reservation of all vacancies for colleges and universities. Such vacancies to be filled according to public examination and any tests that the Civil Service Commissioners may deem to be advisable.

(5) All cases of discipline or complaint to be referred to the Civil Service Commissioners whose judicial decision shall be final. The aim would be security of the official against unreasonable attacks but adequate correction of proved delinquency.

(6) An opportunity for all State, county and civic authorities to take their local Civil Service out of politics and make use, if it is wished, of the Federal selection of qualified graduates. This would enable public opinion in any particular city to concentrate agitation for reform on the direct issue — academic or political qualification for the Civil Service.

(7) Civil servants, thus assured of permanent tenure, would be debarred from partisan activities, whether on press or platform.

Such a programme is a debt long due from the politician to the students and graduates of the high schools, colleges and universities of this country. The finances of the nation suggest, as an imperative necessity, that the payment of the debt be no longer deferred.

# The Lame Duck's Limping Relative

BY JAMES G. HARBORD

*Who proposes, as a corollary of the Twentieth Amendment, that we shorten by half our Presidential campaigning*

WHEN the "lame duck" session of Congress waddled out of the political scene with the recent ratification of the Twentieth Amendment, it left a limping relative. The unnecessarily prolonged campaign by which the United States elects its President fairly squawks for reform. Like the "lame duck" session, it traces its ancestry to the days of pioneer America. We have to look in museums today for the stage coaches and the first wheezing railroad trains of a hundred years ago that set the precedent for the campaign's length. But the long and costly roll of the political bandwagon still is with us every four years.

Delegates speed to national party conventions in mile-a-minute trains. A successful candidate flies half-way across the continent in a few hours to accept his nomination. Reports of every important move at the gatherings are flashed telegraphically by press associations to newspapers throughout the world. Cowboys on

the range and motorists speeding along smooth transcontinental highways listen to the convention speech-making and the balloting through radio receiving sets. All those things happen in the early summer of the Presidential years — instead of the early fall — because most American roads were unpaved and rutty trails a hundred years ago, because the railroad then just had made its first stumbling start, because the telegraph, airplane, motor car and radio had not been invented, and it took weeks for news of even such an important event as the nomination of a Presidential candidate to seep through to our backwoods.

So firm is the hold of tradition upon us that years of agitation were necessary before the Twentieth Amendment was adopted, setting the date of the inauguration of the new President on January 20 to shorten the transition period between the old and new administrations. The political reform here suggested would shorten similarly the period between



the nominating conventions at which the candidates for President are selected and the date of the election. Important as it would be, it could be accomplished without either reference to the Constitution or new legislation. The national committees of the major political parties merely would need to set the dates of the conventions in September, rather than in June.

THE enormous cost of the quadrennial confusion of the prolonged political canvass, which we seem to have added as a third of the inevitables, along with death and taxes, is the strongest argument against it. It is costly to members of both parties and more costly still to business in general, which feels impelled toward an unusual reticence while Presidential campaigning is in progress. Our business leaders of Democratic predilection assert that the country will go to the bow-wows if a Republican is elected, and our Republicans radiate the same optimism over the prospect of having a Democrat entrenched on the upper end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The result, irrespective of normal economic trends, is an artificial business stalemate every four years. The campaign of last year did not offer as striking an example as usual of that condition, only because business already had been passing through an unusual depression for two and one-half years.

The average campaign year business reluctance, however, is not political trickery, as has often been charged, not hearsay, nor is it a Twentieth Century innovation, the result of complicated business struc-

tures or widespread stock ownership such as we have today. Nevertheless, until it was overshadowed by the world depression which is still with us, it has been even more pronounced in the last decade, which has witnessed the closer and closer interrelationship between the Government and business.

Even though there was little business enthusiasm left to discourage in 1932, the last Presidential campaign presented some new problems which made it doubtful whether the game should be played according to the old rules. One of these problems related to the obtaining and expenditure of campaign money. It has been my experience to participate in some fund-raising activities for my own party and I can testify that it is not easy to finance a Presidential canvass even in the most prosperous business periods. Political enthusiasm does not burn holes in the pockets of the average citizen, who often feels that he is giving the candidate quite enough when he gives his vote. The political party has a more watchful eye for "angels" than the most thread-bare playwright. The American political party is one of those anomalies that appear to exist without visible means of support. Sometimes the less visible the support the more kindly the party feels about its existence. If the average political campaign should adopt the "pay as you go" slogan it would not get much farther away from Chicago than Hammond, Indiana.

There long has been an abundance of skepticism as to the morality of a political party's accepting contributions either from prospective office-



holders or from business men to whom the administration later would be unduly indebted. With contributions largely coming from financial centres, many good citizens have questioned whether the government so elected could be free from such influences between elections.

The doubt as to the propriety of making a large political outlay for no other purpose than to interest and arouse an electorate — which, in fact, should feel just as much concern over the outcome as the party managers themselves — was more evident than usual in 1932. It was a year in which there existed the most acute relief needs. Relief funds to which all elements of our employed population, including many persons of the most moderate means, had contributed generously seemed inadequate. With business large and small requiring money for productive undertakings, the soundness of making outlays to generate emotionalism and sustain it at a high pitch for months was open to special challenge. This fact, quite as much as the difficulty in raising contributions, accounted for the smaller campaign chests emptied by the major parties in the last Presidential canvass.

It is interesting to examine campaign expenditures for the two great political parties in the ever-present consciousness of the economic depression. According to the conclusions of the Senate Committee which investigated the matter, collections for the Presidential campaign of 1928, for both parties, amounted to \$17,282,796. That was more than four times the cost of our Federal Government during the first year of its existence and more than the

ordinary annual expenditures of that Government as late as 1830. The campaign outlay was greater than the cost of either the State or Labor Department, each with its widespread activities, in any recent normal year. No testimony was taken by the Committee on sums collected and spent by district, county, city, ward and precinct organizations on behalf of the two national tickets. The Committee heard enough, however, to believe that such sums were "very considerable." They probably exceeded the amounts the Committee reported as obtained by national and State groups.

If the effect of the quadrennial Presidential campaign on business is taken into account, there seems to be little doubt that for the precious privilege of the suffrage the citizens of the United States pay more by the year than the Britishers do for the permanent Civil List of their entire royal family.

WHAT do they get for their money? Largely, I should say, a procedure dictated by the past rather than one efficiently adopted to present conditions. Tradition still weighs heavily on the planning of a Presidential canvass, from the moment when the leaders of political groups gather in "smoke-filled chambers" to begin devising campaign strategy. That is true today, despite the fact that the successful candidate last year, President Franklin Roosevelt, made unnecessary the droll pilgrimage to break the word, as old as yesterday's newspaper, that the convention had nominated him. Such a repudiation of tradition was an important step in the right direction

toward Presidential campaign reform.

With some of the post-convention activities I am more familiar than with others, and I mean no criticism of the desire the leaders of both parties customarily have to give the nation a good administration when I reflect for a moment, possibly somewhat cynically, on campaigning methods in general. No doubt the party helmsmen adhere to their generations-old programmes because they are the established, *bona fide*, methods by which Lincoln, Harrison and McKinley were elected on the one hand, and Polk, Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson and the various other Democrats (and to a Republican like myself the list is inordinately long) on the other.

When a political campaign begins, the ordinary peace-time organizations are greatly augmented for the coming battle. During the interval between campaigns the nucleus of the party keeps the flag flying and holds the framework of the party together. The rank and file drift around through no-man's-land between the two great parties. Here are found the voters who are unstable in their party allegiance, voting sometimes with one and sometimes with the other party, those who habitually neglect to vote, those recently of age and not yet affiliated, and those lately naturalized and about to vote for the first time. These potential partisans must be persuaded, coaxed, threatened and argued into line. No one knows exactly how these drifters will react to party doctrines or economic conditions — especially in a year like the last one. Nearly all the expense of a campaign is con-

tributory to the operation known as getting out the vote, which includes everything from converting the intelligent elector and seeing that he is registered, to finally hauling him to the polls in a motor car, as is sometimes done.

The expenditures essential to the success of the party are those centring around election day. Other costs are largely incidental to this climax of getting the ballots in the boxes. Nothing else can win the election. On that day the final inducement must be applied which will bring the voter to the polls, registered, instructed and determined to vote on the "right" side. If he does not so vote, everything his party has spent in the campaign has been wasted on him. The money for election day must be in the right hands four or five days before the election. The precinct captain is the final disbursing agent for funds that have trickled in through the party treasurer, the city or county boss, the ward executives and sometimes — but not often directly — from an "angel." Much of such money, it is said, does not show in reports. It is given privately by modest contributors who veil their good deeds in silence.

The precinct captain hires the runners, the messengers, the challengers, the watchers, the unofficial motor cars and taxi drivers of the day. In some wicked and corrupt precincts the captain probably does a certain amount of "fixing." But there is no doubt that under our system the majority of campaign expenses are legitimate. No one can say fairly, for example, that the expense of electing one Senator of the United States or one Governor



should be exactly the same as electing another, unless their respective States are exactly the same in size, population, climate, topography, newspapers, railroads, highways, telephones and radio broadcasting stations. There is absolutely no basis of comparison in such cases as between New York, let us say, and Rhode Island.

Exclusive of the funds devoted to election day, campaign money is spent for such items as advertising, banners, buttons, party literature, clerical and staff payrolls, electricity, halls, music, posters, postage, printing and stationery, registration lists, rentals, radio broadcasting, telegraph, telephone, transportation and travel. None of these are questionable in themselves. The staggering thing is how they mount into big figures. An envelope carrying a three-cent stamp, not allowing anything for its own cost or that of its contents, if sent to a million voters, runs up a bill of \$30,000 for postage alone.

IN MOST of these items the time element is a factor and the cost of the campaign is in direct proportion to its length. The longer the campaign, the more money needed; the more money needed, the longer the solicitation will have to be to obtain it.

The good reasons which established the length of the campaign a hundred years ago when the first national convention was held have long since disappeared. It would be wise for us to glance again at some of those considerations and compare them with the present situation. In the little New Jersey village of Scotch Plains, about twenty-five miles from

New York City, there stands an inn at which travelers to Philadelphia spent the first night, after a journey by stage coach from New York City. In 1830 there were only twenty-three miles of railway in the entire United States. The stage coach and boat were the mainstays of travel, with the horseback facilities of Paul Revere the chief means of rapid communication and transportation. Now a railroad train passes close to Scotch Plains, New Jersey, on the morning of every business day, carrying scores of commuters from their homes in Philadelphia to their offices in New York. Planes flying overhead make the trip in forty-five minutes. The radio listener in either city can hear instantly a voice from the other, or, in fact, a voice from Geneva or Mukden.

Since the early days of the Republic, the area covered by the States has increased nearly three and one-half times, and our mounting population has moved its centre nearly 600 miles to the west. Yet in "traveling time" we have reduced a vast continent to a small fraction of the size of the original States. Today we boast more than 240,000 miles of railroad, more than 3,000,000 miles of State, county and local roads for the accommodation of 23,000,000 automotive vehicles, not to mention many thousands of miles more in the regular routes of air mail and air transport service.

Our communications achievements are equally remarkable. Honolulu is within easy reach of the telephones in our homes and possesses a radio broadcasting station which is regularly hooked up with networks here on the mainland. Manila, in our



farthest flung possession, from which some of our statesmen have lately hauled down the flag, and the remainder of the entire civilized world are in instant touch with us by means of direct radiotelegraph circuits. Radio communication circuits and the wire lines and cables bring to us in our morning newspapers the happenings of every continent.

Why continue to send a large and expensive delegation on a trip in August to notify a Presidential candidate of his nomination, when the whole country listened by radio to the convention ballot, and read the full account of it in a June newspaper? Once it was necessary for lack of those things to send some one to notify him. Once it was necessary that his interpretation of the party platform in his address of acceptance should have time to get back to all the voters before the November election. That took months when the early convention precedent was established. Now the address of acceptance is sometimes "released" a fortnight before the long-known date of the candidate's notification, and it is in the office of practically every newspaper in the land. It is probable that he had it drafted in the rough before the convention sat.

The candidates no longer need weeks and weeks of travel about the country to interest the electorate. Undoubtedly the voices of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover reached more persons in a single night in 1932 than heard Bryan in his whole magnificent stumping tour in 1896, which established the practice, now overdue to be abolished, of the swing around the circle. Most of the smaller newspapers of 1932 received

the great press association reports which, as recently as Bryan's free silver campaign, were limited almost entirely to the city press. Only the most indifferent individual can now escape the expressions of the several political standard bearers. The increase in the independent vote has made it essential for the candidate to appeal to the entire country, but the facilities are present, and he can do it in a single night from the privacy of his own home.

A shorter campaign period is advisable not only to save money for the parties and avoid the costly election-year business slumps, but also on the basis of practical campaign efficiency. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to sustain interest in the election throughout the entire time between June or July and November. There usually are drops or slow stretches, with an intense attempt to revive enthusiasm as that Tuesday in November draws near. The effort of the party managers to keep their followers stimulated to a high pitch over the long summer and autumn period is, in fact, one of the principal causes of the heavy campaign cost. Shortening the campaign as suggested would decrease expense in almost direct proportion. Funds available for traveling expenses, headquarters staffs and the innumerable other outlays now "necessary" would be relatively less important. The campaign would rest more on the issues and the candidates, instead of on the parties' success in obtaining funds.

Undoubtedly there would be more interest in politics and in national affairs in an intensive short campaign, than in a prolonged struggle in which there is nearly always a development

of fatigue and a somewhat cynical indifference. New York State, the one which every successful candidate must expect to carry to become President, nominates its Governors in September, and finds the period between then and November amply long for electing them.

The proposal for shortening the campaign would mean merely that the country should take advantage of present-day means of communication and transportation and discard practices established in an age of great distances, poor roads and inadequate communication facilities. Radio, as a single factor, has so brought the average citizen into contact with the policies and personalities of the candidates that the voter has in one month a far better basis for his campaign judgment than the voter of 1896 had in four.

A BRIEF and inexpensive campaign would make it easier to take further steps which would contribute to fairness in election, such as the proposal for limiting the amount of money expended by any one candidate or party and having the campaign expenses borne by the Government itself. This is no new suggestion, having had such illustrious supporters as Theodore Roosevelt and others of earlier and later date. Many objections can easily be found to it, but they are mainly objections of detail, and not so pertinent as those which obviously are applicable to existing methods. One must hesitate at a time when we are desirous that governmental expenditures be trimmed to the bone before suggesting a Federal expenditure along any new line. In this instance, however,

it seems justified as a national economy to urge that — with the campaign shortened by half — campaign appropriations could be made by Congress and by States in their respective fields, with penalties against the use of private funds to influence an election, and with expenditures regulated by law.

It is quite apparent that difficulty would be met in arriving at an equitable basis for regulating campaign appropriations between the different parties. One plan suggested would be to base the appropriation on the strength of the respective parties in the primaries, or in the absence of a primary on the relative strength in the last previous election. Or the appropriation might be proportioned on the representation of different parties in Congress after the mid-term elections, with a minimum amount ample for the needs of new parties entering the field which obtain a petition with signatures from a prescribed number of citizens.

Perhaps the fairest way would be to have equal sums available to parties of a given strength in the last preceding election, so that the two major parties would have the same allowance on which to work. Another flat sum might be made available for parties of lesser strength. The proper subjects for expenditure might be listed by law. For example, in a Western State in the Presidential primary of some years ago the candidate had circulated for him at the expense of the State his portrait, biography, his platform and his proposed slogan.

Campaigning under such conditions would not depend on the widespread and sometimes loose expendi-

ture of contributed funds, but on the sagacious and prudent employment of duly appropriated allotments. Appropriation, instead of contribution, of campaign money would minimize corruption, remove the cloud of suspicion that hangs over heavy private contributions, and fix new standards for party preferment in event of success.

Government appropriation for Presidential campaign expenses is pointed to here only as a possible ultimate goal. Difficulties lie in the way of its accomplishment, admittedly. The immediate objective — shortening the Presidential cam-

paign period — is so easy to attain that its great value from the standpoint of economy, increased interest and efficient politics may be underestimated. National party leaders, in setting the dates of national nominating conventions should draw a lesson from the old county chairman who opposed the lengthy addresses of visiting spellbinders. A young speaker who had covered all the issues diligently rushed up to him after the meeting and asked:

“Well, did I miss anything?”

“Yeah, you did,” remarked the old chairman. “You missed four durned good places to stop.”

## Solitude

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

SHE walks along the sea-lit shore  
And dreams she treads thus soundlessly  
The sea's own everlasting floor  
Or the horizons of the sea

Or scenes more radiantly designed,  
Slow-moving waves of fire that seem  
In the dark desert of her mind  
The white sierras of a dream



# We Are Not Amused

BY BARBARA SAVAGE

*How Cumberland Corners looks at life*

“AMUSING,” our friends in the city write to us. Thus do they ticket by turns a play, or a party, or a love affair; somebody’s new house, new husband, new job. At other times any or all of these may be briskly dismissed as, “not amusing.” Very often our friends’ letters, by way of introducing the most diverse tales, begin: “My dear, you would have been so *amused!*” Perhaps, after living some years in Cumberland Corners, I might have forgotten that elsewhere the accepted touchstone for life or art is: “Does it amuse?” But our friends have kindly kept the old standard fresh in our minds. Of all the questions they have found to ask, a poor second in importance (to them) seems to be: “How do you keep warm?” Ranking first by an overwhelming majority is: “How do you keep amused?”

The answer is as interesting as it is simple. We in Cumberland Corners are not amused. The Marx brothers invent the most side-splitting monkey business. Mr. Rothafel engages more legs to twinkle more gayly. Playful milliners bring on the ostrich plumes. Playful artists trade their pictures for sardines. And the

Government of the United States becomes so very amusing that it helps win a Pulitzer Prize. But these things do not amuse us for the good and sufficient reason that we know little about them.

Winter, in a Vermont village of fifty adult citizens, shuts out with finality the never very near world. This is the famous age which has abolished distance and isolation: the age of good roads and automobiles to travel them; the age of the movie and the radio and the airplane and the daily newspaper. As a matter of theory, New York is in our backyards, Hollywood around the corner, and the latest Paris fashions hanging in our Early American cupboards. As a matter of fact, however, the nearest movie is twenty miles of “snow-path” away, the nearest theatre two hundred. The Sunshine Cookie man and the Sweet Wheat Bread man plow through three times a week — most weeks. But we villagers think we are lucky when we can travel the four miles to Cumberland proper for our Saturday night’s trading “down-street.” And although our weekly paper publishes a syndicated Fashion Letter, we quaintly reinterpret the mode. We

had our own, dissenting opinion of the kind of hat the Empress wore.

Even more important than our remoteness from the fountain heads of amusement is our remoteness from the habits of mind which have made the amusement trade one of the big industries of America today. We ask many, and different, things of life. We meet its ups and downs, the crises in our own affairs, the successes and failures of our neighbors with courage or cowardice, with wisdom or folly, with sympathy or with scorn, according to our separate natures. But we can not rely on professional purveyors of entertainment to divert us from life's grimness; and we have not learned to regard life itself as a superlative sort of circus. There is a local phrase that rather neatly expresses our attitude. "Does Mrs. Jones like?" my neighbors ask each other. The answer usually is, "She calls it that she likes real well."

The difference between "liking" and being amused is more than a mere matter of regional verbiage. It may be that we can best understand it by going sociological and observing some of the Adult Recreational Activities of Cumberland Corners.

In Cumberland Corners we take our pleasures seriously. But that does not mean that we are a glum lot. We work very hard for every party. Did you ever know a party that wasn't work? *We* bake cakes and freeze ice-cream and wash dishes and learn "pieces" for ours. You may work at shaking cocktails and getting tight, or at keeping the intellectual level up to your requirements, or in whatever other way your particular set does work at its

chosen play. We usually arrive with tired feet and aching backs and shiny noses; but our good spirits hold till the last dish is wiped and the last cake plate returned to its rightful owner. The physical strain may be greater on us, but I have never found a Cumberland party very wearing on the nervous system, nor put into it the kind of effort that goes into the making of even the gentlest whoopee.

There are no worried hostesses in Cumberland Corners. For the private party is practically unknown to us. All of our "entertainments," to use the more common local word, are community affairs. The responsibility for their success or failure is shared by us all. Acceptance of an invitation is invariably in the form of a question: "What do you want I should bring?" When the old lady Flint had her ninetieth birthday the Merry-Makers prepared and served the supper. The Philatheas made the birthday cake. The 4-H girls serenaded on the doorstep. The Hill-top Club bought the birthday gift. The Reverend Evangelina Deering asked grace. Mrs. Lutheria Preston wrote a birthday poem which she shrieked with expression into Mrs. Flint's deaf ear. The age and infirmities of the guest of honor prevented our spreading ourselves in the matter of a "programme." But we sat before her wood stove, hemming diapers for the coming Johnson baby, and shared the warmth and our pride in the occasion and a sense of duty-well-performed. We were not amused. Not even I was amused. We were simply taken out of the loneliness of our scattered kitchens, brought together by a common bond.



A little stiff and formal, perhaps, in our unaccustomed silks, we "visited" about the homely subjects that were of moment to us all. By six o'clock the second table had finished supper. The dish-washing committee clattered cheerfully in the kitchen. The rest of us, full of scalloped potatoes and the latest village news, plodded home through the white street, calling it that we had had a good time.

As is natural, clubs play an important part in our social life. In fact we have so many clubs, meeting so often, that a great deal of intrigue and diplomacy go into avoiding or ironing out conflicts of date. The Young Married Set has a Bridge Club. Bridge Club meetings are on alternate Wednesdays. Since husbands must be fed, the ladies of the Bridge Club cook and eat supper at home — up to dessert. Promptly on arrival dessert is served by the hostesses of the evening. With the matter of refreshments thus early disposed of, the club members quickly settle down to the important business in hand. There is an elaborate system of scores and prizes, scores being kept and totaled through the whole year. The lady having "high score for the year" automatically becomes the club's next president.

But there is, after all, something a little upstart and foreign about the Bridge Club. More important and dignified is the Hilltop. Yet the Hilltop boasts a delightful informality. Its prestige is so firmly established that it, alone of our clubs, can afford to scorn parliamentary law. Nabby Pride founded it, and was its first president. The chances are that she will be its last.

On Hilltop nights we grumble a little as we wash up the supper things and start the children at their lessons, or tuck them into bed. The warm fire, the peace and order of our kitchens where the milk pails are drying on the stoves and the black iron sinks wiped dry and oiled against rust; the evening's gift of leisure; the ease of our every-day clothes — these have a lure against which the Hilltop's familiar routine competes to disadvantage. But when we stand on the Trasks' side porch to wait our turn at the broom with which we brush the last snow-flake from our galoshes, we are glad that we came. Through the lighted window we can see Nabby. Nabby is there ahead of us all, and Nabby especially is glad that we came. She counts us over as anxiously as in the days when she sat behind the high desk in the old school-house and noted in her little book the absence or tardiness of a scholar. Promptly at seven-thirty she begins fussing with her pencil and her song-books and her big straw carry-all. She smooths her smooth hair, that slopes down from its central parting like one of our steep-pitched roofs, hanging low-eaved over her ears. Her thin, pale tongue runs in and out between wide teeth, moistening her pussy-cat lips that are dry with excitement. At last she puts her finger-tips together, spreading the fingers wide apart in a gesture that is familiar to those of us who went to school to Nabby, long ago. The gesture means, "We will now begin." We begin with singing. Miss Mary Temple chooses the first song. It is *The Little Brown Church in the Vale*. We sing with the dreadful, earnest



voicelessness of Vermont women, ashamed to make so much and such public noise, ashamed not to sing and hopelessly out of tune. Nabby thinks our singing lovely (did she not teach us?) and says so. Somebody chooses *America the Beautiful*. The singing part of our programme is over. We have paid our respects to Music and the Arts.

The Hilltop Club has done away with such parliamentary fol-de-rol as election of officers, Miss Nabby Pride being officers enough for any club. But, following the singing, we still have Roll-Call. It is our custom to "respond to Roll-Call with a Current Event. This custom is the root of a good deal of our Tuesday night grumbling, the supply of current events being not at all plenty on the hill. But perhaps somebody has been "down-street" and providentially bought a Boston paper. In that case we divide up the headlines as best we can, before the meeting begins. And we always have "Cheerio" of radio fame, and one subscriber to the *Nation* and one to the *Churchman* to fall back upon. Current events have that variety which is accounted the spice of life. Radio waves are heard from remote space. The favored colors for the season are blue, black, brown and green. Red is also very good, and hats are being worn tilted over the *left* eye. In Russia the Five Year Plan is producing splendid results and an inspired and earnest generation of young idealists. Miss Mary Temple's name is called next. She begins her remarks as usual with the carefully articulated preface, "My authority, the *Churchman*." Then she crosses her high-laced, black boots, adjusts the box-pleats

of her black alpaca, and proceeds to voice her personal views: as a matter of fact the Five Year Plan is working out *very badly*, as was quite to be expected in a country where all religious observance is punishable by death. This unexpected little skirmish is so distressing that we are almost glad to hear that milk has dropped another cent in Boston, though the bad news reached us some time ago. It is reported that in Ludlow a Mr. Brown has a rooster that lays an egg every day.

Nabby praises us, as she has always praised us, for our industry and our "interesting contributions." Do we know whose birthday it is today? Nabby has never got over her sense of mystery and awe at the realization that practically *every* day is somebody's birthday. It is Whittier's birthday today. Nabby digs down into her carry-all, brings forth a book and reads us parts of *Snow-Bound* and all of *The Barefoot Boy*. It is warm in the Trasks' parlor; the day that began at five has been as arduous as it was long. Many of us doze, soothed by Nabby's familiar voice. We are roused by a silence, and the rustle of the carry-all. In our turn we thank Nabby, politely, for the reading. The carry-all rustles pleasantly under Nabby's restless fingers, and we try not to look self-conscious and hungry, but fail. Young Mrs. Flint takes the baby into the dining-room to nurse. Nabby passes out little brown paper packages, tied with string. Each contains two ginger snaps and a piece of maple sugar candy and we crunch and exclaim delightedly, trying to sound surprised, and failing again. There are a few moments of gossip, of

tidying papers and struggling into wraps. Club Meeting is over, and we go home.

On the way home we frequently agree that Nabby Pride is a back number, that Hilltop meetings are very tiresome, and that we are really getting too old to go to school any longer. But we keep on going just the same. Something stronger than the pursuit of mere amusement drives us. We need each other, and each of us responds with instinctive loyalty to our recognition of that common, human need.

Our list of clubs is a long one: Philathea, Parent-Teacher, Ladies Aid and, as our auctioneer says, "others too numerous to mention." Most of them duplicate their counterparts in many small towns and villages. Let us look at but one more of our clubs — the Merry-Makers, which is sponsored by the Farm Bureau and forms an important link between us and the "outside world." Miss Nabby Pride could point to the Hilltop Club and say with the White Knight, "It's my own invention." But the United States Government, whose deputy is the County Demonstration Agent, keeps watch over the Merry-Makers, and so brings Standardization to our hill. When bad roads and bad weather lengthen the gaps between her visits, the County Agent Lady, as we impersonally call her, enlivens us with mimeographed letters. These keep us posted on such varied subjects as Hemlines, The Well-Balanced Meal, Games to Play at Church Sociables and Your Spring Wardrobe. We take them from our post-office boxes, read them secretively, and afterwards tell each other what they said. Oc-

asionally through the long winter we essay a meeting without the chaperonage of the County Agent Lady. But timidly. Roberts's Rules of Order are much in evidence and rather cramp our style in putting through the plans for a Food Sale to raise funds, or authorizing the treasurer to pay fifty cents for a plant to be sent to a sick club member. Our programme, too, at these times, is a little self-conscious, because we feel that we must live up to what the Farm Bureau expects of us, and are not quite sure what that is. More impressive are the all-day meetings for which we make plans weeks in advance, following the receipt of mimeographed letters announcing that the County Agent Lady will be with us, weather permitting. On these occasions we gather in the White Church, relic of the town's brighter history. We have all hurried through our morning tasks and left a dinner on the back of the stove for our men folk, who pay their respects to Washington by consenting to "do for themselves." From ten to ten-thirty we cluster around the big stove in a delightful mood of relaxation, and speculate as to whether or not the County Agent Lady's Ford will be able to get over Hunter's Hill. The County Agent Lady is a person of determination and has never yet failed us, but the roads being what they are, there is always the exciting chance that she may. Just as we begin seriously to fear that the Well-Balanced Meal will lack the added spice of her discerning praise, she arrives, triumphant and a little out of breath. She is a stout, dowdy, competent woman with, when she remembers them, some elegant man-



nerisms of speech. "Good-dy, good-dy," she calls cheerfully, and climbs out of the Ford. To us she represents Culture, Enlightenment, Modern Methods and, above all, Authority. She tells us, in rapid succession, how to bring babies out of convulsions, how to make a motion in Town Meeting, what to give each other for Christmas and how to wear our clothes. The Committee unfortunately misses a good deal of this, due to the necessity for preparing and serving the Well-Balanced Meal promptly at noon. The County Agent Lady has a lusty appetite, but after complimenting the Committee and wiping her mouth, firmly performs her duty and points out the slight, "varee" slight, preponderance of starch in the menu, which destroys what would otherwise be the *perfect* balance to which we aspire. After dinner, the Committee again being cheated through the exigencies of washing up, the County Agent Lady produces, from the mysterious contents of her Ford, equipment for reblocking our last winter's felt hats, the newest gadgets in kitchen equipment, a new rule for making ice-box cakes (we have no ice-boxes), a mimeographed set of Well-Balanced Menus, a set of upholsterer's tools with which to complete the job, begun three months back, of demonstrating how to recover Mrs. Trask's sofa, and directions for making a permanent dress pattern. There is apparently no corner of the field of Domestic Arts and Sciences which she is not capable of covering. While she waits for Lucindy Martin's brown felt to steam into a new sailor on the block, she tells Mrs. Flint to paint the north

bedroom a warm, "*cheeful*" yellow. With her mouth full of pins and her hands busy fitting round Sally Luce into a muslin pattern, she advises cod liver oil for the Johnson baby. And she settles her full weight on Nabby Pride's meager bones, poor Nabby obediently prostrating herself for the purpose, and shows us how to Induce Artificial Respiration.

Promptly at four-thirty the County Agent Lady repacks her Ford, wishes us "good-dy," and starts off, with a look in her eye that offers no quarter to Hunter's Hill. And we are left, weary and replete. There is much for us to digest and regurgitate in the weeks until she will come again.

SUCH is the social whirl of Cumberland Corners. Add to it the Grange, an occasional Chicken Pie Supper, some square dancing when a fiddler passes through, the Church when we have funds to pay a minister, and the picture is complete. Beyond these there are only the homely pleasures of our every-day life. Amusing? Hardly, in the sense that my friends use the word. Neat piles of finely chopped kindling and stacks of good hard maple logs are satisfying to contemplate, but our dependence upon them is too vital for amusement. We are not amused when the June skies are blue and clear, and the ground too dry for growing. We watch the cycle of the seasons with absorption and delight, but we are not amused. The first snowdrop that pushes up through the dry leaves, the first supper eaten without lamplight both promise a relief from our long hibernation. We



do not welcome their promise with amusement. When we plow through the snow and mud to somebody's sugar house, and gather around the fragrant, steamy boiling-pans to eat plain doughnuts and hot syrup, we are very gay and light of heart. It is not only in the maple trees that the sap has begun to run!

Autumn too, with its mood of preparation, has a sweetness. The cabbages squatting on their haunches down cellar, the bins of potatoes, turnips, beets and winter squash; the barrels of MacIntosh Reds, the pears ripening on the attic floor — these are restful to look upon when our eyes are wearied by the brilliant tapestry of the hills, flaming in the October sunlight. In holiday time there is the excitement of choosing exactly the right Christmas tree, with all the woods offering selection. And the fun of the Community tree, with our gifts to each other showing bravely on its branches: a box of oranges, an embroidered centre-piece, even the new suit of woolen underwear the Latour

children have bought for their pa.

We know courtship and marriage, birth and death. We know good and evil, responsibility and shirking. We know want and plenty, work and rest. For all our basic seriousness we are not devoid of humor. We can laugh at our neighbor as at ourselves. But the full measure of our direct and uncomplicated demand upon life is expressed in that phrase of approval: "I like."

I am no prophet, crying the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah. I am no rural Pollyanna, mocking the city grapes as sour. Nor would I turn philosopher and weigh simplicity against civilization, or compare the delights of the husking bee with those of the night club. Merely, it has occurred to me that the folks back home, relentlessly pursuing amusement, might be amused to hear of our little world, not unique surely, where such a pursuit is unknown. Indeed perhaps the most amusing thing about Cumberland Corners is the fact that here we are not amused.



# Scotching the Veterans' Lobby

BY E. PENDLETON HERRING

*President Roosevelt has destroyed for a time the Legion's influence in Congress, but it has another field of activity*

THERE is one lobbyist in Washington who at the present time does not so jauntily swing his cane and stride about the Hill for conferences with helpful Senators and Representatives. Colonel Taylor, long the leader of the forces of the American Legion in seeking generous legislation from Congress, now finds himself in a new situation. He knows that there is little point in pressing for veteran benefits today. A ragged troop of bonus marchers may descend upon the capital but the accredited spokesmen of the veterans' organizations realize that a change has come about. The aggressive tactics of the last decade which won so many legislative victories for the veterans are relinquished for the present. Their problem now is to see that the Economy Act recently passed by Congress is interpreted by the administrative authorities so that the veterans are treated as liberally as possible.

It has taken a national economic crisis, an organized opposition, and confident Presidential leadership to bring about this change in policy with regard to veteran affairs. Only

within the last few months have ex-service men formed organizations opposing too-liberal grants to veterans. The general public has at last become greatly interested in the actions of Congress and has supported the economy plans of the Chief Executive. Even the Commander of the American Legion has found it wise to pledge his support to the President. This unique combination of circumstances has served to check for the time being the demands of the organized ex-service men.

The change calls attention to an aspect of the Legion's work that is of great significance. The lobbying of the American Legion before Congress has attracted much attention but its lobbying in the Veterans' Administration has passed almost unnoticed. If the President is to restrain Congress from granting further benefits, the pressure of the Legionnaires upon administrative officials will become of greater importance. The lobbyists must now release the lapels of Congressmen and reach for the buttonholes of the bureaucrats.

The task is none too easy. It is one thing to secure the support of a



Representative by suggesting that the attitude of the ex-service men back home may determine his reelection. It is quite another matter to persuade an official securely seated in a Washington bureau that certain administrative action be taken. The bureaucrat knows his sphere of authority and he understands the problems before him. He may be as wily as any lobbyist.

The American Legion decided not so long ago that the veterans in the various Government hospitals should be provided with free tobacco. Accordingly, the officers of the organization in the Washington office approached General Hines at the Veterans' Administration and asked him to supply the sick veterans with smokes. He refused. They asked again and again, but with no results. Then the lobbyists went to the Bureau of Internal Revenue and requested that the Legion be allowed exemption from the Government tax in buying tobacco. The Bureau could not be persuaded to regard the Legion as a governmental agency and hence entitled under the law to withdraw tobacco products tax free. Next the Legion attempted to procure certain unclaimed stores of tobacco that the Government held, only to abandon the effort when it found these stores unfit for consumption. Other avenues were explored with equal lack of success.

Finally the Legion recommended to the Veterans' Administration that the distribution of tobacco be authorized along with other comfort articles to those veterans unable to buy these things. The Administration granted this concession to the inmates in soldiers' homes but

pointed out that there was no legal authority for giving tobacco to those in Veterans' Administration hospitals. At this point the Legion realized that the only way to gain its point was by securing legislative authority. Congress obligingly inserted in the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill a clause authorizing the purchase of tobacco. Its distribution, however, was to be directed in accordance with rules and regulations to be drawn up by the administrative authorities. The Administration finally framed these regulations but did not issue them until the act providing the necessary funds was just about to expire. Now the sick veterans will either have to buy their smokes or change their habits. As a Legionnaire lobbyist plaintively concluded: "The boys at the Veterans' Administration certainly pulled a fast one on us that time."

VIEWING generally the relations between the Veterans' Administration and the American Legion, very cordial associations are to be found. The Government officials work in close coöperation with the representatives of the organized veterans. General Hines reports to the annual convention of the Legion and explains what he has done for the veterans. The American Legion has gone on record with the statement: "We deem it our right and duty at all times to criticize the U. S. Veterans' Bureau for its failures as a father would his own child." This viewpoint is fully demonstrated in all the contacts of the Legion with this bureau.

The National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion is designed to



keep in close touch with the work of the Veterans' Administration in all the routine operations of caring for the ex-service men. As the Federal bureaus dealing with veteran affairs have been reorganized or consolidated during the last decade, the Rehabilitation Committee has been changed in order that its structure might continue parallel to that of the Governmental agencies. As a result the Legion watches the administration of veteran affairs not only in Washington but over the entire country as well. Field secretaries visit about three hundred Federal, State and Legion facilities for veterans' service and write detailed reports as to the conditions found. If the visiting Legion official decides that improvements are needed in a certain hospital, the fact is noted and the Washington Office takes the matter up with the Veterans' Administration.

This extra-official inspector is free to exercise his individual judgment in criticizing Governmental institutions and his recommendations may deal with any aspect of hospitalization. He may suggest an improvement in diet, more amusement and recreational facilities, better barber service, more landscaping, the furnishing of motor transportation to patients, or even the construction of new buildings. Sometimes the officer in charge of a hospital has been asking in vain for months that some minor improvements be allowed. It may be that he wants a few gallons of paint or a new motor truck and the officials in Washington fail to respond promptly to his requests. He tells his story to the visiting Legionnaire, who in turn gets the

Legion's Washington office to demand an explanation from the responsible officials in the Veterans' Administration. The Legion pulls the proper wires in Washington and the paint is sent to the hospital or the new motor truck provided. Nearly five thousand recommendations of this sort have been made by the Legion and only about twenty per cent of them have not received approval in whole or in part. Through the influence exerted by those on the outside, changes may be introduced in governmental administration that the officials themselves may be unwilling or unable to achieve.

A few years ago Captain Watson B. Miller, the Chairman of the Rehabilitation Committee, heard of experiments that were being carried on by a famous surgeon for the cure of osteomyelitis. This disease breaks down the bone structure and is frequent in fractures resulting from gun-shot wounds. It was found to be very difficult to eradicate the infection and repeated operations often failed to cure the condition. Dr. W. S. Baer at the Johns Hopkins Hospital found that sterilized maggots when placed upon the infected bone ate away the dead tissue and induced a healthy condition. Captain Miller, working through the proper Congressional channels, arranged to have Dr. Baer explain his treatment to the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation. The scientist met the legislators in the caucus room of the House Office Building and explained his revolutionary experiment, even before he had made public his findings to his fellow physicians. Through this strategy the Veterans' Administration was di-

rected by Congress to introduce a new treatment into the Government hospitals.

No doubt there are certain dangers in the promotion by laymen of new methods in medical practice, but such interference at times may serve as a needed stimulus. Professional conservatism is rendered doubly strong when joined with bureaucratic inertia. Pressure from the outside has frequently affected the hospital care of veterans. The Legion has succeeded in getting the Government to make greater use of radium in the treatment of cancer and has pressed for improved facilities in the treatment of tuberculosis. A committee of outstanding medical authorities has been created to advise the Legion as to the latest and best methods. The weight of this expert advice is then added to the pleas of the ex-soldiers' lobbyists in demanding favorable action from the administrative authorities.

**P**RESSURE upon the civil servants from the veterans' organizations has a single and definite aim. This is to secure the best possible care of the sick ex-service men regardless of expense. The tendency undoubtedly has been to improve conditions within the hospitals and to encourage the use of scientific discoveries. Government officials are naturally inclined to work along with an organization that aids in the securing of increased appropriations and the enlisting of additional personnel.

The fact is that the veteran relief legislation has been largely administered by the World War veterans themselves, and the tie-up with the Legion has been very close. A recent

study discloses that the physicians employed by the Bureau to pass on compensation claims included 124 physicians who were themselves receiving compensation in the form of retirement pay under the Emergency Officers' Retirement Act. About sixty-seven per cent of the men holding positions in the Veterans' Administration are ex-service men, and General Hines testified before a joint Congressional committee: "I know of no Government department that has a greater percentage of veterans than ours. I think this is as it should be."

It is little wonder that the lobbyists of the American Legion find the offices of the Administration open to their call. They have in fact many friendly contacts. The Legion headquarters occupies an entire floor in a Washington office building and a direct private telephone connection keeps them ever in touch with the offices of the Veterans' Administration a few blocks away. When pressure is brought upon the Administration by the Legion, however, it is regarded as better tactics to get written statements rather than verbal promises. By correspondence and through conferences contact with the Federal departments is continuous.

When Congress passes a law dealing with veteran affairs it becomes the duty of the Veterans' Administration to draw up the administrative rulings that provide the instructions for its execution. In this process of administrative rule-making the Legion officials take an active part. A very complicated and difficult task is the framing of schedules to determine the rate of compensation



allowable for different disabilities. A man rendered totally helpless by war wounds clearly is entitled to full and permanent compensation. But what of the man who has lost a finger or an ear? Rating these disabilities upon a schedule is within the Administration's discretion. The Legion, along with other veteran organizations, brings pressure upon the responsible Government officials to secure as high a rating as possible for various disabilities.

Let us take an actual case. One David J. Brouillard came out of the War with a service-connected ailment diagnosed as alopecia. Metaphorically speaking, he had sacrificed every hair of his body upon the altar of his country. He was bare as a panhandler's palm, and the Government rated his disability at ten per cent. No statute can satisfactorily set forth the compensation to be given for the infinite variety of wounds and diseases resulting from war service. Discretion necessarily must be lodged in some Government official. The Legion lobbyists inevitably press such officials for favorable decisions and bring to their attention all possible arguments. The disability of the hairless veteran could not be measured solely in terms of the physical discomfort involved. His eyes, unprotected by eyelashes and eyebrows, were affected by the sweat and dust, and consequently his efficiency as a workman was impaired. But greater suffering came from the jibes and head-slapping that his fellow-workmen inflicted upon him. Could compensation be made for this? What if a nervous or even psychopathic condition developed? The intangible fac-

tors in cases of this sort make it impossible to devise any hard and fast legal system that can take all elements into consideration. To the extent that extra-governmental agencies serve to bring to the attention of officials aspects of a case that might otherwise be overlooked, their influence is all to the good. There is the tendency, however, to override the judgment of officials and to urge that they interpret the law from the viewpoint of special interests rather than that of the general welfare.

The civil servant occupies a position defined by law and subject to the authority of the President and Congress. His "public" is limited to the group of people over whom he exercises particular jurisdiction in his official capacity. Their views are constantly brought to his attention. His duty is to interpret the law in such a way as to carry out the intent of Congress and protect the public interest. This task is not simple and clear. His wide discretionary power subjects him to pressure from interested parties. If he does not satisfy the demands made upon him by a particular group he knows that they may go over his head and appeal to Congress for legislation that will make him do it. Persistent friction between a Government bureau and people outside occasions press criticism of "bureaucracy." The everlasting charge of official "red-tape" is waved before the eyes of the public. An unfavorable opinion of a bureau can thus be built up and a reorganization or change in personnel threatened. No Government official, either appointive or elective, can afford to be

the butt of persistent criticism. Pressure groups organize an attack against a bureau by arousing the voters, who in turn appeal to their Congressmen. And some Congressman can always be found who is willing to make political capital by raising a hue and cry about inefficiency in the Federal bureaus. He may threaten to bring about an investigation or hold up their requests for appropriations. Happy is the official who carries on his work without being harassed by Congressional fishing expeditions!

THE history of the Federal agencies that have dealt with veteran affairs is a story of investigation, reorganization, consolidation and change in personnel. The organized veterans are too powerful politically to be defied with impunity by any Government official. The result has been that the Veterans' Administration frequently has leaned over backwards in its eagerness to cooperate with the associations of ex-service men. This is clearly seen in the following quotation from the 1930 report of the Director:

In the matter of extension of benefits to World War veterans, it was recognized that many veterans of the World War were becoming disabled from diseases and injuries which could not be directly traced to their military service, and that many of these veterans were in need. To meet this problem, the Director of the Veterans' Bureau and his assistants counseled with the appropriation committees of Congress to the end that a disability allowance was provided to veterans permanently disabled to an extent of 25% or more, without reference to their military service.

The Bureau here was acting in accord with similar demands made

on Congress by the organized veterans.

The President's new deal has resulted in a direct contradiction of this policy. He has taken the determination of national policy with regard to veteran relief into his own hands. He has told Congress what to do for the ex-service men and Congress has been obeying his edicts rather than those of the American Legion and similar organizations. When Congress weakly surrendered the direction of policy concerning veteran benefits to those directly and selfishly interested, it inevitably followed that raids were made upon the Treasury.

Under present conditions the Legion's legislative lobby is of little importance. It will do effective work again when public indifference permits groups to demand favors from Congress and blocks of legislators rebel against Presidential leadership. But the lobbyists before the administrative officials are on the job constantly. They make friends in Congress by their service in pushing through the compensation claims of ex-soldiers who have appealed to their Senators or Representatives. They constantly add to their thousands of devoted followers by getting hospital treatment for unfortunate veterans, by securing pensions for widows, by delivering the insurance due beneficiaries. The people they help are often too ignorant or poor to help themselves, but their gratitude builds strong political support. The Legion has served to bring the benefits conferred by Congress to many who would otherwise never be reached. For every dollar expended in this administrative lob-



bying, thirty-five dollars is secured from the Government in veteran claims successfully settled. The professional pension lawyer is put out of business and many old abuses thus avoided. The conduct of Government hospitals and the Veterans' Administration is under the intelligent scrutiny of those seeking the most for the ex-service men. The presence of the veterans' lobbyists in the administrative offices means that officials carry out to the full the benefits allowed by Congress.

But it likewise means steady pressure on the Veterans' Administration from a politically powerful and self-interested group to have the law interpreted in accordance with its own views. In the past this has often

amounted to the administration of veteran legislation by the veterans themselves, and Mr. Taxpayer is made to hold the feed-bag. Organized minorities have not only dictated to Congress but also have dominated the civil servants. For the time being legislative lobbying has been checked, but the equally significant administrative lobbying continues. This situation has potentialities for good as well as for evil. The power of this organized minority may encourage the efficient and liberal care of the ex-service men, but it may also mean the subjection of the Veterans' Administration to the influence of an unofficial and hence irresponsible private organization.





# A Strange Morning

BY JOHN LINEAWEAVER

## *A Story*

NONE of us in the infirmary that time was really ill. Two of us — Tommy Chadwick and myself — had had slight stomach upsets, were now running normal temperatures and in a day or so, barring set-backs, would be released. A third — Winky Edwards — was recovering rapidly from a bilious attack. A fourth — Gummy Browning — had a broken vaccination scab. And the rest — Hank McCarthy, Woggles Dawson and Shorty Larkins — were no sicker.

The consequence was that all of us were regarding our incarceration as a holiday. Each morning, when we woke to hear the chapel bell ringing, we would tell each other cheerfully how lucky we were to be able to lie in bed; and at intervals throughout the day we would ask the nurse — Miss Farnum — what time it was, calculate the whereabouts and activities of our classmates at the given moment, and chuckle happily at the thought of their going through the dull drills of winter term exercise in the gym or perhaps yawning wearily through a dismal study period in Memorial Hall. In between times, when Miss Farnum was out of the room, there

were quickly run off dressing carriage races, furtive wash-rag battles and constantly, perpetually, belching contests. It was a happy time.

Then, on the morning of my last day, an hour or so after we had had our breakfast trays, Miss Farnum appeared at the end of the ward looking very solemn for her, who was usually so professionally gay, and slightly worried. She folded her capable arms, unfolded them, cleared her throat and said:

"I want you all to be very quiet for a while. Dr. Jason is going to be on the other side of the wall, in the private room, and if he notices any undue racket there will be nothing for me to do but give you all misconduct marks."

And without waiting for any rejoinders, she turned about and left the room.

We were as quiet as she had asked us to be for a moment. Then Woggles Dawson gave a demonstration of his only discoverable talent. He pursed his astonishingly thick lips and blew through them, long and loud and clear. Every one except Gummy Browning, I noticed, laughed appreciatively. Hank McCarthy showed his appreciation by giving



an imitation, which clearly was no more than that, however, for it lacked both the resonance and the realism of the original.

A moment later Miss Farnum appeared again. This time, without any preliminaries whatever, she said:

"Dr. Jason wants me to explain to you that we are using the private room for one of the boys who is seriously — very seriously — sick, and he expects you all to behave accordingly."

Then, as rapidly (and as mysteriously, it suddenly seemed to me) as she had appeared, she vanished, leaving us staring at the unusual spectacle of the closed folding doors. For myself, I know that I had never seen them closed before, and the sight made me acutely, irrationally, uncomfortable.

After a while Tommy Chadwick said:

"I didn't know they had any one in there."

"Neither did I," Hank McCarthy said.

"I did," Gummy Browning put in. "They brought him in last night. I woke up just as they were wheeling him down the hall. He — they had him on a stretcher sort of. And there was a lady with them. She — I couldn't be sure, but I thought she was crying."

WE ALL turned to look at Gummy. But for some reason — I suppose no one could have said why — the barrage of questions, which was entirely to have been expected, which in fact would have seemed normal, did not occur. Instead, after several more seconds' silent inspection of the witness,

whose features were thoroughly familiar to us all and whose experience could scarcely have been expected to change them measurably, Tommy Chadwick offered musingly:

"I wonder who it is."

Gummy could not supply this item of information, and speculation on the part of the rest of us seemed useless.

"What do you think is the matter with him?" Shorty Larkins next asked.

This point seemed more likely to reward probing. We all began searching our minds diligently for the names of diseases we knew which were considered dangerous. Pneumonia was suggested, scarlet fever, typhoid (we had all had inoculations at the beginning of the term), small pox, appendicitis. . . .

"I bet it's measles," Hank McCarthy contributed.

"Measles aren't serious, foolish," Shorty Larkins replied.

"They are so," Hank defended his statement. "If you read they can make you blind."

"Horse-feathers, McCarthy," Shorty commented.

"Horse-feathers yourself, Larkins," Winky Edwards put in. "McCarthy is right. I've had them twice and they kept me in the dark both times."

"That's right," Woggles Dawson said. "They did me, too, when I had them."

"That was just so you'd sleep more, not because you'd get blind," Shorty said.

"It wasn't either," Woggles insisted. "My mother told me all about it and it was so I wouldn't get blind."

"Well, I bet it isn't measles anyway," Shorty said.

"What'll you bet?" Hank leaped to the challenge.

"Why, I — I'll bet you five dollars."

Woggles gave a second, up-to-standard demonstration of his talent. "You haven't got five dollars to your name."

"That's what *you* say."

"Well, if you have you shouldn't. You get a black for having more than your allowance."

"You don't say so, Mr. Dawson?" Shorty intoned in a manner meant to suggest that of Mr. Yardley, the sarcastic mathematics teacher.

"Oh pipe down for God's sakes, you two!" Tommy said. "Give a guy a vacation!"

This was so unlike the even-tempered Chadwick, whom nothing ever troubled, that we all stopped talking to gape at him. He looked slightly flushed, sitting away from his bolster, perfectly upright. And as we stared I could detect from where I was, in the next bed, a vein beginning to darken peculiarly in his temple.

Winky Edwards, whose bed was at the far end of the room, was the first to reply. "Well, well," he said. "What gripeth the lordly Chadwick?"

Immediately Tommy turned around. "Who said that?" he demanded, and now his anger was unmistakable.

Winky also sat upright. "I did," he said. "What's it to you?"

I giggled nervously and Tommy turned to me. "You shut up and stay shut up, if you know what's good for you," he snapped.

"I guess he'll do as he feels like about that," Winky said from his end of the room. "I know I will."

Tommy faced him furiously again. "Oh you will, will you?" he said.

"Yes I will."

"Well, we'll see about that." Tommy tossed off the bed covers, threw his legs over the side of the bed and started down the room.

But before he reached his goal, the folding doors opened again and Miss Farnum stood there, taking in the situation in one outraged glance.

"Thomas Chadwick!" she said. "What are you doing out of bed without permission?"

Tommy stopped where he was, looked at her, and the color went rapidly out of his face.

"Answer me, Thomas," she said. "What are you doing out of bed?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Well, you march right back and get under those covers. The very idea! I just thought I heard something going on in here." She started toward him, then had another idea. "I think I'll just have Dr. Jason come in here and straighten you out before you're up to any more mischief. I certainly can't be bothered watching you boys this morning."

With that she went out again, neglecting to close the doors completely, and we got a brief disquieting glimpse of a second nurse — a small blonde woman whom we had never seen before — hurrying down the corridor with a tube and what looked like a cup attached to its end in her hands.

Before we had had a chance to weigh this turn of events, Dr. Jason



appeared in the doorway. He was without his coat and the sleeves of his shirt were rolled back. His sparse hair, always immaculately brushed across the crown of his head, stuck out wildly in two wire-colored whisks, and his face was as flushed as Tommy's had been a while before. He placed his hands on his hips and rocked back and forth on his heels for an instant, looking us over.

"Miss Farnum tells me she has explained our situation this morning to you clearly," he said, "but that in spite of this you have been giving her trouble. That being the case, I shall give each one of you two misconduct marks, here and now. If I hear so much as a whistle out of you hereafter, I'll raise them to ten. Do you all understand?"

He gave a last withering look about the room. "I see you do," he finished, "and let me tell you that if one of you doesn't, the rest had better put him wise."

THE doors slid closed behind him and there was silence. Then a long low sigh escaped Hank McCarthy, followed by a heart-felt "Jimminy willikers — ten miskies!" Immediately some one at the far end of the room began to giggle.

Tommy sat up again. "For God's sakes, stop that," he hissed. "Do you want him to hear you, and get us all bounced out of school?"

"Hell yes," Shorty said. "Stop it. Stop it, Gummy, do you hear?"

But the giggling continued. It acquired more body; changed key, mounting higher. I, too, sat up and looked down the room. As I did so, Gummy disappeared beneath the

covers. It struck me then that what I had taken for laughter was not laughter at all. It was weeping — but weeping of a different quality from any I had ever encountered before.

Almost simultaneously every one in the ward realized it. All of them sat up and looked — some in bewilderment, some in consternation — down the room at the figure heaving under the bed clothes. Little could be heard by this time, but what could be, from muffling, seemed all the more horrible.

No one spoke for what seemed to be hours. Finally Tommy said in a frightened voice:

"Maybe we ought to ring for Miss Farnum."

"No, no," Hank said. "Don't do that. They'll bounce us sure, if we do that."

"Well, we got to do something," Shorty said.

"Gummy," I suddenly heard myself calling. "Gummy, what's the matter? Brace up!"

And suddenly, spontaneously, every one was calling to Gummy to brace up. It began in whispers; passed rapidly to the stage-whisper tone; grew louder, louder. . . .

In the midst of it, somewhere near the climax, the doors slid open once more and Miss Farnum, cap slightly awry, breast heaving, rushed into the room.

"What in the world is going on in here now?" she cried. "What in the world — " She stopped, noticing Gummy. "Why, what's the matter with Robert?" She hurried across to his bedside and pulled down the covers. Gummy, weeping less noisily, but still obviously weeping, tried

to pull them up again and, not succeeding, rolled over on to his stomach, burying his face in the pillow.

Miss Farnum, still clutching the covers, appealed to us. "What's the trouble?" she said. "What have you done to him? Is he sick?"

No one answered and she shook her head in half-hysterical helplessness. "I declare," she cried, "I don't know what I'm going to do with you today!" She grasped Gummy by the shoulders and attempted to turn him over. "Answer me, Robert," she begged. "What is the matter? What hurts you?"

The sobbing had by this time abated, a sense of outraged manhood partly taking its place. He lay staring blearily up at her, gulping, hatred in his eyes.

"Let me alone," he said suddenly. "Let me alone, you — you *devil!*"

She gazed at him, struck speechless for the moment by the sheer ferocity of his tone, then, regaining her forces turned back to us. Her voice, when she found it, was cold with anger. "I don't know what's the matter with him or any of you this morning," she said, "and I haven't time to stand here and drag it out of you!" She glanced again at Gummy, who still was glaring at her with a steady, smoldering rage in his eyes now. "Do you intend to explain yourself," she asked him, "or don't you?"

He did not answer, but continued meeting her glance straight on with that half-comic, half-frightening fire.

"I am speaking to you, Robert. Do you wish to explain yourself?"

He did not stir. Not so much as a quickly drawn breath escaped him.

"Very well," she snapped. "I've

given you your chance. One black mark. As for the rest of you" — she swept the room clear with her words — "two more misconduct marks. And you're very fortunate it's no more. I declare, you all ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I — I'm nearly out of my mind this morning."

She averted her eyes abruptly and rushed from the room. This time the folding doors came to with a clatter.

FOR a long while after that no one stirred. Gummy continued making little hiccougging noises for a time, but the intervals between them lengthened gradually, and soon there was no sound in the room but the flapping of a window blind in the slight, cold breeze of the late winter morning. It occurred to me that we all seemed to be waiting for something, listening for it; but what it was no one appeared to know. We lay as though becalmed.

Occasionally, as the half-hour passed, desultory conversations sprang up, only to lapse after a few grave sentences had been exchanged and then die out altogether. There was little life in these dialogues. They were oddly unreal to me, I remember, as if the ability to effect human contact had been taken from us. No one spoke of anything that had taken place that morning. By tacit consent the topics were kept on an impersonal plane (the prospects of the baseball team in the annual game with Fairfield, the impending alumni day and similar things), and no one so much as glanced at Gummy, who lay on his back with one arm thrown over his



face as if asleep — but we knew that he wasn't asleep, that actually he was farther from sleep than any of us, for all his lack of animation; and that was very far indeed.

Finally Tommy Chadwick said:

"Does any one know what time it is? I'm getting hungry."

"So am I," Shorty Larkins chimed in.

"That bell that rang a couple of minutes ago was eleven-thirty, I think," Woggles Dawson contributed.

"I certainly hope it was," Tommy said. "I'm hungry as hell."

"I could eat a lion," Shorty said.

"I could eat some of that cold rump of buzzard we get for Monday lunch and like it," Tommy said.

We all laughed, but the laughter was a trifle shrill and it continued several seconds too long.

Then Tommy said: "No kidding, though. I *am* hungry. They ought to feed us more in here." And Woggles Dawson corroborated that statement with a firm "You said it!" And Hank McCarthy seconded Woggles. And pretty soon we all were in it:

"Me, too. How do they expect you to get well, if they don't feed you enough?"

"You said it. I haven't had enough to eat since I've been in here."

"Neither have I. They don't feed you enough to keep a canary alive."

"That meat we had last night was lousy."

"Wasn't it, though?"

"I wouldn't feed that meat to a cat."

"Prunes, rice pudding, milk toast: I'm so damn sick of it. . . ."

"I swear I don't feel as if I've

had enough in my belly for a week."

"They ought to be told about it."

"Yeah. Try it and see what happens to you."

"No kidding, though, Winky's right. Our parents are paying plenty money for us to be in here. . . ."

Quickly, eagerly, we huddled around, warming ourselves at the communal fire. We managed to work up quite a sizeable indignation, but there was something false, unsound, a trifle overdone about it. We all realized this and tried the harder, remembering, however, to keep our voices within bounds.

In the thick of it, just as we were arriving at some sort of plan for drawing up a petition to present to the headmaster, the doors slid open and Miss Farnum appeared once more, carrying a large tray piled high with dishes and silver. Behind her shuffled the cook, a slight, white-haired Negro nicknamed Slow Joe, whose appearance was generally the signal for a loud exchange of traditional jokes. Today, however, he walked the length of the room without speaking or being spoken to. When he came abreast of me Miss Farnum halted and directed him to pass the dishes about among us.

"We haven't had time to do any fancy cooking today," she said. "You'll have to make shift with what we had on hand. There is ice cream, I suppose you'll all be glad to hear. But I sincerely hope you won't try to make your meal on it. Eat your spinach and carrots first."

Then she began moving in and out between the beds on my side of the room, pulling the blinds and plunging the wall into twilight.

"I'm going to be extremely busy for a while longer," she said. "We all of us are. I want you all to stay in bed, however, just as if some one was here watching you. I don't know whether there's any use in appealing to you as boys of honor or not. But I'll tell you this — if Dr. Jason or I catch one of you out of bed" — she emphasized "one of you" and repeated it — "that one will be reported at once to the headmaster. He was over here for an hour or more this morning, and I can tell you he wasn't pleased with my report of your behavior one little bit."

By this time the cook had distributed the dishes and was wheeling the tea wagon out of the room. As he opened the door we all looked to see if we could glimpse anything; but the corridor was deserted, the heavy oak door of the private room was closed.

Then Miss Farnum followed the cook, and we were left to our own devices again.

"Goody, goody — ice cream," Shorty Larkins offered tentatively, but no one laughed.

Then Tommy Chadwick took his arms from under his covers, reached over the side of the bed, and placed his tray on his lap. He began lifting the tops from dishes and putting them on again and clattering silver. As though that were the signal, every one began doing likewise — every one, that is, except Gummy. He continued lying on his back with his arm shielding his face, whether from embarrassment, fear of our vengeance because of his having caused us misconduct marks or a remnant of his irrational outburst, I did not know.

But I was acutely conscious of him, and so, it appeared now, were the others. They kept glancing down the room, furtively at first, then, when nothing happened, more boldly. At last Woggles Dawson said gently:

"Gummy."

No answer.

"Gummy," Woggles repeated. "Aren't you going to eat any lunch?"

Still no answer.

"Well, if you aren't, may I have your ice cream?"

At that Gummy took his hands away from his face and peered at us. "No," he said, and quickly put them back again.

"Why not, for Pete's sake, if you don't want it?"

Gummy said nothing.

"Oh come on, Gummy," Woggles begged. "Don't be a Scotchy."

"Shut up, Dawson," Winky Edwards said. "Let him alone."

It happened that this was the feeling of all of us. We had been shocked as much, I believe, by the normalcy of Woggles's request under abnormal circumstances as by its apparent lack of sensibility, and we rushed to express our indignation. In the fewest of moments Woggles was the least popular member of our circle, and he continued to be for the following quarter hour. We would listen to no defense, accept no plea for recognition of rational conduct under stress. In the end he subsided into a sullen silence, and shortly thereafter we applied ourselves to our food.

IT WAS just about as I was finishing that I heard a motor come rolling up the drive and stop at the back door of the building. I turned my



head to discover again that the blinds had been drawn and that I therefore could see nothing. I heard the engine die down — a fairly powerful one from the sound of it — and a second later the sound of a man's voice. "Go easy with it," he said. Then a second voice asked: "Do you think the door's wide enough?" And a third answered: "Sure, if we take it sideways." This was followed by a variety of equivocal sounds, chief among which were what seemed to be heavy footfalls, causing crunching of gravel, grunts (was something being carried?), wood scraping against wood and finally the slam of a door.

We all stopped eating and looked at each other. And Hank McCarthy said:

"What in hell's going on, do you think?"

No one answered, but all turned their gaze to the shaded windows. Finally I offered:

"We could probably see, if we looked under the blinds."

I made no move to act on my suggestion, however, and neither did any one else. They all lay staring at the lowered blinds, again waiting for something, again listening for it, to be rewarded five minutes later, was it? — ten minutes, twenty; it doesn't matter — by the sound of movement on the other side of the wall, in the private room. There seemed to be a great moving about of furniture going on (I tried to remember what there was to move), then, suddenly, silence.

At last the back door opened once more. Once more there was crunching of gravel, wood scraping wood and the babble of voices. But this time

the voices were somewhat subdued, and I could not catch any words. Some time later the engine was started, and shortly thereafter the car, the truck — whichever it was — rolled off down the drive. I went on lying rigid, forgetting to answer when Woggles Dawson spoke to me; and I did not raise my eyes when Miss Farnum entered the room and went about among us, raising the blinds again and gathering up the trays.

When I did glance up I saw that Gummy was half sitting up in his bed. And I heard him call softly:

"Miss Farnum."

"What is it, Robert?" she asked.

"Will — will you come over here a second? I want to ask you something. . . ."

She regarded him enigmatically for a moment. Then, still holding the trays, she walked over to the side of his bed. He struggled upright among the rumpled bed clothes, and for an instant it seemed that he was about to reach up and put his arms about her neck. He did not do so, however, and she leaned down to him. Wisps of her crisp, graying hair must have been brushing his cheek.

They remained that way for perhaps forty seconds. I saw Gummy's lips moving, phrasing his question. Then Miss Farnum straightened again. She kept her eyes on him, while her hand smoothed his forehead. At last I saw her rather than heard her say to him:

"Yes, that is the way it was, but I wouldn't think about it any more, if I were you. It's all over now. Try to think about something else."

She said that, or at least words to that effect, and then she began to

busy herself, straightening Gummy's bed. She took the pillow from under his head, punched it and put it in place again. She lifted the covers and pulled at the sheet. And all the time Gummy, that expressionless look on his face, his eyes still red and swollen, his cheeks still gray, watched her.

When she had finished she straightened and looked at him again. He looked back at her. And then, suddenly, both of them began to smile — thinly, a little falsely, at first; then less self-consciously; and finally broadly, really. With Gummy it was as though a sudden rush of sunlight had fallen across his face.

So they kept on smiling, and I watched them, having no thoughts in my head particularly, and at last Miss Farnum turned and went out. I

saw her go and saw also that the doors were left open now. I moved my head slightly and looked out of the window on the rolling bare landscape, then looked at Gummy again. He was still smiling. At any moment now it would burst into sound. I found myself waiting for it, praying that the suspense would not continue too long.

But before it came, before his silence was broken, some one else — Hank McCarthy — laughed. An instant later, emptily, from no other stimulus apparently than Hank's silly expression, Shorty Larkins followed suit. And at that I heard Gummy, and I, too, was seized.

Ten minutes later we were all chattering away, and it was the finest talk that I ever heard in my life.





# The Munitions Traffic

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL

*Geneva begins to see a possibility of international control of the arms trade*

THE paradox of governments trying to stop the use of armed force in the Far East and in South America, while permitting their nationals to flood those areas with the means of waging war, seems at last to be forcing itself upon the human conscience.

In spite of the Shearer investigation of five years ago, documentary evidence proves that the American people and their Government have been singularly indifferent to the menace of permitting arms and munitions makers to inundate the world with their weapons of destruction. The request of President Hoover and of President Roosevelt for authority from Congress to clamp down an embargo on arms shipments to nations at war or on the eve of war is a feeble indication that public attention has been stirred in this direction. Yet it is about as useful a proceeding as locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. A much more effective one will result if the Disarmament Conference succeeds in establishing a licensing system, full publicity of arms shipments and other methods of dealing with the evil at the source.

Let us examine what ground there is for the assertion that, in the efforts at Geneva since the World War to control the munitions business, the record of the United States is very black. It was M. René Viviani, when presiding at one of the early committee meetings studying the disarmament question at Geneva, in February, 1921, who said:

"Ah, gentlemen, had we met here in 1918, at the close of the World War, we would not have sat long without putting forward a motion for simultaneous and general disarmament, which would certainly have met with unanimous approval." Having been Prime Minister of France during and after the outbreak of the War in 1914, M. Viviani spoke with knowledge of the situation.

Yes, many of us who lived through the period can testify that had governments grappled with the disarmament question at the time of the Armistice, so convinced was a vast majority of people that the War had been caused by "militarism" — a militarism which the example of imperial Germany had obliged others to follow — that armies

and navies and armament factories might have been abolished except for police forces necessary for domestic safety. In the wake of the destruction, and in the face of the dead, the War profiteers and munitions makers would not have dared obstruct the new order.

What the victorious powers did do was to impose disarmament clauses upon Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, promising in the League Covenant to follow suit with their own reduction of armaments. What is more, the Treaty of Versailles took care of the destruction within three months of Germany's stocks of munitions, cannon, heavy artillery and armament factories.

Whereupon, they inserted two clauses into the League Covenant in which the members of the League promised to rectify "the evils of the private manufacture of munitions and implements of war" and to "entrust the League with the general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition."

But what about the immediate problem—that of preventing the war stocks which the Allies had accumulated on fighting fronts through Europe and into Asia and Africa, from being used for armed conflicts again in various parts of the world? A special commission of the Peace Conference was put to work to study how this could be avoided and also how the machinery for supervising the armaments business in the future might be started. As a result, an arms traffic convention was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye on September 10, 1919. Representing the United States and signing for their Government were the Honor-

able Frank L. Polk, Under-Secretary of State, Henry White, ex-Ambassador, and General Tasker H. Bliss.

But the convention did not cause a ripple in this country. Even the *New York Times* passed it by. Turning back to the date of September 11, 1919, one fails to find it in the news. The front page has a long dispatch from Washington stating that the Treaty of Versailles with the League Covenant has been reported to the Senate from the Foreign Relations Committee and that Senator Lodge "denounces the League as a war promoter"; that was the headline. Another reads: "Wilson declares opponents twist Treaty meaning"—at the top of an article from North Dakota where President Wilson was speaking in his transcontinental tour trying to win support for the League. And a third was "Victory Parade on Fifth Avenue," with General Pershing at the head of troops returning from France. The Convention of St. Germain was ignored. Yet, the United States having proved itself an apparently inexhaustible source for the production of war supplies, this matter concerned that country more than any other and its adherence was a *sine qua non*.

The convention provided for three things. It prohibited the export of arms and munitions of war, save for certain exceptions to be allowed by the contracting parties by means of "export licenses to meet the requirements of their governments or those of the governments of any of the High Contracting Parties"; it provided for a central international office, under the control of the League of Nations, for the purpose



of collecting information on the trade in arms, and it established certain prohibited zones, considered danger spots of the world, as in the Near East. It is to be noted that, with this convention unratified, the war stocks did filter through, and the Near East saw fire and bloodshed not long after. Some of the war stocks also might be traced through to China and South America.

EXPORT licenses and a central office for collecting information on where these arms were being shipped! Consider how different the story might be today if these had been in force all these years! Only now, in 1933, when American public opinion is at last being stirred in this direction, are these and other provisions likely to be enforced as one of the results of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva. And whose the fault for the long delay which has been a boon to profiteers in wholesale slaughter but the cause of misery for the rest of the human race?

When delegates to the first sessions of the League of Nations met at Geneva in 1920 and 1921, they were greatly disturbed by the non-ratification of this St. Germain Convention, especially by the United States. Anxious resolutions were passed, in consequence of which a letter of inquiry was sent to all governments.

But as this was the period when the United States was not only not represented at Geneva but when even communications from the League were ignored and left unanswered by the State Department, no reply was vouchsafed until July

29, 1922. A letter under this date stated that the Government found itself unable to approve the provisions of the convention or to give any assurance of its ratification. In this letter the Secretary of State called attention to the President's power to embargo arms shipments to any American country or in any country in which the United States exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction, if "conditions of domestic violence exist." In other words, in case of revolutions in Latin American countries, the United States reserved the right to forbid arms, or furnish arms to one side or another, as in revolutionary movements in Nicaragua or Mexico. But in cases of armed conflict between two states, such as between Bolivia and Paraguay, or Columbia and Peru, no embargo has been possible. That is the authority Congress has been asked for late in 1932 and in 1933. But as has already been observed, what is the use of such an embargo if nationals have been permitted for months past not only to supply military airplanes, guns, cannon, tanks, etc., but even to send agents to promote the sale of these engines of destruction?

At Geneva, meanwhile, where in the early days of the League the fight for the reduction of armaments struck at the root of the matter by trying to restrict and control the source of supply (as has been done with opium), a new commission was created to deal with this question. It was called the Temporary Mixed Commission, which had its first meeting in February, 1921, with M. Viviani as chairman. It continued in existence until 1924 and had among its members Lord Robert

Cecil and Leon Jouhaux, Secretary-General of the French Federation of Labor.

On September 1, 1922, this Commission took note of the reply of the United States Government and decided that the question of a new convention on arms traffic must be reëxamined with a view to finding the basis of a possible collaboration with the United States.

The situation arising from the refusal of the United States to ratify the Convention of St. Germain was also discussed by the Third Assembly (1922) and its own Disarmament (Third) Commission. They passed a resolution calling upon the United States Government to express its objections to the St. Germain Convention and to state proposals indicating how they might be overcome. Furthermore, they instructed the Temporary Mixed Commission to prepare for a conference which would deal with both the international traffic in arms and private manufacture of arms.

Thereupon the President of the League Council sent a letter to the Secretary of State at Washington along the lines of this Assembly resolution. It enclosed reports of the committees dealing with this subject and minutes of their discussions. It appealed for the coöperation of the United States and showed plainly how much not only the control of the international traffic in arms but control of private manufacture of armaments depended upon action of such a vast manufacturing country as the United States. The letter was dated May 1, 1923.

Since the State Department had not even acknowledged receipt of

the communication when the Council and the Fourth Assembly (1923) met in September, all decisions giving effect to the previous Assembly's resolution were delayed. Dated September 12, 1923, the reply reached Geneva just before the end of the session—in other words, over four months after the inquiry was sent to Washington.

Three reasons for refusing to accept the Convention of St. Germain were given. First, restriction of military supplies from the United States to Latin American countries. The United States Government complained that, while the "provisions controlling the traffic in arms and munitions of war left the signatory powers free not only to meet their own requirements in the territories subject to their jurisdiction and free to supply them with arms, but also to provide for supplying each other with arms and munitions to the full extent that they may see fit," yet the "contracting parties would be prohibited from selling arms and ammunitions to States *not* parties to the Convention." In short, this meant that the Government of the United States would be required to prevent shipment of military supplies to such Latin American countries as had not signed or adhered to the convention.

Next, the Government of the United States could not interfere with private arms-producing concerns. To quote:

"It should be observed also that the acceptance by the United States of an agreement of the nature and scope of the Convention of St. Germain would call for the enactment of legislation to make it oper-



ative and particularly for the imposition of penalties applicable to private arms-producing concerns as a means of establishing an effective control. This Government is not in a position to undertake the enactment of such legislation."

Third, objection to contact with the League of Nations was expressed, for the note concluded:

"Finally, it may be observed that the provisions of the Convention relating to the League of Nations are so intertwined with the whole Convention as to make it impracticable for this Government to ratify, in view of the fact that it is not a Member of the League of Nations."

IN SPITE of this rebuff, the Assembly felt that it was the duty of the League of Nations to persevere. It asked the Temporary Mixed Commission to go ahead with a new convention to replace that of St. Germain and to invite the United States Government to appoint representatives to coöperate with the Commission in preparing a draft convention.

Therefore, an invitation was sent by the Council to Washington on December 14, 1923. It was accepted in a letter to the Secretary-General by Joseph Grew, Minister at Berne, dated February 2, 1924, two days before the date fixed for the opening of the Commission's meetings. Mr. Grew attended the meetings until he was appointed Under-Secretary of State, when he was replaced by his successor at Berne, Hugh Wilson. The meetings continued at various intervals until July 12, 1924.

On that date a draft convention for the supervision of the interna-

tional traffic in arms and munitions of war was ready. That the proposed convention should also have dealt with manufacture of arms was the consensus in Geneva at the time. The Fourth Assembly in September, for instance, had recommended that both subjects should be considered.

The move was blocked by the United States. On February 6, 1924, we find Mr. Grew making an important statement for his Government which is reported in the official minutes as follows:

"Concerning the desirability of combining in one draft convention the two questions of the *control of the traffic in arms and the control of the private manufacture of arms and munitions*, Mr. Grew informed the Commission that his instructions did not authorize him to entertain any subject other than the *traffic in arms*. It was on this understanding that the United States accepted the invitation to send a representative to attend the meetings of the Commission."

That settled it. In spite of pathetic appeals by Jouhaux of France, Guerrero of Salvador and Sottile of Nicaragua, there was no longer question of including the manufacture of arms in the convention on trade or traffic in arms.

In the same statement, we find Mr. Grew again serving notice that the proposed central international office for the collection of information concerning this international traffic could not be connected with the League of Nations, whether the rest of the states preferred it that way or not. If so, the United States would not ratify. "This was the view to which the United States still

adhered," said Mr. Grew, "and full consideration would have to be given to it in the preparation of any plan to which it might be found desirable that the United States should adhere."

And it was! The members of the committee turned themselves upside down and inside out giving "full consideration" to a plan for the organization of a central statistical office which would not antagonize the United States by being tied to the League of Nations, but which would be sufficiently under the League's wing to satisfy the fifty-odd governments who were members of the League and who did not propose to set up a lot of loose international offices for various and sundry purposes outside of the jurisdiction of the League, even to please the United States. The Permanent Advisory Commission for Military, Naval and Air Questions, which handles such technical details as defining what is war material and the difference between a pistol and a revolver, was also ever on the alert not to tread on the toes of Uncle Sam.

As a result in this new draft convention the central international office placed *under the control* of the League in the St. Germain Convention, became a central international office merely established by the Council of the League for the purpose of collecting and publishing documents of all kinds with regard to the trade in and the distribution of arms, munitions and implements of war.

This seemed satisfactory to Minister Grew and Minister Gibson, but not to Senator Theodore Burton when he arrived on the shores of

Lake Léman to participate in the conference which was to draw up the final convention. That was the next year, and these long-drawn-out discussions are proof of the care with which the matter was approached. Senator Burton was assisted by several army and navy officers as experts.

To please Senator Burton, considerable time was consumed in figuring out whether it would be possible for governments to send their reports and statistics to the French Foreign Office, or to a special body chosen by governments, or to a board of selected ministers or ambassadors, some of whom might even be accredited at Berne, which is the capital of Switzerland and perilously near Geneva. Finally, after turning over the matter to a subcommittee of which Senator Burton was named chairman, the idea of a central office was discarded entirely. M. Jouhaux and other delegates expressed great sorrow at this decision, which they felt was a severe blow to the convention.

IT WILL be recalled that the United States Government objected to the St. Germain Convention because it forbade trade in arms with countries which were not parties to the convention, thus precluding the United States from supplying war materials to Latin American countries which had not ratified the convention. This was amended to please the United States. In the 1925 convention, the export of arms was permitted to any government recognized as such by the government of the exporting country (article 3), and in certain cases, to belligerents



who had not yet acquired full government status.

Satisfaction to the United States point of view was also given in the delicate matter of the government of an exporting country in time of war. By the existing rules of international law, the neutrality of a state is not affected if a resident thereof, national or foreign, exports arms or munitions to a belligerent. For instance, during the period of the official neutrality of the United States Government in the World War, it was quite possible for its citizens and factories to reap large profits from arms and munitions and other supplies sold to one or both of the belligerents. Such transactions assume a new complexion, however, if, owing to an international convention, an export license becomes necessary. For this brings a government intervention in the transaction, involving questions of neutrality. The Commission, therefore, solved the difficulty by suspending certain provisions in time of war, thus allowing selling arms and munitions to belligerents.

Nevertheless, in spite of these and other changes made to please the United States, Senator Burton was not content and other changes were made by the Conference. Always at pains to win ratification by the Senate, in whose minds the League of Nations was a thing unclean, he tried to delete mention of that organization in the text of the convention.

Again the others bowed to the wishes of the nation across the seas. In the conference minutes of May 20, 1925, we find them accepting Senator Burton's amendment sup-

pressing a clause in Article 27 which provided for the registration of certain agreements with the League of Nations. Article 28, providing for the League to publish an annual report on the operation of the convention, was omitted altogether, for Senator Burton objected:

"I move that Article 28 be struck out. It is of course possible that treaties should be published by the League of Nations as a mere matter of statistics, but the delegation from the United States would seriously object to the inclusion of this Article in the Convention proper."

Furthermore, he objected to the phrase in Article 30 "whether Members of the League or not," for he said: "The aim of this amendment is similar to that relating to Article 28 on which action has just been taken. It seems to me that the words quoted by the President should be omitted."

And they were.

Agreement reached, delegates of forty-four governments signed this, the 1925 Convention for the Supervision of the International Trade in Arms and Ammunition and in Implements of War (to give its full official title) on June 17, 1925. It took the place of the St. Germain Convention of 1919 and the Draft Convention of 1924. But this convention never has been in force because of insufficient ratifications. In the United States, transmitted to the Senate by the President on January 12, 1926, it is still pigeon-holed in the Foreign Relations Committee without even having been discussed. Other governments have excused themselves by waiting for the United States whose adherence

is necessary because she has proved herself to be the largest producer of supplies for war.

Meanwhile, the League of Nations has published a Yearbook on the Traffic in Arms, Ammunition and War Material. But without a licensing and publicity system, and gathered only from the inadequate and misleading statistics which are available, it is very incomplete and full of gaps. Moreover, shipments listed are over two years old, thus giving arms manufacturers time to flood the world before they are discovered. That is why embargoes on arms to nations already at war or on the verge of war are too late and preventive measures must be instituted long before that point is reached. The 1925 Traffic in Arms Convention controlled the situation in part.

THE more important phase of the problem — that of the evil effects of the private manufacture of arms as specified under Article 8 of the League Covenant, fared even worse. For up to the opening of the 1932 Disarmament Conference, not even a draft convention had been agreed upon. Not that the subject had been buried at Geneva. It began to be discussed in 1920 and when in 1924, largely because of the attitude of the United States, it was known that it could not be treated in the 1925 Convention, both the Temporary Mixed Commission and the League's Permanent Advisory Commission played with it.

Several proposals, especially by the workers' groups led by M. Jouhaux, were made. They wanted complete prohibition of private man-

ufacture, thus aiming to abolish arming for profit. Failing that, they demanded strict control. After a heated session in 1921, they presented a stinging minority report which is resurrected now and again as a stern rebuke. It revealed many startling facts about armament rings and their methods of scaring public opinion into urging large government appropriations for military expenditures.

At the end of 1925, a Committee of Enquiry of Council Members, with Dr. Beneš as Chairman, laboriously worked up a questionnaire and sent it to governments. The United States, Soviet Russia and Turkey failed to reply.

Entirely out of patience, and led by a few valiant souls, the Seventh Assembly (1928) adopted its Third (Disarmament) Committee's resolution again calling attention of governments to the close connection between the question of the supervision of the private manufacture of arms and ammunition and of implements of war, and the international trade in these articles; it begged them to do something about the matter as soon as possible.

Instead of charging the Preparatory Commission of the Disarmament Conference which met on and off for several years, with the task, a Special Committee comprising representatives of each of the fourteen member governments of the Council was constituted. The United States was invited to coöperate and was represented most of the time. Acting upon instructions from Washington, this delegate kept raising the same objection already quoted against the St. Germain Convention,



*i.e.*, the inability of the Federal Government to agree to a system of restrictions against private manufacture because this would be interfering with private business interests which the Constitution places under the jurisdiction of the individual States of the Union. Thus agreement upon what is known as the 1929 Draft Convention on private manufacture was impossible.

This same reservation was again advanced at the present Disarmament Conference but was withdrawn by the United States delegate upon instructions from Washington on November 18, 1932.

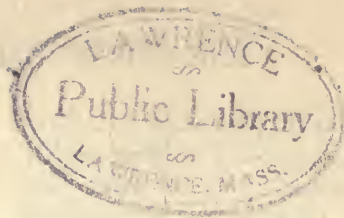
It was only on July 23 that the conference placed manufacture of arms and their international traffic upon its agenda, including state as well as private factories. It was decided to constitute a special committee which began its work late in September. Led by Leon Jouhaux, who was back in the French delegation because of the victory of the Left in the French elections, the French again pressed for total abolition of private manufacture. Others proposed internationalization of all industries manufacturing arms and munitions of war. But such radical proposals were opposed by the majority, including the United States. What was likely to be adopted was incorporation into the disarmament treaty, which will come out of the present conference, of most of the provisions of the above 1925 and 1929 conventions.

But when Premier MacDonald presented the British Draft Convention late in March, nothing in it referred to armament industries or traffic therein. The excuse given was that the committee handling the subject had not reached agreement. What Mr. Norman H. Davis meant by "control," when he returned to the conference as President Roosevelt's Ambassador, referred to certain powers delegated to the new Permanent Disarmament Commission which is expected to be born out of the conference. Among these is authority of investigation in case of infringement of the disarmament clauses of the proposed treaty.

Though this would be a check, the door would still be left open for certain forces to sabotage disarmament efforts and to keep up the system of preparation for war, in spite of pacts and treaties among nations. Under the guise of patriotism, defense and other catch words, they have succeeded in the United States alone in forcing an increase of 197 per cent in Government appropriations for military expenditures, from 1914 to 1931.

This is not only a moral, but an economic question. The searchlight of truth reveals that where arms and munitions are sold, especially if armed conflict results — the market is closed for automobiles, radios and other constructive articles of commerce. Indeed, getting rid of the munitions business is one of the main roads to peace and prosperity.





# The Inveterate Theatre-Goer

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

*Who pleads for a record of audiences, those essential, yet neglected, adjuncts of the drama*

SOME years ago I went to Boston to see a woman author of considerable distinction. When I reached my hotel, I telephoned to find out whether she could see me that afternoon if I called. A voice over the telephone retorted rather indignantly: "Don't you know Miss X always goes to the theatre on Thursday afternoon?" At first this bit of information amused me highly. My inclination was to answer that such important news had not yet reached New York. But something restrained me: there dawned upon me the consciousness that I had discovered a *bona fide* Inveterate Theatre-Goer. There was no snobbish social reason such as "Monday night at the opera" implies; there was no professional reason which keeps the dramatic critic slavishly at the job; there was an inbred habit, a well-established, time-honored observance, a state of mind which recognized the theatre as an essential need in life. In that city, which Henry James once characterized as a state of mind, I had found the state of mind of the Inveterate Theatre-Goer.

Examine the word *inveterate*: it

means *firmly established, deep-rooted*. No two definitions are more foreign to our theatre condition than these. If our theatres were firmly established, if our love for the play was deep-rooted, we would then not despair of our entertainment; our managers, our actors, our playwrights would have a constant factor — a loyal audience — to rely upon. Maybe, this wouldn't be exciting, maybe the zest for experiment would be removed, maybe we would become too conventional — and has not progress in the theatre always come from rebellion against convention? I've never quite understood the phrase, "Organize your audience," unless it means, "Segregate your different tastes." The theatre has, in its past history, very rarely been a democratic institution; it has always flourished on class, and the people have seeped in as they might. The audiences of the Restoration were a family minority; those of Shakespeare's day — and unfortunately we have no first-hand comment about theatre-goers of that day — were of the Court. But, in the early Nineteenth Century, the complexion of audiences changed. When



Edmund Kean, the actor, returned to his lodgings after a "first night," his wife enquired as to what Lord So-and-So thought of his performance. "Damn Lord So-and-So," exclaimed the sodden player, "the pit rose to me." I can see very little of human difference between Cruikshank's picturing of the Saloon at Covent Garden in London and the staircase at the Theatre Guild in New York during the entr'acte except that no artist has followed Cruikshank in the practice of pictorial satire.

But theatre-going, like acting, is an evanescent thing; even the dramatic critic must take it impressionistically. The time element in the delivery of his opinion impels him to treat the playhouse thus. Here one moment, gone the next! How accidental a theatre audience is: swung in mob psychology over the same play, and then out into the night to a thousand different homes and a thousand different interests — rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief! Is there an historian of audiences? No, more's the pity, yet an audience is the very temper of the time: its tastes, its manners, its fashions, its thumbs up or thumbs down as to what the dramatist has written and the actor has done are the imperial and imperious court of appeal for the centuries of theatre history. Who has kept the record of their presence in the theatre? No one.

**Y**ET audiences are typified by portraits of single men. We are told that the critic should aim to reflect a cross-section of the mental attitude of the crowd. In one sense "the press" can not be regarded as thea-

tre-goers: they are diagnosticians, with a little bit of psychiatry thrown in. They occupy a certain anomalous position: they must be of the crowd, yet remain sufficiently aloof from it not to be swayed by it. But even though they go night after night to the play, they are not Inveterate Theatre-Goers. It is only when the latter become eccentric that the critic even notices them. The shirt front of "Diamond Jim" Brady smote them and drew comment as "news." What is Otto Kahn, shorn of his financial connections, but an Inveterate Theatre-Goer? If, in years to come, we should discover among Mr. Kahn's possessions a diary of his evenings at the theatre — all that he is in the financial history of Wall Street, all that he is in the international economic debates would fade before the fragmentary impressions of the players and plays of his day.

The fact of the matter is that our theatre audiences are now grown dumb; they are neither heralds nor are they heralded. What would we not give for the art of seeing our audiences as Samuel Pepys saw his in Restoration days: their slander gently hinted, their color daintily suggested. Perhaps such an historian needs the dilettante touch: our Nathaniel P. Willis of the Poe and *Mirror* era was such a constituted man. When Pepys went to the theatre, you were given his love for the actor Betterton, his snobbery at being in high society, his thrill at going behind stage, his disgust at the overpainting of the actresses, his watchful reporting on King Charles and his "ladies," and a wave of the hand of approval or dismissal of the

play itself. He was no critic; he was a finnickier observer. On such matters of similar light weight the modern audience is silent. Even as we have lost the art of conversation, so have we lost our theatre curiosity. We go or we stay away: there is no social solidarity in our midst. Only the character of the play has the power of weaving us together. Occasionally you talk to your neighbor: if the two of you have paid too exorbitant a price for your seat from the speculator, for instance. Yet we have our theatre types now as we had them in the past, and they are being unrecorded. The recent vivid account of "Diamond Jim" Brady from the pen of Gilbert Seldes is one of the rare attempts I have met with to epitomize the simple psychology of the Inveterate Theatre-Goer.

The "first-nighter" can not be so designated; he is but a member of a clique or a clique; he wouldn't stay away from a first night, because it represents a hunt, a chase, a fight for survival. With a set jaw he comes to be amused. He was at the theatre last night with a set jaw to be amused. He is going to the theatre tomorrow night with a set jaw to be amused. What is he thinking? "The manager — what has he for us this time? The actor — how did he ever get cast in such a part! The scenic artist — let's hope he hasn't dimmed his lights so we can't see the stage. Howdy do, a rotten show last night, wasn't it? Here again, are you? They say that down in Baltimore, where it had its try-out, whole pages were rewritten." In this spirit the "first-nighters" come to see a play they haven't seen. No, these are not Inveterate Theatre-Goers. Thackeray

might have handled them in print, for only by acidity can they be sketched. But we are mostly unresponsive to such human data!

Sometimes the news reports unconsciously paint the picture. I recall columns descriptive of the visit of a certain Prince to the Opera — a gala night, a revival of royalty on Broadway. Our social potentates scrambled into the opera house for the special performance of tidbits sprinkled among the lyric stars. People came to be seen; they set their tiaras straight, after a mad scramble to be seated, glittering like flashy chandeliers. Royalty left before the entire musical fare had been served up. Parvenuedom left also, thinking it the fashion! A singer refused to sing because the Prince had left before her "number." The last strains of music died to an almost empty house. Is it that our theatre audiences need to worship something in order to express animation, to come out of their silence? I went to a puppet-show one evening. The élite were there, jabbering, visiting, beckoning. Suddenly the audience rose *en masse*, spontaneously. I rose with them. I heard no *Star-Spangled Banner* playing! I saw no Prince of Wales, no President of the United States! "What is it?" I asked my neighbor. "There, there, it's Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks," he said excitedly. It was good to see his excitement.

The inconsistencies of taste! An audience thrills me because of this variety; and the theatre justifies itself by the extent to which it forces the individual to forget himself. The essential humanity of audiences is not very changeable. I read Pepys



and can apply many of his vanities to the present age of theatre-going. Once I was sent seats for the opening performance in this country of Sacha Guitry. The ticket stubs had on them the stupendous figure of \$27.50. My pride spread in gorgeous peacock feather display. Even my companion, who then was not a dramatic critic, which he afterwards became, thrilled with me. But we both were ruefully disturbed when, on reaching the theatre, we found a row of seats in front of us marked \$49.50! Pepys recorded once that he saw four of his clerks in the Admiralty Office sitting in half-crown seats at the play, while he possessed only one at one shilling! Poor Pepys, we understood his feeling.

BUT that is not true theatre-going, which should have about it expectancy and affection. Sometimes you find a rare critic who shows excitement when the auditorium is dimmed and the footlights go up and the curtain trembles. Near the time of his retirement as a professional critic, William Hazlitt wrote about his "beloved corner" in the second circle of Covent Garden. "I would," he declared, "if I could, have it surrounded with a balustrade of gold, for it has been a place of delight." You overworked gentlemen of the press, do you feel the same about your recognized orchestra chairs? You have every right to say, Hazlitt's one theatre against our fifty! Times have changed. Even an Inveterate Theatre-Goer has the problem of choosing! A certain type of play will bring out an audience that usually does not go to the theatre. See how a Gilbert and Sullivan re-

vival will lure the older generation from the fireside!

We have thick books about the theatre, but they fail to pay their proper respects to the emotions and vagaries of the audience. Our critics no longer think it lies within their province to describe what they see on the stage or who they see around them. The precise dress of the "first-nighter," the diamond headlight of Jim Brady's shirt front, the bejeweled stomacher of the social set, the silver-headed cane of a vivacious, bouncing dramatic critic: what should be the symbol of our regular audience? Journalism these days is not so casual. Those Inveterate Theatre-goers, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, never failed, — either in letter or in conversation — to leave a human impression of the people in the play or in the audience. True it is, their criticisms attended strictly to business. And one can not complain that our present-day critics are laggards in this respect. There is an unforgettable picture I found in a letter written by Hunt to the poet, Shelley, the year after the latter had visited London in 1817. Shelley must have turned Inveterate Theatre-Goer on that visit. Hunt wrote him: "We looked up to your box, almost hoping to see a thin, patrician-looking cosmopolite yearning out upon us, and a sedate-faced young lady bending in a similar direction, with her great tablet of a forehead, and her white shoulders, unconscious of a crimson gown." No telling what a critic might be tempted to write were there a Shelley present now.

Of course Lamb wrote of the comedians of his day as though he had

a love for them individually. And with immaculate care, he pictured them to the life, thumb-nail sketches that burn the memory with palpitant impression. In consequence, they loved him — those comedians of the era of Munden. For the night of his retirement from the stage, Munden gave Lamb and his sister Mary seats in the corner of the orchestra, close to the stage. Some friends had sent to Munden several tankards of porter to sustain the old man in his ordeal of farewell. And what happened? The actor slipped a tankard out to Lamb — yes, through the musician's door it came, while the benign face of the player beamed devotion on the shy little man in black whom the world now knows as Elia. I imagine, today, no critic would refuse a flask, were it suddenly to be thrust into his hands from the stage. Our new stage lighting guarantees a sufficiently dim light for the act of grace not to be discernible. But the critical profession is not held any longer in such high esteem; they might, with reason, doubt the quality of the drink!

Somehow, the theatre has ceased gripping the creative side of our social life. We go to the play, we see, but we are not entirely conquered. Charles Dickens was an Inveterate Theatre-Goer: his letters ring with enthusiasm. I believe he would have consigned his entire gallery of *Copperfield*, *Nickleby*, *Micawber*, *Pickwick* to the four winds for one successful play by himself. Nothing he loved better than the company of the players; nothing he adored more than the companionship of William Macready, the actor. After his conceited fashion, Macready, with his

copious diaries, might be regarded as the Samuel Pepys of the early Victorian playhouse. The theatre is a bundle of nerves, a turmoil of clashing jealousies, a constant elbowing of others out of the way, a never-ending "they say" of theatrical news. Macready, like Pepys, was a diarist who joyed in such promiscuous detail: it showed the littleness of his nature, it hid for posterity some of the worth of his genius. Perhaps Walter Winchell is our jazz effort at that sort of thing! Perhaps F. P. A., the columnist — "our Mr. Pepys," as he calls himself — is indication that a commentator on audiences must move in small circles to observe their reactions. But I doubt whether Pepys and Macready would ever have been what they were in their diaries, if they had tried daily to syndicate their running commentary. Other times, other ways.

IT MAY be unfortunate that I am constantly reverting to the critic, but, after all, he is a human being, seated in the midst of an audience. Let us hope he has other interests besides the theatre that affect his life. We are given a glimpse of Hazlitt, slouching into a Charles Lamb evening at home, just come from the theatre. Does the slouch represent the depression created by a bad play? Not at all. Hazlitt was hard hit by the then recent defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. There is here suggested some feeling of an active principle in the critic's life outside the theatre. When Heywood Brown slouched into the theatre after his defeat in a Congressional election, did his appearance represent the



political turmoil of the campaigner weighing him down or just the natural bulk of the man?

The fact is we have lost the art of etching audiences. The Inveterate Theatre-Goer can only thus be preserved. I have seen "made-up" pictures of "first-nighters" at the old Wallack, at Charles Frohman's famous Empire Theatre. In their innumerable writings, did William Winter or Rankin Towse ever deign to give us one intimate glimpse of those with whom they sat nightly? Even Huneker has left us little of the kind. Judge Daly, in his life of his brother Augustin, mentions "first-nighters" in terms of the society editor of our papers, but the vividness of Daly's audience and green-room is fading because the memory of them is incomplete. There is one little book, written anonymously, called *The Diary of a Daly D  butante* which has some of the excitement and human value of Daly's Theatre, with its player heroes and heroines in flesh and blood. Very slim is such characterization in modern theatrical biography. To this day we hear in the theatre of the wonderful loyalty of audiences to Heinrich Conreid, who ran the Irving Place Theatre with a German repertory constantly held up as the beau ideal of a repertory theatre. Here was a large German family that, after a Fulda play, for instance, would gather at L  chow's restaurant, on Fourteenth Street, in New York, to drink beer and to meet socially with the actors. We were living the simple days of New York so feelingly described by Huneker in his essays.

I would much rather read that Daniel Webster kept time with his

foot to Jenny Lind's singing; I would much rather hear that a representative from Alabama cried out, during a concert in Washington by Ole Bull, to leave off playing the high-falutin selections on his fiddle and bear down hard on a simple folk song; I would much rather be made to see the audience cheering as Henry Clay entered the auditorium — than be given the statistics of theatre history on any or all such occasions. Yes, Pepys had a method of reporting that could well be kept in fashion.

We do not sit alone in the theatre. It is the contagion of neighbors that makes the spirit of theatre-going. Neighbors may irritate us, but they have their compensations. It has always been thus. Pepys one night at the play records: "I was sitting behind in a dark place; a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all." Human reactions, human reactions! No, we do not spit these days at the theatre, but we do many things equally as reprehensible.

We must build up the pictures of our audiences as we may: we will find an inference here and another there: but no set attempt to preserve the auditorium living. On one of Henry Irving's numerous visits to America he wrote an article on audiences as he saw them. He was highly complimentary about us in his surface impressions. There was only one human possibility in this perfunctory sketch of our amiabilities. Irving claimed that on matinee days he was often delighted by the perfume of flowers that came to him

across the footlights from the orchestra stalls! Maybe we are given to graces which need only to be sung by some theatre lyrist. That was exactly what Fanny Kemble noted way back in 1832 — the profusion of flowers “out front.” But where is the Pepys to put the woman behind the orchids or gardenias in the audience?

It may be that our present life is not so constituted that the Inveterate Theatre-Goer can go immediately home from the theatre and make an entry in a diary — for diaries are out of style. We hear critics wail that even before the curtain drops on the final scene, they have to beat it — at least those on the morning papers have to beat it — to make ready their copy for the avaricious presses. I have often wondered whether Pepys wrote his diaries in shorthand because he didn't want his contemporaries to read what he confessed seeing, or because, by using shorthand, he could the quicker to bed.

Again I return to Hazlitt for confession: “The Drama is a subject of which we could give a very entertaining account once a month, if there were no plays acted all the year. As some artists have said of Nature, ‘The theatre puts us out.’ We like to be a hundred miles off from the Acted Drama in London.” It may be that forty miles from Broadway, the glumness of the “first-nighter,” Jim Brady, Mrs. Four Hundred and Walter Winchell drop into their places, and our present-day audience comes to life. How we look at it in the theatre is partly a matter of digestion. Perhaps “theatre audiences” are a matter of retrospection for

the records. Let us profit by the candor of Pepys who claimed in one entry to his famous diary that “through my being out of order, it [the play] did not seem so good as at first.” Theatre audiences, here one moment and gone the next!

Now the fate of theatre commentary is uncertain. If it is sentimental, it is regarded as an untrustworthy record. Yet sentiment has to enter into the kind of recording I plead for. Alexander Woollcott's *Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play* is memory playing upon fact; it is a reminiscence of his own reading coupled with his own interest in the theatre. The value of George Jean Nathan is largely bound up in his concern for a poster impression of what passes before his eye, in relation to a prodigious amount of knowledge and an exuberant exercise of satirical wit. Stark Young is a commentator who trembles before the flame of mysticism and passes by the human in his zeal for the spirit; he reduces his people to essences. Whenever Woollcott murmurs in his weekly articles he does so out of an intimate connection with the theatre. In his younger days Nathan went “slumming” — to use his expression — among audiences, and out of his approach has come the best impression of Broadway of the past that we have: an impressionism as Turner-esque in its splashes of inconsistencies as are the beautiful reminiscent colors in Hunker's recollections of New York in *New Cosmopolis*.

Who will write the thing I am looking for in dramatic record? The quotations I have found in Hunt,



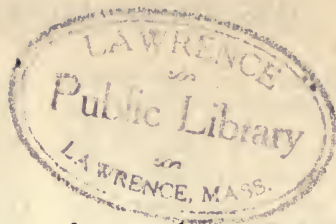
in Hazlitt, in Lamb, have mostly been discovered in letters. I would, therefore, infer that the critic is not the man for my particular hobby. Letters are not the fashion in these days of journalistic realism; therefore we can't depend on letters, though in some future correspondence may be given us a host of clues to what sort of an audience we are. The newspapers crowd the subject out, unless a critic, like Brooks Atkinson, has the ability to suggest the subtle attitude of theatre-goers to the contemporary play under discussion. Essays are published through sufferance these days. And there may be some truth in the statement that the unsifted audience comprising a night at the theatre, an audience so rightly itemized by George Jean Nathan in its predominantly common elements, is too unpicturesque for picturing. But I contend that even as Dickens or Carlyle can make you realize the mob spirit of the French Revolution, so the mob audience needs its fictionist and historian. It is because no one preserved the record of audiences in Shakespeare's day, that scholars now are so handicapped in their impression of the theatre of Elizabeth's time.

I am merely calling for a new type of commentator, for a new sidelight on theatre history. I shall never forget my first impression of Percival Pollard's *Masks and Minstrels of New Germany* — a book one should not allow to be forgotten; or Stanislavsky's impressions of his Moscow company struggling for some understanding of Chekhov and his plays.

Until Gilbert Seldes discovered for us fully our *Seven Lively Arts*, we failed to dig up for ourselves our own lively and lowly arts, which brought faintly before us the thunderous approval of battalions of soldiers who used to crowd the Harrigan Theatres to see the Mulligan series, or the frivolous crowds that used to pack Koster and Bial's Music Hall to get their vaudeville while they pinned the corks from their wine bottles into the ceiling and walls of the room. Those were the Inveterate Theatre-Goers of that era. The popularity of the plays can not be explained without them. Nor can you explain fully the abandon of jazz and the "blues" unless you understand the nervous tempo of the singers and the dancers who have responded to their rhythm.

I believe I am professorially correct when I say that the theatre is not a theatre without its audience. Popular taste is difficult without the populace; the *connaissanceur* theatre must know something of the *connoisseur*. And even though Nathan did not write his *The Popular Theatre* with any idea of its being a source book for the future, he wrote into it a kind of realism that reflected the temper of the mob theatre.

We must, if possible, reconstruct from whatever bones we may pick up here and there, through casual comment, through correspondence, the Inveterate Theatre-Goer through the ages. Even if it is not the critic's business to record him, the Inveterate Theatre-Goer is a theatre phenomenon, just as much so as the actor, the play and the scene.



# Black Straws in the Wind

BY CLARENCE E. CASON

*At Scottsboro, as in the Civil War, the Negro is no more than  
a "convenient bone of contention"*

IN HIS charming essay "On Leaving the South" Mr. Howard Mumford Jones complains of the injustice with which a Southern lady appeared to hold him personally responsible for the loss of her family silverware during the Civil War. Presumably he rather felt expected to produce forks and spoons centuries old and deeply engraved from his vest pockets with an air of repentance. Allowing for the symbolism with which Mr. Jones expresses a tendency of Southern gentlemen to look narrowly at prosperous Northern visitors, one may follow him with a counter grievance. Northern people of conscience too often regard the Southern man with the suspicion due one who has just lynched a Negro. Or they at least expect to catch a glimpse of frayed papers smelling of slave auctions in old portfolios of Southern travelers.

These vestigial remains of past difficulties, however much they may limit the bounds of agreeable conversation between old ladies from South Carolina and old gentlemen from Massachusetts, should not weigh too heavily upon the amenities. They are but ghosts.

Horace Greeley correctly described the Negro and his bondage as the *inciting* cause of the Civil War. While it was natural that the tremendous emotional upset incident to the 1860's should leave a deep imprint upon our national consciousness, we should by this time either return to a sense of reality or else confess a serious weakness in logical abilities. Less than a score of years after a deluge of anti-German war propaganda we find ourselves celebrating with reverence the career of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. At the same time, our psychology as touching the Negro is often represented in the North by the ringing march to liberty of Mr. Benét's *John Brown's Body* and in the South by the piteous moans of Mr. Bowers's *The Tragic Era*. So greatly has the effect of slavery propaganda outrun its intended purposes that any matter relating to present adjustment problems of the Negro has at once become a new *casus belli* between the unregenerate.

In America the Negro has always been a black straw in the wind. This figure applies in a double sense: as a symbol, he has indicated the



force and direction of controversy between the sections; as a race, he has been thrust hither and yon by contrary emotional attitudes settling upon him as a convenient bone of contention. On the one hand, he has been a weather-vane; on the other, the ball in a polo contest. The very frequency of his appearance upon the scene of sectional and philosophical conflict has led the audience falsely to consider him one of the principal actors, instead of a part of the stage setting. This mistake has obscured fundamental issues of government, and it also has impeded seriously the progress of Negroes themselves.

CURRENT polemics over the Scottsboro case in Alabama afford an apt illustration of the utterly confusing bias on both sides. It will be remembered that a circuit court in the little hill-town of Scottsboro sentenced eight Negroes to be electrocuted on a charge of rape and that outside sympathizers questioned validity of the evidence in the case as well as the conduct of the trial. At once a flood of strongly-phrased messages began to pour in upon the trial judge, the Governor of Alabama, members of the State convict board, and the warden of Kilby Prison, where the Negro boys were confined. Such expressions as "legal lynching," "landlord bosses," "young workers' movement," "the reign of terror," "the rights of labor" — all very exotic and baffling language to officials so far removed from Union Square — stirred into being a fervid self-defense mechanism in Alabama.

In Montgomery the rumor spread

that armed Negroes from Chicago were to arrive on a certain day to inaugurate a general race rebellion. The best editorial efforts of Mr. Grover C. Hall, of the *Advertiser*, soothed the dangerous flourishes of the more ignorant and excitable elements of the white population. Quarrels developed in New York between the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the International Labor Defense as to which of them should conduct efforts for a retrial. Mr. Walter F. White, writing in *Harper's*, accused the I.L.D. of attempting to stimulate labor uprisings by insuring the martyrdom of the eight Negro boys. A full-page drawing in *New Masses* shortly thereafter reciprocated with a similar charge against the N.A.A.C.P. In the light of results produced in Alabama, both these unpleasant imputations were partially justifiable.

Rival protective organizations vied with each other at gaining audiences with the bewildered Negro boys in Kilby Prison and with their dazed relatives on the outside. The *Labor Defender* appealed internationally for funds. The N.A.A.C.P. proffered the services of Mr. Clarence Darrow. Bernard Shaw, Thomas Mann and Albert Einstein pleaded for justice. Meanwhile Alabama boiled with indignation at these neo-Abolitionists — these "modern carpet-baggers" — these "vultures from the North." It must be noted parenthetically that juxtaposition of two powerfully developed persecution complexes is likely to prove explosive.

Juicy expectations of a second Dayton trial were rudely dashed

when Mr. Darrow, after a visit to Alabama, withdrew from the case. The I.L.D. rejoiced. If there was to be no reenactment of Dayton, perhaps a repetition of the Sacco-Vanzetti episodes might still develop. The Scottsboro affair promised to be even more indigenously American than the fiasco involving Italians in Massachusetts. And there was a sex interest in addition. *New Masses* and the *Labor Defender* sensed a Roman holiday; a little removed, *The Nation* and *The New Republic* struck the drums and cymbals of freedom. Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos and Upton Sinclair seized their pens. Mr. Lincoln Stefens added his signature to an open letter. Meanwhile Alabama seethed with indignation.

Eleven months after the Scottsboro trial, lawyers for the eight Negro boys, behind the ægis of the International Labor Defense, presented an elaborately documented and carefully printed brief of eighty-nine pages to the Supreme Court of the State of Alabama. It strongly attacked the characters of the prosecution witnesses. The attorney general of Alabama filed a typewritten brief of twenty-seven pages. After due process the court denied the plea for a new trial, with a dissenting opinion by its chief justice.

If in final analysis a court of law must faithfully respond to the indubitably established public opinion within its jurisdiction, there can be no question as to the judgment rendered in this case. Beyond the technicalities of evidence and the flexibility of the law, there is often a profoundly imbedded system of folk culture which a tribunal can

not ignore. This principle has been especially marked in cases involving Negroes in Southern courts since the Civil War. It is also extremely noteworthy that the tendency of the United States Supreme Court has been to uphold judgments of Southern courts in cases relating to possible infringements of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. In other words, the Supreme Court whenever possible has avoided a direct controversion of the definitely established will of the several States.

During the exciting competition between the champions of liberty, a reputable firm of Alabama lawyers offered to conduct an appeal for the condemned Negroes. But their voice was drowned in the hullabaloo. If they had been allowed to manage the case, an epochal moral victory might have been lost to the International Labor Defense, but the chances for Negroes to obtain justice in Southern courts might have been generally enlarged. Also, life just now might be somewhat brighter for the horror-stricken Negro boys in Kilby Prison. To all intents and purposes, the dispute concerning them rested upon the question of which side should fly its banner over their graves.

IN THE gruesome texture of the Scottsboro episode, as in the case of the theft of Southern family silverware attributed to Mr. Howard Mumford Jones's ancestors, it is necessary to make some refinements in blanket charges flung across the Potomac. Obviously not every Union soldier went beyond the rules of warfare in confiscating property of the Confederates, and it is just as



clear that not all Confederates possessed any property in the first place. Only a certain class of Southerner would be willing to forget the splendid simplicity of General Grant's chivalry toward General Lee at Appomattox, one of the most striking and least emphasized acts of the Civil War. In fairness, therefore, elderly and impoverished Southern ladies should not have looked with suspicion upon Mr. Jones without having previously determined just what Yankees had stolen silverware, what silverware these had stolen and what Yankees had not stolen any anywhere.

With regard to the Negro controversy, a similar use of discrimination would clarify the issues. For instance, what people in the North customarily hurl abuses at the South for mistreating the Negro? No special genius is required to perceive that they are the same people who are constitutionally inclined toward social reform and toward the condemnation of supposed predatory vested interests wherever such may be found. They marched for Sacco and Vanzetti; they plead for Tom Mooney and for distressed humanity in the Harlan coal fields. Rather than a geographical locality, a definitive social philosophy identifies them. More conservative opinion in the North is likely to show its concern for the Negro by contributing funds toward his educational advancement in the South.

Likewise, accuracy demands that not every Southerner be tacitly condemned for mistreating the Negro. Before the guns of denunciation can be pointed with precision, those guilty of racial exploitation must be

isolated from those who are not. So long as the matter remains one of blindly indiscriminate conflict between the sections, we shall be as far removed from the crux of the Negro problem as our emotionally aroused ancestors were in the days when *De Bow's Review* thundered its pious justification of slavery to combat the sentimental force of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Paradoxically, the best interests of the Negroes themselves are often ignored in the imbroglios between rival bands of their professed benefactors.

Feeling toward the Negro in the South is remarkable for its diversity. In fact, nothing more immediately establishes the outlook and background of a Southern white man than his attitude toward the Negro. As a part of his mental heritage, the Southerner of plantation descent carries with him a definite sympathy for the Negro; his concern for the individual Negro's welfare, fixed by the habitual attitude of several generations, is almost a reflex. At his worst, the slave-owner was not unmindful of property worth a thousand dollars a head; at his best, he must have felt a human compassion at least comparable to that of Thaddeus Stevens. A warm and personal connection with black retainers is a part of the family tradition of those Southerners who are linked with the *ante-bellum* squirearchy. This relationship is so significant in the South that it is often simulated by white upstarts. While the authentic background of the plantation is not of advantage to the Negro in his more radical social aims, it is a potential guard for him against actual cruelty

and flagrant injustice. Quite different is the false note of intense anxiety for the Negro sometimes struck by the Chamber of Commerce when labor shows migratory tendencies.

Mr. DuBose Heyward with accuracy, both in *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters*, portrays the Negroes of Cat Fish Row as seeking protection from their mean white exploiters by applying at the door of such people as the Wentworths of Charleston. When such authors as Roark Bradford, Paul Green, Julia Peterkin and Archibald Rutledge write of the Negro with a sympathetic and almost loving tenderness, they are representing with authenticity the Southerner of plantation ancestry.

CONTRASTING this attitude with that of the harsh and irresponsible ridicule heaped upon the Negro by Southern writers and speakers on an entirely different level, one realizes that conflicting attitudes toward the Negro furnish a revealing key to a strong class distinction between elements of the white race in the South. Regardless of how old-fashioned it may be to recognize social station in America, no one can pretend to understand the South unless he assumes the existence of enormous differences between the heritage and temper of the "poor whites" and the "quality."

Equal in importance to their poverty as a characteristic of the "poor whites" has been their pride. Years ago driven to the red clay hills and less fertile lowlands by the encroachment of the powerful landowners with slave labor, they have remained to this day a people harboring a bitter vindictiveness toward the

squirearchy which injured them.

Many of their ancestors were Loyalists who refused to join the American patriots against King George; others, always detesting slavery as an enemy to their welfare, either fought on the Union side during the Civil War or refused to take part in the conflict at all; from Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century England they brought to the hills of Georgia and Carolina a suspicion of Catholics, a love of the ballad, and the English yeoman's concept of personal thrift and independence. Furthermore, they came to America expecting to prosper. Naturally their antagonism waxed against the landed Southern squires whom they properly identified with the American Revolution, with the tendency toward shiftlessness induced in both master and vassal under slavery, with their own economic frustration, and finally, if not with Catholicism, certainly with Episcopalianism, to them not far removed. Even the music of the plantation, minuet or spiritual, was unfriendly to their ears.

In view of these manifold grievances, it was inevitable that their outraged pride should seize upon a symbol; their indignation was not likely to remain a vague and abstract bitterness. Since the Negro appeared to be the most tangible barrier lying between disagreeable reality and their aspirations, the Negro to them became the symbol of their distress, the emblematic object of their animosity. They deeply felt that control and exploitation of the Negro defined the ascendancy of the Cavalier planters. Then came the Civil War, during which they peered from the hills upon the destruction of the



aristocrats. Let no one fail to understand that the Emancipation Proclamation also freed the "poor whites." Their suffocated pride claimed its long-awaited retribution upon the Negro.

Successively under the regalia of such organizations as the Know-Nothing Party, the Populist movement, the Anti-Saloon League and the Klu Klux Klan, the originally underprivileged white people of the South, especially since 1890, have tasted political power from the Carolinas to Texas. Governor Bilbo, Cole Blaise, Tom Heflin, Alf and Bob Taylor, "Ma" and "Pa" Ferguson, Senator Vardaman, Senator Huey P. Long and Governor Murray have typified the leadership of the Southern popular revolt. Fiercely belligerent, in many cases they have consolidated emotional prejudices against Negroes with telling effects at the polls. Triumphant slogans such as "White Supremacy" and "White Control" belong to the political rise of the "poor whites," who for a time were able to employ these self-exposing phrases to enlist the smoldering resentment of the landed classes against travesties of the Reconstruction period.

In the courts of justice they have held that "the white man makes the laws and rules the land"; and gnarled jurymen from the hills have seen the point. Occasionally in newspapers the fundamental ultimatum emerges: "You can't tell what will happen if a Negro finds out he can prosecute a white man in court." These, then, are the people who hold the Negro in thralldom in the South. Idealistic cries demanding justice and citizenship for the Negro,

as in connection with the Scottsboro case, are directed against their usurped dominion. Challenged, they fight back with exaggerated audacity, for they know in their hearts that their glory even now is tarnished by lamentable abuse.

Although the extreme severity of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments was sufficient to explain immediate tactics toward evasion in the South of the 1870's, it nevertheless is indefensible for the South of today to permit guerilla warfare against the Negro by the less reputable part of its population. The Negro himself is completely innocent of any spleen attached to the offensive amendments; when they were framed he was, as always in America, a straw in the wind. Irrespective of the understandable roots and spreading branches of racial attitudes in the South, any deliberate civil or criminal injustice from which the Negro suffers is a reflection upon the integrity of Southern government; as such, it should not be tolerated. To those who believe that the *ante-bellum* Southern culture even partially justified its present glamorous reputation, there resides great hope in the fact that the contemporary descendants of it, regaining their feet after a crushing passage of arms, are now again in a position to take the field in their own province.

Meanwhile, let Southerners specifically designate when they pass accusations as to ancient thefts of silverware; and, by the same token, let Northerners not reproach the South for mistreating Negroes without telling what Southerners they mean.

# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



IT is difficult for the Landscaper to resist the temptation to go on writing more about life than about books, as he has been doing of late in the course of his travels. There are stories to be told, for example, of a visit to Natchez, Mississippi, where so much of the Old South is still preserved, where there are many houses that are museums from cellar to attic, and where so much history has been made in the past. Like New Orleans, Natchez has never been a truly American city, for it was once a Tory stronghold, and when the new-born nation was in its swaddling clothes, looked westward toward the dream of Aaron Burr rather than eastward toward the struggling little group of States from which the republic has grown. Its location on the Mississippi once made it a world-city, with ships from the ends of the earth tied up at the docks; it has been Indian, British, Spanish, French, Confederate, and it retains as unique a flavor as is to be found on this continent today.

Perhaps there will be a chance to come back to it, for the usual mid-summer dullness will descend upon the book business shortly, when

publishers will not even be trying to persuade the customers to buy. . . . There are stories, too, of an altogether different variety, stories of a visit to a school for Negroes at Piney Woods, Mississippi, founded some twenty years ago by Laurence

Jones, and at present, with all its difficulties and handicaps, as inspiring a place to visit as this traveler has had the good fortune to see anywhere. Jones fell early under the influence of the writings of Booker T. Washington, and his school follows closely the lines of Tuskegee in that its students are taught to use their hands as well as their heads. The present success of the work and the high regard with which its founder is regarded among both races is a tribute to a courage that has been nothing short of heroic. A book might be written about the school and the man who founded it; the Landscaper must pass on now with the comment that it ranks with Rollins College in Florida, already mentioned in these pages, as an educational experiment that may have permanent and far-reaching effect upon the school system of this country. One hopes it will, at any rate.



### *Back to the Problems*

THE world is still so full of pressing problems, however, in spite of the efforts of the Administration to dispose of them all in a few weeks, and there are so many timely books to talk about, it is better, perhaps, to return to our muttons, with the closing remark that this traveler, yielding nothing at all of his affection for Spain, and other far countries, realizes now better than ever before, after three months of touring in his native land, that there is plenty to see on this side of the Atlantic, and of a diversity and beauty that is simply astonishing.

Baiting literary prize committees is one of the favorite—and perfectly futile—occupations of all book reviewers, and this particular one has paid his respects in the past to some of the choices made by the Pulitzer committee, without any hope whatever of reform. So grave and obvious an injustice has been done this year, however, in the fiction award that it is hard to let the situation pass without some comment. The choice of T. S. Stribling's *The Store* for the novel prize was not perhaps so incredible as some of the past selections of the jury, for the book has its merits, and Mr. Stribling is an honest workman, who deserves credit for getting as far as he has without knowing anything more about writing than he does. But that the committee could pass by Ellen Glasgow's *The Sheltered Life* for the Stribling book would be beyond belief if the world were other than it is. There is no desire on the part of the Landscaper to make invidious comparisons, for between

times of writing adventure stories to make a living, Mr. Stribling has turned out a number of good second-rate novels, whereas Miss Glasgow, always an artist, has stuck to her self-appointed task of reflecting the South as a part of the world with a loyalty and a devotion that should arouse admiration in the breast of even a prize committee member.

### *A Hopeless Situation*

OR, IN other words, when books such as *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *The Sheltered Life*, two of the novels of our lifetime that are as certain of survival as any books written in this period, can be passed by for the mediocre fiction that is crowned with the Pulitzer Prize committee's wreaths, there is nothing to do except to curse or weep. . . . There are certain absolutes in criticism, and even in the face of the opinions of one or two of the Young Intellectuals who had no suspicion of what Miss Glasgow was doing and did not, therefore, approve of her book at all, the Landscaper is quite willing to venture the assertion that *The Sheltered Life* is as near a first-rate piece of fiction as has ever been written in the United States.

There are cheerful things in a wicked and unjust world, however. The Modern Library is going ahead with its "Giant" series, which offers, without exception, the best book value the Landscaper knows of at the moment. The books sell for \$1 apiece, and are both well bound and well printed. Three of the recent additions to the series, which is young, but bound to grow, are *The Complete Novels of Jane*

*Austen*, the full text of G. F. Young's famous and fascinating *The Medici*, and *Twelve Famous Plays of the Restoration and the Eighteenth Century*, with an introduction by Cecil A. Moore. Among the earlier volumes was Gibbon's *Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire*, complete, for \$2, which is about as remarkable a purchase as any book buyer could ever hope to find. The regular Modern Library editions are not being neglected, either, and recent editions here take in Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon*, Sinclair Lewis's *Arrowsmith*, the best novel Mr. Lewis has ever written or probably ever will write, a collection of Schnitzler's plays that takes in *Reigen* and *The Affairs of Anatole*, and an anthology of German short novels and stories ranging all the way from *The Sorrows of Werther* to Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. The editorial quality of this excellent series has been steadily maintained and improved, as has its physical appearance.

### *More About Utopia*

NATURALLY the presses are kept busy with books about our problems. One of President Roosevelt's advisers, Rexford G. Tugwell, has made an interesting contribution to the list with his *The Industrial Discipline* (Columbia University Press, \$2.50), which takes on added significance because it is evident that a good many of the theories outlined in it are going to be put into practice in this country before the present Administration is done with us. Mr. Tugwell is in favor of Federal control of pretty nearly everything, which sounds just fine until we reflect a little upon the kind and

quality of government we have in this country and realize that Federal control can not work without a benevolent despot in the White House. Of course, this might improve matters, but it certainly is not the road we used to think we were traveling. However skeptical one may feel about Mr. Tugwell's constructive plan for making the country safe, and guaranteeing a living for every American, he writes well and interestingly, and his analysis of the situation with which we are faced at present is one of the best and clearest we have had from anybody. In short, he has written a highly valuable book; the Landscaper scoffs because he is a natural scoffer, and because he believes in his heart that Thoreau was perfectly right about the whole business, and that anybody who trusts his money, his happiness, or his person to bankers, politicians, or even college professors, deserves what he gets, and is very certain to get it in one way or another.

### *More About Technocracy*

THERE is, of course, a slightly Technocratic slant to the Tugwell book — perhaps it is not necessary to explain about Technocracy, which was killed by the arrival of the jig-saw puzzle, and if any of us are still interested in the subject, Dutton's have reissued, with a new introduction and additional material, Frederick Soddy's *Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt*, which may be bought for \$2.50. This volume contains the thoughts of a great chemist about money, and he, like Mr. Tugwell, believes in a pretty thorough nationalization and control



of industry and finance. Actually, metaphysicians are the only people who ought to be allowed to write about money, with the possible exception of Will Rogers, who summed up the situation not long ago with the broad general statement that any one who tried to explain the present monetary and economic situation ought to be taken straight to the booby hatch without any further preliminaries. This is no reflection, to be sure, upon the eminent gentlemen who write books on the subject, and who seem to have a clear grasp of everything right up to the point where their theories are introduced to the dear old human race. The Landscaper can not leave the subject of Technocracy without mentioning a take-off on the subject that is significant far beyond any interest in the individual book. It is called *The Crowning of Technocracy*, and John Lardner and Thomas Sugrue are its authors. If Ring's son John wrote the book, which seems likely, the country has reason to be grateful for the arrival of another humorist, and that, in this part of the world, is what might easily be called a Blessed Event. It is a really funny burlesque, funnier even than some of the articles written by the Technocrats themselves when their theories spread over the country like an epidemic and were promptly forgotten as soon as people had beer back again.

### *Less Work, More Money*

ANOTHER thoughtful book, which takes its fundamental thesis from the teachings of the world-renowned economist and philosopher, Henry Ford, is *Balanced Employment* by Lee Sherman Chadwick

(Macmillan, \$2), Mr. Chadwick advocating the shortening of hours and the increasing of wages, so that consumption may be made to keep up with production. The catch in this delightful theory seems to the Landscaper to be this: suppose the people who are given more leisure and money spend their leisure and money in producing most of their foodstuffs and even some of the other things they need instead of using all their idle time non-productively and wastefully, where would we be? It's the old intangibles that get caught up in all this new-fangled machinery, and people might get tired going to a factory every day for only a few hours, especially if they did not care for the foreman's neckties. However, far be it from the Landscaper to seem to object to any system that is designed to cut down on labor and increase wages. On the contrary, it is just such a platform that could unite the peoples of the entire world, and they never seemed more in need of uniting than at the present moment.

Three small books recently published by Crowell touch upon various phases of some of the vexing problems we still have with us. One is *Europe and the American Tariff* by O. Fred Bouckle, in which Mr. Bouckle declares the tariff question will be taken care of by our growing independence of foreign markets; *The Eighteenth Amendment and Our Foreign Relations*, by Robert L. Jones, a study of the trouble we have had with other countries over our "noble experiment"; and *Degenerate Democracy*, by Henry S. McKee, which like most books of its kind, takes a good square look

at the state of the nation and then sets about prescribing remedies for our many ailments.

### *About Our Corporations*

ONE of the best of all the books on economics of recent publication is *The Modern Corporation and Private Property* by Adolf Berle, Jr. and Gardiner C. Means, both of the School of Law at Columbia. This is a thorough and intelligent study of actual conditions, based upon the fact that two hundred corporations control the country at present. These are listed and analyzed, and a picture presented that is dispassionate, but which would arouse any one to the need for devising some more satisfactory way of controlling industry than we have had in the past. Stuart Chase is one of many who have praised the Berle-Means volume, and the Landscaper joins in the chorus because there is plenty of sound information which is not topped off with the usual formulæ for fixing everything.

Other books on contemporary topics include Walter B. Pitkin's *The Consumer: His Nature and His Changing Habits* (McGraw-Hill, \$4), which has some valuable information in it for advertising agencies, and winds up with a plea for more education as a way out, which doesn't sound as original as it might, when one comes to think of it; and *Recovery Through Revolution*, a symposium edited by Samuel Schmalhausen, and containing contributions from Robert Morse Lovett, Harold J. Laski, H. N. Brailsford, G. D. H. Cole, Gætano Salvemini, and many others. Like most symposia, including the many edited by Mr. Schmal-

hausen, it has several good chapters in it, and several poor ones. Where it gets us, the Landscaper doesn't even pretend to know, and certainly the contributors would be fighting among themselves in a few minutes if they were allowed to run the world, with Mr. Schmalhausen as a sort of director. Symposia make very strange bedfellows. . . .

### *Our Own Times*

SEVERAL books have appeared recently that might be lumped under the general title of *Histories of the Events Leading Up to the Tragedy*, or, in other words, histories of our own times. One of the liveliest and most easily recommended of the lot is *Beginning the Twentieth Century: A History of the Generation That Made the War*, by Joseph Ward Swain (Norton, \$4.75); somewhat on the style of the Mark Sullivan historical school. Another, Sir John Marriott's *The Evolution of Modern Europe*, covers the period from 1453 to 1932, and is a really excellent outline of how we got where we are. There are sixteen maps and three tables; the book is clearly and simply written and, while it will undoubtedly command the respect of the historians, is also a delightful piece of serious reading for any one with a wish to understand the present period.

An important addition to the History of American Life Series, published by Macmillan, is Arthur Meier Schlesinger's *The Rise of the City, 1878-1898*. This was the period when America was changing definitely from an agricultural to an industrial country, and since we are still suffering from the results of



many of the conflicts that began at the time, the volume is unusually timely. The series as a whole is a fine example of modern historical writing, and destined to be a highly important contribution to the story of this country. Ten volumes have been published up to the present.

### *The Field of Fiction*

A NUMBER of good and readable novels have appeared in recent weeks, although there are few of outstanding merit. One written to the Landscaper's own taste is *Mask of Silenus: A Novel about Socrates*, by Babette Deutsch (Simon and Schuster, \$2), an admirable recreation of a period and an excellent character study as well, done with both style and insight. Miss Deutsch has made free use of the *Dialogues*, of course, and has followed history as closely as possible, but what is perhaps more important is that she has brought to life the most human of all the prophets. Simon and Schuster are also the publishers of *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada, which is one of the most moving and human of all the stories of the Great Depression, the account of the lives of a bookkeeper and his wife in the grip of economic circumstances. Their courage and humor in the face of every sort of trial makes a story that arouses the honest emotions, without being in the least sentimental. The scene is a long way from home, but this country has had its little bookkeepers and their wives by the hundreds, and Herr Fallada is fortunate enough to have hit upon a theme of universal interest. He has handled it admirably; if the inflation furnishes any-

body with money enough to buy books, it is the Landscaper's opinion that this one will be widely read and enjoyed. Another side of the same picture may be found in *Man Wants But Little*, by Wilson Wright (Albert and Charles Boni, \$2), which is the story of a Spaniard whom fate takes to Cuba. There in the midst of industrial turmoil and political unrest, he clings fast to his peasant ideas, and resists change with a stubbornness that is native to the Spanish country man. One man's hard fight against a system makes a good drama, and besides there is a well-done background of Cuban life and character, which Mr. Wright seems to understand thoroughly. Certainly his Spanish peasant is admirably done.

### *The Early Franciscans*

A WATCH IN THE DARK by Helen C. White (Macmillan, \$2) is a long and well written historical novel of the time of Jacopone da Todi, with its background the early struggles of the Franciscans. Miss White writes with sympathy and insight of the mystics of the period and the story was ready to her hand, ending, of course, in the death of her hero, a martyr to the plague. The subject-matter is off the beaten path, but the novel is one of the best of the current offerings from a point of view of literary quality. A fine American novel, done with a sure hand, and solid in its merit, is Ruth Comfort Mitchell's *The Legend of Susan Anne* (Appleton, \$2), the story of a New England girl who goes to California when it is a Spanish province, and there falls in love with a handsome young Span-

iard. When her New England sweetheart arrives, she has a hard choice to make, but the ending is satisfactory. California, with its "Legislature of a Thousand Drinks" makes an excellent background. Fresh from exploration of the Spanish influence in Florida and in the Mississippi River town of Natchez, the Landscaper felt an especial sympathy with this novel, but it should have an appeal not at all dependent upon anything extraneous.

### *The Changing South*

GERALD W. JOHNSON, whose novel *By Reason of Strength* the Landscaper admired so much a season or two ago, and still considers one of the most inspiring of contemporary pieces of fiction — it is a story of Scotch-Irish hardihood under pioneer conditions — has written another good book in *Number Thirty-Six* (Minton, Balch, \$2). This is the story of Rogersville, North Carolina, in the 'Nineties, when the arrival of "Thirty-Six" was the most important event of the day, and symbolized the contact of the town with the world without. The changing town and the rise of the problems that confront the South at present make the story, which is well handled, although not up to the mark of the earlier book, which had a dominant female character in it who was unforgettable. Mr. Johnson, whose biographies have also been much admired, seems to possess a great diversity of talent.

A handful of novels that deal with contemporary themes includes Evans Wall's *Danger* (Macaulay, \$2), which is more or less of a sermon in

favor of early marriage; *Uncle Peel* by Irving Bacheller (Stokes, \$2), the story of the Florida boom again and the devastating effect of suddenly acquired wealth, also a defense of Florida itself and of the Florida people; *Idle Husband* by Mary Alden Hopkins (McBride, \$2), which shows what happens when a woman with a large salary takes too good care of a handsome husband; and *The Brass Cannon* by Charles Allen Smart, the author of *New England Holiday*, and a slight book which does not by a good deal come up to the promise of its predecessor. It is the story of a man who did not believe in marriage, and a girl who did not believe in love, but wanted a wedding ring for security.

### *Conrad Aiken's Novel*

CONRAD AIKEN'S *Great Circle* (Scribner, \$2) is the life story of a man told by the stream of consciousness method, which Mr. Aiken handles effectively. It is muddy in spots, however, and hardly any more important than scores of other novels of a similar nature that have appeared in recent years. Mr. Aiken is a short story writer of great power, in addition to being a good poet; he is far less at home in the novel. *Sing Before Breakfast* by Vincent McHugh (Simon and Schuster, \$2) is a clever novel of Cape Cod folk, Carey, an artist, his Yankee sweetheart, Julie, Pardon, a Spanish-Yankee, and Genoa, rich and robust and passionate. The tone is one of light-hearted satire, well-sustained, the characters are credible and the background good. In fact, this is one of the most attractive of the current fiction offerings.



### *Some Good Biographies*

THERE are some biographies of recent publication that are good enough to cause excitement, and one of the finest of the lot is Stephen Graham's *Ivan, the Terrible* (Yale University Press, \$3), which is a splendidly colorful and dramatic tale of Sixteenth Century Russia, as well as a striking portrait of a great ruler. An important addition to the Tolstoy story comes from the same press in the form of *The Tragedy of Tolstoy* by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy (\$3), the youngest daughter, the tale of those last years when Tolstoy had quarreled with his wife, who evidently found him impossible to live with for a number of reasons, not the least his followers, and when he finally fled from home at the age of eighty-three. It was a hard struggle between high ideals and inner and outer circumstance, and while tragedy came out of it, there was comedy enough of an ironic sort, too.

The most interesting American biography of recent publication is a really first-rate study of Joseph Smith called *Joseph Smith: An American Prophet*, by John Henry Evans (Macmillan, \$4), less a biography actually than an interpretation and evaluation, but a good solid book about the founder of one of America's most important religious sects. Mr. Evans writes judicially, although he admits a bias in Smith's direction; he has also done a good history of the Mormon movement, itself one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of the West. It happens, too, that this is the first full-length study of Smith to be

written out of a desire for historical accuracy.

### *The Barton Lincoln*

A NEW edition of William Barton's great life of Abraham Lincoln has recently been published by Bobbs-Merrill, Dr. Barton's friend and fellow-Lincoln scholar, William H. Townsend having finished the last three chapters which were yet to be done at the death of the author. This is, of course, one of the best of American biographies, a book that is not at least likely to be replaced, no matter how many new lives of Lincoln may find their way into the field as the years pass. Another book of interest to students of Americana is a re-issue, with important additions, of the Mary Austin Holley letters (1748-1846) by the Southwest University Press. The letters give an excellent picture of life in the Southwest during the period covered and have been carefully edited.

*The Odyssey of Cabeza de Vaca* by Morris Bishop (Century, \$3) is another good American book, even if the hero did come from the little town of Jerez de Frontera in Spain. Cabeza de Vaca and Bartoleme de las Casas, two great men, go far to balance the scales when the Spanish conquistador is represented as the devil in human form. Cabeza de Vaca became a sort of god to the Indians among whom he lived as a captive, and died an heroic failure, the proper fate of a god-man. Mr. Bishop has done well by this story, which is full of adventure of course, and full, too, of the spirit of a man who was a great humanitarian. They come to life in every age and in every

country, these Good Men; if they did not our despair about the race in general might be even more profound than it is.

### *By Sea and Land*

THE field of travel and adventure offers some excellent books at present, notable among them another story of the sea by Alan Villiers, *Grain Race*, which is an account of the voyage of the bark *Parma*, now owned by Mr. Villiers in partnership with Captain Reuben de Cloux. Scribner is the publisher and the price is \$3. There are some of the finest illustrations Mr. Villiers has ever offered, and the tale itself is done with a charming simplicity; indeed, like Mr. Villier's *Falmouth for Orders* and *By Way of Cape Horn*, *Grain Race* has every chance of becoming a sea classic. *Parma* is on her way home again as this is being written, due in Falmouth sometime in June, and while Mr. Villiers does not expect to do another account of the voyage, he hopes to make a motion picture of a sea passage that ought to be a rare treat to all the people left in the world who love sailing ships and the sea that bears them.

Another adventure of a different sort was a ten-thousand mile ride on horseback, which is described in *Tschiffely's Ride*, by A. F. Tschiffely (Simon and Schuster, \$3), with a preface by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Tschiffely used two horses in his jaunt, which took him from Buenos Aires to Washington, D. C., Mancha and Gato. Both were sixteen years old when they started and the trip took three years; at the end of it they were sent back to loaf

the rest of their days in Argentina, and they deserved it. Of course, a horseback ride of ten thousand miles appeals to the Landscaper as the most delightful possible adventure, but aside from personal prejudice, this Odyssey of a schoolmaster is a book worth reading.

### *Other Far-Off Places*

OTHER recent books about far-away places that are worth mentioning are *Life and Death in Luzon: Thirty Years of Adventure With the Philippine Headhunters*, by Samuel E. Kane (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50), the remarkable story of a remarkable man, filled with information concerning strange customs; *Red Sea Nights*, by William J. Makin (McBride, \$3), a newspaperman's account of his travels through the Near East; and of much greater use to traveling Americans, for it is a practical guide book, as well as a delightful volume to read, S. P. B. Mais's *The Unknown Island* (Putnam, \$3.50), which has a number of maps and illustrations, and which reveals much about England, Scotland and Wales that the casual traveler might never know. Then there is a small book on South America by André Siegfried, whose *America Comes of Age* has been so often mentioned in this department, which is admirable, and as might be expected from Siegfried, intelligent and penetrating. It is the account of a journey through Venezuela, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. Edmond Fleg's *The Land of Promise* (Macaulay) is much more than a travel book; it is the expression of a Jew's delight with what he discovered when he went to the Holy



Land to write a life of Christ. There is an introduction by Ludwig Lewisoohn, and the translation is by Mrs. Stephen D. Wise. This is a book of unusual literary merit, in addition to being a fine account of what is going on in the Jewish homeland.

### *Intellectual Adventure*

IN THE way of intellectual adventure, there is a new book by Sir Arthur Eddington, called *The Expanding Universe* (Macmillan, \$2), which is guaranteed to stretch the muscles of the mind, and Alfred North Whitehead's *Adventures of Ideas* (Macmillan, \$3.50), a sort of history of the human race in terms of its changing ideas, is also excellent mental gymnastics. An extremely useful book is Sidney Hook's *Towards the Understanding of Karl Marx* (John Day), a simple, clear interpretation not only of the Marxian teachings, but also of the whole history of the Marxian movement, in short, a book to supply any intelligent reader with enough information about Marx to discuss The Revolution.

### *Mr. Cabell's Correspondence*

THERE is no classification for one of the most delightful books the Landscaper has read lately, which is

Branch Cabell's *Special Delivery* (McBride, \$2.50), which is a book made up of an author's correspondence with his admirers. The letters actually sent in answer to some of the idiotic queries that arrive by every mail are printed along with the letter Mr. Cabell would have liked to write. . . . This is Mr. Cabell in his best vein, and no one who has ever had anything to do with the literary game can fail to enjoy it; although if the Virginian had any idea it would make his fan mail any lighter, he is completely mistaken. The people who need to read it will never hear of it; even sadder is the fact that the people who could enjoy it will probably be deprived of that privilege by the economic situation.

It is a pleasure to record the fact that a volume of verse, *Glory of Earth*, by Anderson M. Scruggs, a contributor to the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has recently been published by the Oglethorpe University Press. The Landscaper wishes there were space left for a more detailed review, but must be content with the observation that Mr. Scruggs, whose work has already been widely recognized, is a sonneteer of unusual skill and grace, and a poet otherwise, of genuine attainments.



Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur

# The North American Review

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## Apéritif

### Summer Sport

For inveterate browsers in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* this is an especially apt moment to hit on the article concerning swimming. The countries of the world, particularly our own, are venturing upon new and untried courses which lead editorial writers into a multitude of nautical and natational metaphors, so that a true understanding of this peculiar art is extremely helpful. "Natation," as the authority says, "is one of the most useful of the physical acquirements of man."

One of the important things to remember is this: "There have been cases in which beginners have demonstrated some ability in the art upon their first immersion in deep water, but generally speaking it is an art which has to be acquired." This is a kind of cautionary statement which certain newspapers, with a flair for working on the patriotic asininities of Americans, are fond of making: they have lately been indulging the flair with reference to the current international parley at London. Presumably those weird foreigners were going to give Uncle Sam a vicious ducking. But if the splash which accom-

panied President Roosevelt's dive into those waters—his reply to the stabilization resolution—is indicative of anything, it is that the foreigners have now got their heads too far under the surface to try any such monkeyshines.

Furthermore, the *Encyclopædia* notes that, although for many years Great Britain held the supremacy in swimming, comparatively recently the Australians and Americans have overtopped her by appropriating the crawl stroke from South Sea Islanders, while the English presumably continued to muddle along with the old side stroke, getting nowhere in competition. As a salve to any possible hurt feelings on the Britishers' part, it further states that they have anyhow "the satisfaction of knowing that in a great measure through them has come about the very great interest which is now taken in the teaching of swimming throughout the world, and more particularly on the continent of Europe, where they have made frequent tours and given instructive displays of swimming, life-saving and water polo, the latter a water game entirely British in its origin." There is, so far, no exact analogy for water polo in the international goings-on, but there



is a hint of something like it in the way the English Government and the Bank of England toss the ball of responsibility for monetary measures back and forth in the swimming pool of that geological museum. The American colleges, however, have taken up water polo enthusiastically, with the result that the American delegation at London and their Government can toss any old ball of responsibility back and forth clear across the Atlantic.

Concerning that dive of President Roosevelt's, there is another thing observable. The *Encyclopedia* remarks: "The best method of learning to dive is to stand on the side of the bath or on the bank of the river, and then stoop down until the body is nearly double, stretch out the arms in front of the head, sink the head between them and gradually fall over into the water." But the President added to the wisdom of that by taking his stance in a place where no one with a spiked boot—not even an adviser—could stand behind him.

THE *Encyclopedia* also has some excellent miscellaneous advices which are analogous to international parleys and new and untried courses of national action. For instance: "When bathing in the open, care has to be taken to avoid weeds or undercurrents. In the event of accidentally getting hold of a bed of weeds, the swimmer should cease kicking and work with the arms, and the current will then take him through. If he tries to swim, the weeds will entangle his legs and put him in an awkward plight. If he be carried away by a current in a river, he should select a spot on either bank and swim diagonally towards it, never minding where he has left his clothes." A large number of nations would be more than ready to

accept this last piece of advice if the occasion arose today, having only the poorest remnants of garments left anyhow. But it is also noticeable that the Administration at Washington has done at least one bit of diagonal swimming when caught by a current—in its action on inflationary measures. It may land pretty far below the spot selected on shore, but if it lands safely that should be accomplishment enough.

Another advice: "A knowledge of floating is of good service to those attempting to save life and is also essential to those desirous of making a study of the many tricks and scientific feats which are performed by swimmers." The wily foreigners have done their share of complaining at our evident ability to float, though they may express a bit of skepticism now and then concerning our desire to save life. Professor Moley, on the other hand, has doubtless had a rare time studying the many tricks and scientific feats performed by the swimmers at London.

Since most people are interested mainly in conclusions, inveterate browsers in the *Encyclopedia*, after going this far, undoubtedly would turn to a different section and find: "As a form of capital punishment, drowning was once common throughout Europe, but it is now only practised in Mohammedan countries and the Far East. Tacitus states that the ancient Germans hanged criminals of any rank, but those of the low classes were drowned beneath hurdles in fens and bogs. The owner of Baynard's Castle, London, in the reign of John, had powers of trying criminals, and his descendants long afterwards claimed the privileges, the most valued of which was the right of drowning in the Thames traitors taken within their jurisdiction." Unfortunately perhaps,

there is not yet in the world such a thing as an international traitor, so that the gentlemen at London, no doubt, rest peacefully in their beds, not dreaming of so dire an end to their labors.

### *Speakeasies*

THE steadily augmenting list of States which have ratified the repeal Amendment seems to have brought the Prohibition enforcement bureau to virtual extinction. Men are dropped from the payroll, the payroll itself is vastly curtailed and there appears to be a mighty lack of interest in the whole business. Already many clubs which were too respectable to sell liquor over the bar have taken to dispensing drinks openly.

Although "After Prohibition—What?" is too popular a title to waste in these pages, it might not be amiss to consider, in these dying days of Volsteadism, a few of the things that we are likely to be in for.

In the first place, despite the statements of police officers concerning reductions in the number of arrests for drunkenness since beer came back, it does not seem at all within the realm of possibility that we are quickly to become a nation of mild drinkers. The boom of beer is showing signs of abatement already, and—admitting that New York City is a poor criterion—speakeasies have not been proven the failures that they were expected to prove when beer did come back. Reports are contradictory, but there are at least some fairly reliable ones to the effect that strong drink places are just about as numerous as they ever were. And these are the places which still sell the same kind of refreshments which it was thought Americans could happily forego for legal beer till safe whiskey was procurable.

But it appears that safe—and taxable—whiskey is going to be expensive. Legal gin, in other words, is going to cost more than cordial shop gin. How many nearly middle-aged survivors of the Jazz Age will sacrifice their bank balances for the sake of a forgotten or unknown taste for good liquor, for the sake of a forgotten or unknown assurance against blindness and other debilities? Will those French wine-makers really be able to sell at the exorbitant prices over which they are now licking their lips the mellow surpluses from their vineyards? No one, of course, knows the answers, but Americans who had harsh words for the French debt default are pretty likely to be entertained when the event comes around.

Some one wrote an article a year or so ago lamenting the necessity that the speakeasy must pass, extolling its pleasant privacy, soft lighting, good food, its commingling of the sexes over a few discreet cocktails (this as opposed to the single standard of drinking in the olden days). Well, the depression almost extinguished that odd product of the 'Twenties; the more gorgeous speak-easies went down under overhead with crashes as definite, if not as loud, as those of banks, and the ordinary ones began to suffer a genteel poverty. But if prosperity returns with repeal, as is hoped even by Drys, if only concurrently, there is a chance that the speak-easy too will come back.

It will be able to sell liquor more cheaply than legal dealers, and still make a fine profit. It will have in many parts of the country the support of a large body of consumers who will not forget for a long time the pinched pocketbooks of these past years. It is dubious what sort of an enforcement machine can be set up on the mangled remains



of the old inefficient one and that it can cope with the desires of the public and the connivance of politicians. What better conditions could be asked for?

Mr. Roosevelt's Administration wants to curtail speculation, wildcat banking, cut-throat competition and

many other characteristic oddments of the post-War decade. It should prove amusing to the future historian if, in his attempt to destroy Prohibition, he succeeds in immortalizing that most decadent institution of the Jazz Age, the speakeasy.

W. A. D.

## Mid-Western Village

BY GENE BOARDMAN HOOVER

THERE is no color in this drowsy town  
Where sun-burned farmers grumble on the street  
About the chinch bugs, clover turning brown,  
And why there is a pittance paid for wheat.  
The corner grocer whets his butcher knife,  
Donning a clean white apron every day—  
His daughter scrubs the floor; his dowdy wife  
Conducts a choir . . . and he is asked to pray.

The furtive cottonwood against the sky  
Keeps lonely vigilance; a torrid breeze  
Blown suddenly against a plover's cry  
Is throttled in dead branches of the trees.  
Here romance died . . . forgotten long ago,  
With covered wagon trains and buffalo.

# Our \$300,000,000 Skeleton

BY ROBERT WOHLFORTH

*As a result of post-War hysteria we still spend nearly  
\$1,000,000 a day on a grossly inefficient, sprawling  
military system*

OUR War Department holds a unique record among all other Federal agencies. In the last twelve years it has successfully resisted every major drive for economy, every plan for reorganization and most advancements in science and technology. It crowns this glorious record of reaction and colossal expenditure with its budget for the fiscal year ending July, 1934. In the face of wide-spread suffering, economic distress and financial crisis, it rang the bell last February with a budget which was the highest in our peace-time history, with the exception of those for 1932 and 1933.

Our War Department has not climbed to these heights and acquired its record in any hit or miss fashion. In the sacred name of national defense it has expended nearly one million dollars per day in the past decade and nine-tenths of its energies on self-preservation and the perpetuation of military custom and tradition. The remaining one-tenth of its energies has gone toward acquiring efficiency in our armed forces and toward the purchase of military effectiveness. The plan of action of our army leaders has been solely this: to gather in as many citizens as possible,

both male and female, under the War Department banner; to spend upon them as much money as could be wrested from Congress; and to bask secure in the potent political influence so created.

If this simple policy is comprehended, a great many peculiar goings-on in our War Department become clear. For instance, the average citizen can now understand why \$2,000,000 will be spent this year to feed the 42,000 riding horses and mules in our army, at a time when every other military power is adopting motorization and mechanization. A tank or an armored car is a pretty grim business, but a horse can be used by R.O.T.C. college students for polo, by tender civilian trainees for paper chases and by sporty reserve officers for reducing. If the War Department policy is kept in mind, it is easy to understand why the army can ask for and receive \$25,000 for female hostesses for the welfare of budding citizen soldiers and enlisted men at a time when half a million transient unemployed roam the country, unsheltered and unfed. It will be perfectly clear why another million is being spent for the promotion of rifle practice among our citizens, male and



female, while over 12,000,000 are out of work. It is simple to understand why \$120,000 for the "encouragement of horse-breeding" has remained the same year after year, while our Children's Bureau takes a forty per cent cut. Even the \$100,000 the army spends for band instruments and the cost of 2,150 trumpets for our soldiers take on an added significance if the underlying War Department policy is remembered.

The orthodox justification for all these expenditures (which fall directly on you and me and the rest of the taxpayers) is contained in those two sacrosanct and inviolate words "national defense." Do you think it possible that the War Department might spend less than \$4,000,000 a year on water transportation and maintain fewer than seven speedboats, ten outboard launches, fourteen dinghies and two seasleds? If you do, then you are attacking "national defense." If you assume that our National Guard can get along with forty-eight drill periods a year (for which they get paid) instead of ninety-six, then you are a "pink intellectual" inviting foreign countries to ride rough-shod over our national destiny. If you suggest that the army could survive with less than 379 civilian employes to help them with their horses and with less than 139 teamsters to drive, harness and tie packs on its mules, then you are an enemy of "national defense." If you believe that the War Department might operate efficiently without some of its four thousand-odd posts, stations, depots and offices, then you just don't understand how it functions.

THE ideal of our War Department has ever been more men, greater manpower, larger muster rolls—even at the expense of quality and efficiency. In

carrying out this aim it now has on its rolls over 120,000 reserve officers, the partial training of whom costs upwards of \$7,000,000 a year. But almost a quarter of these 120,000 officers are classed as "unassignable"; that is, they have had no training and have shown no interest in military affairs during the past five years. Less than half of the 120,000 are regarded as worth their salt or have sufficient training to undertake junior commands in a military unit. Since 1930, more than 3,500 new reserve officers have been appointed to grades higher than second lieutenant, very few of these appointees having had any previous military experience whatever. These officers are what Congressman Ross Collins, Chairman of the House Sub-Committee on Military Appropriations, calls "wind officers"—chaplains, industrialists, sons of factory owners, advertising men, newspaper men and propagandists. Mr. Collins also believes that some reserve officers on the War Department list have long since gone to their reward—but they are still reserve officers, though they sit on the right hand of the Maker Himself.

The goal of our Reserve Officers' Training Corps units in colleges and universities, which cost upwards of \$10,000,000 a year, has been size and not quality. Over 150,000 young men in 395 institutions of learning was the record for 1932. The War Department dotes on having most of these units require compulsory attendance. Thus we see the depressing spectacle of thousands of reluctant and indifferent youths being forced into these organizations for one or two years of their college careers and abandoning the R. O. T. C. the moment compulsion is removed. We see such extreme cases as the recent incident at the University of Maryland where

two students objecting to compulsory R. O. T. C. drill on religious and conscientious grounds were forced to carry their protests to the higher courts of the State to gain exemption. In institutions where compulsion is lacking, the War Department coöperates fully in using sex appeal, in the persons of uniformed and gold-braided beautiful co-eds, or polo-playing on Government horses, to swell the muster rolls to greater size. How ineffectual and expensive this greed for mere numbers alone can become is admitted by such staunchly patriotic military men as Major General Amos A. Fries, president of the R. O. T. C. Association. He states that after students have completed the R. O. T. C. courses and received their commissions, fully one-half of them abandon the military for good and all at the first opportunity.

Consider our Citizens' Military Training Camps (cost, \$2,500,000 annually) which are openly admitted by General Charles P. Summerall to have no military value whatever. Nearly 40,000 young boys are trained in these camps every summer, but do not suppose that our War Department sets such a modest figure for its goal. By means of publicity and paid recruiters the number of applicants each year exceeds the vacancies fivefold. A Corps Area of the army which does not turn in the names of at least five times as many men as it can possibly train is doing a poor job. The War Department considers this good business. The larger the number of boys and parents interested in this semi-military activity, the greater the political power and influence for larger War Department appropriations.

Further, 137,466 of our more virile citizens, including several hundred members of the gentler sex, enjoyed last

year the varied activities of what the War Department calls "The National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice." This activity consists mainly of issuing free ammunition, free rifles, free target material and free instruction to civilian rifle clubs and shooting organizations in schools and colleges. Its justification lies in the theory that any man, woman or boy who can hold and shoot a rifle will make a good soldier. Our War Department, however, has forgotten that few soldiers will ever be sent on the modern field of battle again protected solely by khaki to fire .30 caliber bullets at the enemy. But the political value of this rifle shooting promotion is enormous. Not only are most of these 137,466 civilians organized into clubs and societies, eager to demand their slice of military appropriations every year, but there are nearly 300 more rifle clubs on the War Department waiting list doubly eager to reap the benefits and get the hand-outs of the organizations already receiving largesse. As John Thomas Taylor, leader of the American Legion lobby in Washington, testified impatiently before the House Committee last year, these rifle clubs on the waiting list "are raising Cain with us all the time because they want to do something, and they do not get the guns, they do not get the ammunition." In other words we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for stinting the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice with a mere \$1,069,000 this past year.

In grand total, the War Department maintains nearly 700,000 citizens on its rolls in one form or another. That means, of course, 700,000 citizens and their families, brothers, sisters and sweethearts with a finger in the Treasury, eager to oppose any reduction in War Department expenditures and avid



for more free two-week vacations in summer military camps, more free rifle ammunition, snappier and costlier uniforms, bigger and better bands, more travel allowances, extensive military instruction and free hand-outs all around. It means, also, a powerful and well financed military lobby in Washington and every State capital, a definite and subsidized class beholden to our War Department.

IT MIGHT be supposed that with such large muster rolls, the War Department maintains a high degree of immediate military effectiveness. This, too, is the logical assumption if the usual annual budget of nearly \$300,000,000 for military activities is viewed as a lump sum. However, what we have on hand is another story. According to the 1930 report of the Chief of Staff, out of all the soldiers in our whole army, we could not put a single full strength division of 20,000 men in the field in a sudden emergency without the greatest difficulty. The 54,000 regulars available in the whole United States to form a mobile defensive force are separated in tiny units on over 200 army posts and stations and would take weeks to organize for service. Hardly ten per cent of the men necessary to man and defend our coastal and harbor defenses could be produced in under six months. Our standing army, as presently constituted, could not even begin to perform its first mission as a covering force in the event of war. Simple arithmetic shows that what immediate military effectives we now have cost us around \$5,500 per year per man.

Consider what our present Defense Act requires of our regular forces. Our 118,000 regulars are required by law to furnish garrisons for our overseas pos-

sessions, garrisons for our harbor defenses, detachments to drill reserve officers, men to instruct and take care of civilian trainees, inspectors and teachers for the National Guard, clerks for the necessary overhead and administration of the entire military system, officers for the framework of the establishment and the expansion of mobilization, and so on for several more missions. It is scarcely any cause for wonder that only 20,000 men are available for anything practical in the military line like fighting.

The picture one sees is overworked field officers, bogged down by endless paper forms, red tape and citizen soldier classes; and first and second lieutenants drilling skeleton companies of three skeleton squads. Such is very nearly the situation at most of our 200 army posts today. It accounts for what Congressman Ross Collins calls the Chinese-ing of our army—all officers and no men. For instance, for lack of soldiers only seven per cent of the colonels and lieutenant colonels of infantry on active duty and less than three per cent of the majors can ever hope to command a number of men commensurate with their rank.

We couldn't put more than a dozen modern tanks on the battlefield today capable of maneuvering at a speed faster than a walk. The mechanical fighting vehicles we have on hand are all left over from the War and have aged rapidly since 1918. Their best speed is around four miles per hour, and few of them have sufficient power to surmount the usual obstacles encountered on the battlefield.

Our fighting airplanes number less than 300; in many instances their speed and maneuverability is less than that of comparable foreign fighting planes. Divide what we spend on military avia-

tion by the number of fighting planes on hand and we find that it is costing us \$100,000 per year to keep each fighting plane in the air.

Producing the commissioned personnel to operate these costly implements of death and to lead our meagre number of effectives is also an expensive business. To get an officer via the C. M. T. C. costs \$27,000. To graduate one from West Point costs \$14,000; one from the R. O. T. C. costs \$3,000. Officers' pay totals a cool \$30,000,000 this year and in addition there are 44,000 civilian employes of the War Department (at \$77,000,000) to assist them with their duties and service.

WHAT is the cause of this gigantic, inefficient and expensive military system? The reason is not far to seek. We have no military policy. True, we have a National Defense Act that became law on June 4, 1920, but it glaringly lacks a definite policy and is scarcely more than a means to effect a progressive mobilization of manpower. To say our Defense Act embodies a simple military policy is tantamount to saying that the Volstead Act embodied a policy of temperance for our people.

In brief, our Defense Act grotesquely assumes that all future hostilities will be exactly like the World War—that any fighting will necessitate the induction into military service of three or four millions of our young manhood. The strength of the enemy and his distance from our shores are not taken into account. Neither are our foreign or domestic commitments nor the improvement in war machines and lethal weapons. We stand committed to conscript a minimum of several million young men to put down our adversary no matter what the circumstances.

Strictly orthodox military men insist that a vast skeleton army is necessary at all times. However, what is to be done with this Gargantuan military power in peace or war times is another matter. The Defense Act fails to indicate to what use it might ever be put. All sensible taxpayers realize that a potential force of several millions of armed men has never been compatible with the national or foreign policies of our Government. And spending close to one million dollars per day upon it, as we have in the past thirteen years, is sheer nonsense, especially in these times of great financial and economic distress.

But this expenditure seems to most of our military men and their supporters good insurance in national defense. It does little good for experts to prove that we are spending our money on an army that never has existed and probably never will exist—that they are devoting their valuable time and efforts in giving life to a huge sprawling skeleton of a paper army that can only be used for invading other countries or in resisting the invasion of some gigantic imaginary coalition aligned against us. Sensible taxpayers know that with Mexico, Canada and the oceans for boundaries, and with a navy in the bargain, we do not need a huge and expensive potential force to keep others from molesting us. And there are few citizens—and even fewer "military experts"—who would seriously maintain that we are going to ship four million men to any foreign country to make war in the near future.

Yet if we view the contentions of our military leaders realistically, it is the foregoing beliefs upon which they rely. From General Douglas MacArthur on down, with few exceptions, the military men of this country are firmly wedded to the hundred year old "nation in arms



theory"—that in war or peace there is no adequate defense for a country short of the mobilized manpower and industrial resources of a nation. But we surely learned from the World War that huge masses of men, large armies equipped with the greatest amount of traditional war materials a nation could manufacture merely "reduce warfare to stagnation and generalship to attrition." We learned, certainly, that a gigantic army does not defend a nation or win a war. The best it can hope for is to achieve a favorable stalemate against a similar enemy, a wearing down of each other at terrific cost and immeasurable sacrifice until one side hollers, "Enough." This conception of warfare may appeal to our military men who helped frame the Defense Act, but it seems absurd to the ordinary citizen, who, in the final analysis, bears the entire burden. It seems even more absurd when we recall our natural protections, our historic freedom from invasion by phantom enemies and our rôle as peace-maker, arbitrator and leader in disarmament to mankind.

THERE are many among the younger and more alert of our military men who would be happy to scrap our present Defense Act and start on a fresh basis. But our War Department is too busy playing politics to heed suggestions of change. It vies with the Navy in giving ear to Congressional whims and demands. For instance, two well-known Washington correspondents reported recently that on May 21, 1931, the War Department had listed ten army posts for abandonment. They were what is known as "political posts"—valuable in pioneer and Indian fighting days, but now useless and a drain on the Treasury. In two years only three of these ten posts have actually been abandoned.

Fort Lincoln, Nebraska, up in the bleak, cold Black Hills, still carries on, and about all the thirteen officers and 256 enlisted men of the Fourth Infantry stationed there do for six months of the year is to shovel coal. The War Department wanted to give up this post, but it succumbed to sufficient Congressional pressure to have it continued and maintained in its regular state. It was also planned to abandon Fort D. A. Russell, at Marfa, Texas, one of the hottest and most God-forsaken spots in the whole United States. The First Cavalry stationed there was to be partially motorized and moved to Fort Knox, Kentucky. Again the War Department listened to political pleadings and for almost two years the First Cavalry stayed where it was, while the armored cars gathered rust in the Blue Grass region.

The only justification for the establishing of Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, where snow-shoveling and indoor drills are the order of the day for five months every year, was the War Department's desire to placate Senator Proctor of that State. Similarly, the existence of Fort Francis E. Warren, in Wyoming, was due principally to the influence of the late Senator Francis E. Warren, General Pershing's father-in-law and former Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. It is in such out of the way places that the War Department stations small detachments of most of our effectives. The average number of soldiers per post in the entire First Corps Area which comprises most of New England is less than 430. In all the nine Corps Areas throughout the continental United States the average is less than 719 men and nowhere does it exceed 2,500 except at a few large posts where schools are maintained. At times

it seems that the War Department clings to its stations of doubtful value with a plaster of Paris obstinacy. Only recently was it revealed before a Congressional committee that Chanute Field, Illinois, one of the original ten posts listed for abandonment two years ago, was having \$1,500,000 in new construction spent upon it this year.

So, too, does the War Department cling to other outmoded things, such as horses, for instance. It might be supposed from the amount of publicity emanating from our War Department on the subject of motorization and mechanization that the horse was about to be abandoned in favor of the internal combustion engine. But the figures tell a different story. Nearly \$3,000,000 will be spent this year in one form or another on horses, mules, harness and wagons. Contrasted to that is the sum of \$495,000 available to spend on tanks, tankettes, cross country cars, armored vehicles and track-laying trucks. The army had an excellent fighting vehicle offered to it a few years ago in the Christie seventy mile per hour "flying tank." Money was appropriated for six vehicles along this line, but the War Department somehow only got around to purchasing one, the others going to Soviet Russia and other foreign countries. Recently Mr. Christie, inventor of this tank, made public a letter to the War Department claiming that Major General Samuel Hof, the Chief of Ordnance, in contracting with the American LaFrance Fire Engine Company to build tanks for the army, was trying to drive Mr. Christie "to European governments for the sale of our system."

THE pathway to a new military set-up is unmistakably clear. First we need a military policy, a simple definition of

what our armed forces are expected to accomplish. Former President Hoover said that he insisted upon an army and navy merely sufficient to "guarantee that no foreign soldier will land upon American soil." Many observers have interpreted this to be a sound military policy, defining the object of our armed forces and entirely compatible with our foreign policies and within the military means.

It envisages a military machine of relatively small numbers, high immediate efficiency and with the most modern equipment. It is, in fact, what many thoughtful critics have long advocated—our present regular army divested of its handicaps of civilian training, reserve instruction, garrison duties and paper work; united and trained and armed to assume its true function of national defense. It envisages, also, our War Department divested of its hundreds of non-military activities, well rid of dredging rivers and harbors, of operating barges on the Mississippi, of administering the Panama Canal Zone, of chaperoning the Statue of Liberty. It envisages, too, many other things; a promotion system for army officers based on merit, not on mere longevity; a strong Secretary of War who will administer his Department as a realistic military business, not as an organization using politics to insure its *status quo*.

This new military policy would mean the scrapping of our National Defense Act. But what of that? It was enacted, along with a lot of other unwise legislation in hectic post-War days, some of which we are just now getting around to repealing. A new Defense Act would give us the opportunity of truly and realistically assuming our rôle as a peaceful nation that has renounced war as a national policy. The huge skeleton



military force we now maintain and which has such wide-spread influence upon our citizens has no place in our modern course in world affairs. Its effect upon public opinion is provocative and inflammatory.

From a straight military viewpoint, our present military machine is today far more conducive to war than a small professional army—because it is inherently less ready for war. This seeming paradox is explained by that eminent British military critic, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart:

• The word “mobilization” sends a thrill through a nation. It awakens the people to a sense of danger, it prepares them to accept war, it intoxicates them so that they become willing dupes. Moreover, the calling up of so vast a citizen army is a process that can not be hidden

and so compels other nations to follow suit. It is an open threat multiplied by other threats. In such an atmosphere, peace-seeking negotiations are suffocated.

In contrast, a professional force has the pacific virtue of constant yet unprovocative readiness. It is thus no greater menace in times of crisis than in times of tranquillity.

Never before in our history have there been more reasons for removing all threats of militarism from our world, for seeking real defense efficiency, for achieving greater governmental economy. A simple method toward these wise ends would be effected if our out-moded military machine were overhauled in the light of present day needs, present day national income, present day inventive genius.



# Painless Debtistry

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

*Why should the consumer, seeking a small loan, be ministered to by a narcotic squad?*

THE financing of production was long regarded by bankers as the only financing which business could possibly need. "Production automatically finances consumption"—that was the generally accepted notion. If consumers found themselves unable to consume in the midst of plenty, the only remedy which bankers could suggest was to pile up more plenty. Thrift—and then more thrift—would do that nicely. The litany around which the whole ritual revolved was: "Keep the wheels of industry turning."

But now, curiously enough, it appears that the denomination of a bank loan as "productive" does not assure its repayment. It is all very well to keep the wheels of industry turning; but unless consumers turn in and pay for what the wheels turn out, the enterprise soon becomes productive in name only. To keep the wheels of industry turning, it is necessary to finance consumption. Today all this is plain to every one. It is, in fact, the dominating purpose of the New Deal.

Formerly it was plain only to the man who knew he could sell more goods if he could contrive to wait for the cash until his customers had earned it. But why should the dealer be obliged to

wait? Banks bridged the gap for the manufacturer; why should not some one do as much for the dealer?

Somebody did. But this pioneer had no idea that the puny little fellow whom he christened Time-Payment Plan would ever grow into the powerful Consumer Credit of today; that this youngster, at whose birth the bankers looked piously down their noses, would be as serenely at home in the National City Bank as in an automobile salesroom. The pioneer had no more conception of what Consumer Credit would be when it came of age than the few dentists had of the future of dentistry when they applied humbly for adoption by the American Medical Association.

The instalment financier and the dentist were not consciously pioneers. They took what the bankers and the physicians rejected, and did the best they could with it. They were too busy to do much peering into the future. The dentist seized his clumsy forceps and extracted a tooth. If the patient howled, the dentist explained that the tooth had either to ache in, or to hurt coming out. Painlessness was not in the bargain, and nobody pretended that it was. The dental patient was not accustomed to ether.



The consumer, however, to the extent that he had been able to borrow at all, had been accustomed to a painless six per cent interest charge. The dentist never made painlessness the cornerstone of his practice; the instalment seller always did. Only the less reputable among modern dentists emphasize painlessness. Instalment sellers emphasize little else. The competent dentist assumes that adults, who have endured childbirth, depression, motion pictures and Huey Long, ought to be able to live through a gold filling. The instalment seller is less sanguine. In his opinion, the average buyer's limit of endurance is a "six per cent" silver lining.

The "six per cent" which the instalment "debtist" administered to dull the operations of the drill was a lie from the start. Money can no more be loaned in ten or twelve small amounts at the same price at which it can be loaned in one large amount than coal can be sold by the bushel at the same price at which it can be sold in carload lots.

In the beginning, this failure to be candid about rates did not much matter. Even if the forty per cent, which was a normal charge for instalment money in 1900, had been stated openly, the first wage-earning automobile buyers would have been too entranced at their new eligibility for credit to cancel their orders. Moreover, dealers were under no compulsion to tell purchasers exactly what they were paying for credit, in order to enable them to shop around. There was nowhere to shop. Persons eligible to ordinary bank credit were few and far between.

Most of the buyers, however, were able to repay a loan month by month. The only person who offered them this type of loan was the instalment dealer. Except for insurance companies, there

was no other important source of consumer loans; and insurance companies did not urge on policy-holders the advisability of borrowing to buy automobiles. Instead, they accompanied their loans then, as they do now, by mournful reminders that makers of policy loans are taking the bread out of the mouths of their bereaved dependents. Dealers, on the other hand, emphasized the joys of the now and here—especially the joys of easy access to Everywhere-Else. They made borrowing virtuous. They sneered at the pompous designation by bankers of the producer's obligation as a "liability," and of the consumer's obligation as plain, ugly "debt."

Consumption was ready to be financed. Consumption *was* financed. What this financing cost was a matter into which liberated consumers were too delighted to inquire. Theoretically, buyers have the right to know what they pay for whatever they buy, whether the purchase is furniture, automobiles or the use of money. Practically, in the early days of instalment selling, this information would have been of small use. If it is ever excusable to charge all the traffic will bear, without being explicit about the charges, it was excusable on the part of the first automobile dealers. They had all they could do to persuade bankers that consumer debt is just as respectable as producer debt and just as safe a risk, without spending time enlightening the debtor about rates. They had to remove the tooth of traditional prejudice against consumer debt painlessly, if they expected to remove it at all.

Today all this rationalization of quackery is out of date. Credit is available to consumers from too many sources to make concealment of rates excusable. Yet "painless debtistry" not

only continues to flourish but, year after year, it accumulates more subtle techniques. So suave are the euphemisms by which true rates are concealed, that buyers not only have digested the idea that it is respectable to be constructively in debt, but are swallowing whole the carefully administered suggestion that it is crude to insist on knowing what this debt costs.

Either "financing charges" will stand up under open competition or they will not. Is the price of instalment credit such that persons who know the facts will continue to borrow? If so, there is no necessity for concealments. If not, there is no excuse.

There is not even the excuse that instalment rates might be construed as usurious. Instalment sellers actually do charge anywhere from fifteen to 200 per cent; and still they are safe from conviction for usury. For, rightly or wrongly, merchants who sell on time operate under an entirely different law from that which governs other lenders of money. They may sell goods "on whatever terms as to time and mode of payment" they prefer, and these terms, "however unconscionable, shall not be construed as usurious." This is the law.

THE case of bankers in the consumer-financing business is far more ticklish. In addition to being obsessed by the same fear that besets instalment sellers—that it will go hard with the first vandal to wake the slumbering consumer from his pleasant six per cent dreams—bankers face a real danger from the usury laws. Apparently the danger is more than offset by the lure of profits, for the number of personal loan departments of banks increased from three in 1920 to over 300 in 1932.

Instalment sellers rushed in at first where bankers feared to tread; but bankers have not hesitated to follow.

Instalment sellers, by the simple device of refusing to admit that their transactions involve a loan, managed to avoid any mention of "interest." They substituted therefor a "service charge." Why should not the bank, by some equally simple device, avoid the mention of any rate of interest above the legal six per cent? Surely, if the American quality of credulity was not strained by the instalment seller's staunch refusal to admit that he made a loan, it would not be daunted by the bank's proposal to dispense retail credit at the same price as wholesale credit. Obviously, no bank really could do that. No bank could make a small loan, repayable in twelve instalments and involving high administrative costs, at the same price at which it could make a large loan, repayable in one sum. The possibilities lay in the fact that this truth is not so obvious to borrowers. They are not prone to look a loan dollar searchingly in the interest charge, especially if it is the interest charge endeared by long usage. First, therefore, the bank must decide on a rate which would pay expenses and yield a reasonable profit; second, it must make this rate, which runs all the way from twelve to twenty-two per cent, *appear* to be six per cent.

This twofold problem resembled that which confronted the youthful artist whose specialty was drawing cats. Her first efforts met with little recognition. Adults, on being shown the tabby, beamed and exclaimed: "What a cute—er—doggie!" or "What a nice house!" The artist, a highly practical person, spent no time in worrying about adult bluntness of perception. Nor did she attempt a different portrayal of her sub-



ject. Grown-ups, in her opinion, were a dull lot, and the less time wasted in putting them *en rapport* with the art spirit, the better. She merely printed beneath subsequent portraits: "This is a kitty."

It worked like a charm.

Banks have operated their personal loan departments on much the same principle, except that they go to mimetic lengths which the other artist would have disdained. Some of their kitties seem positively to purr. All of them, as far as defensive equipment is concerned, are realistic to the last sheathed claw.

The first large commercial institution to go in for consumer-financing handles from one-fifth to one-fourth of this type of business. Its requirements for personal loans up to \$500 are two responsible endorsers on the borrower's note and the assignment as collateral of the borrower's compound interest account, opened expressly for this purpose. The loan is repaid in twelve monthly instalments. The average loan, therefore (the money actually at the disposal of the borrower for twelve months), is only about one-half the face of the loan—the amount on which the six per cent is computed. Actually, then, the charge for consumer loans is approximately twelve per cent.

But does the bank accept calmly this realistic interpretation of its procedure? If you think so, try pointing out to one of the polite young men in the personal loan department that its kitty is not a kitty at all, but a nondescript animal with a preponderance of weasel. He will not be interested. What is more incredible, he will not even be amused. To the criticism that six per cent charged on an original principal, which decreases month by month, is not six per cent, the young man will point out gently that

the loan is not paid till the end of twelve months; therefore interest is payable on the entire principal for that period. True, *borrowers'* compound-interest accounts mount up month by month, with strange and gratifying regularity. But this steady, month-after-month depositing by borrowers is not a *repayment* of the loan; it is simply a building up of the *collateral* to the loan!

The Federal Reserve Bank has ruled that these payments into borrowers' compound-interest accounts really are deposits, and, as such, require reserves to be maintained against them. It is difficult to interpret the mood from which this decision arose. Does the Federal Reserve, like a stern father, take the attitude that the bank, having asserted that its drawing really is a kitty, must live up to its statement, even if, to give the claim verity, the artist must offer his creation a libation of milk? Or is its attitude merely that of an indulgent mother, who underwrites her offspring's blatant pretensions by printing beneath the assertion, "This is a kitty," the defiant words, "This *is* a kitty"?

Not even the Federal Reserve has explained away one peculiarity of the personal loan department's "deposits." For some reason, the "depositor" is penalized if his "deposits" are not made on the due date. On one actual delay of seventeen days on \$30, the bank charged \$1.20, an amount equal to interest computed at the rate of approximately ninety-six per cent. It might be argued that such a fee is a penalty and not interest; indeed, the California Supreme Court and several other courts have so ruled. But since the only possible excuse for imposing a fine is "an actual loss sustained or a certain gain prevented" (in this case, the loss of

"six per cent" on \$30 for seventeen days), there seems to be no injustice to the bank in stating the penalty in terms of interest.

The matter of penalties is not particularly important, except as it indicates one thing: whenever shortsighted legislators make it illegal for banks to lend money to consumers at a price which bears a reasonable relation to costs, banks which are attracted into this field discover some way to evade the law.

This illustration is here used only because the data happened to be available, not because the bank's offense against candor is any more flagrant than that of other personal loan departments. Indeed, to the bank described belongs the credit of making consumer loans at cheap rates, as such rates go. It seems a pity that it is forced, along with all other departments of this type, to cheap methods of doing business.

THERE is only one sensible thing to do about a law which can not be enforced—to replace it by a law which can be enforced. But every generation produces its quota of Canutes. This is why passing and repealing and repassing usury laws is a favorite indoor sport of legislators. Their motive is always commendable; their procedure is often pitifully inadequate. They are like life-guards who desire earnestly to save persons from drowning, but who can think of nothing more helpful to do about it than to yell vigorously at the waves. As long as consumers wish to borrow, and lenders wish to lend, loans will be made. They will be made, moreover, at a price which permits the lender not only to recover his costs but to make a profit. Therefore, the only usury law which is worth the oratory it takes to pass it is a law framed by legislators who know

something about the cost of small consumer loans.

For consumer credit is not, as many people suppose, merely a broadening and extension to larger and larger groups of commercial credit. It is a totally different kind of credit, operating under entirely different circumstances, and at an entirely different cost. In the first place, its working capital is obtained in a different way, and at far higher expense. The commercial bank lends depositors' money, hired at a rate varying from zero to two per cent; but consumer loans, repayable in instalments, are either funds borrowed from commercial banks at from four and one-half to six per cent, or obtained from investors at the same or higher rates. Obviously, then, the cost of obtaining capital is far higher for the lender to consumers than it is for the lender to producers.

In the second place, the cost of making a loan repayable in ten or twelve or fifteen instalments is higher from the point of view of "servicing" than is the cost of a loan repayable in one sum. In the third place, the risk of lending to a wage-earner on no other security than his intent to pay and his capacity to earn is higher than the risk of lending to a commercial borrower with an "established line of credit." Not that experienced lenders think lightly of the wage-earner's honesty. On the contrary, they regard it as their main security. They do, however, think twice about the continuity of his job.

The right of the wage-earner and the white collar man to borrow money in small amounts is unquestioned. But this right does not include the privilege of borrowing it at less than it costs the lender. Even those of us who patronize the "painless dentist" do not require



him to achieve his miracle by transferring the pain to his own jaw. Yet this is apparently what legislators expect of lenders whom they direct to confine consumer loan charges to six or eight per cent. "This is hurting me worse than it is you" is now generally regarded as a paternal fable, no longer to be taken literally by either the spanker or the spanked. It could be truthfully invoked, however, by any lender who lent money on time at six or eight or even ten per cent. No lender in his senses would do it, and no borrower in his senses would expect it. Yet year after year legislators go on telling bankers that they *must* do it, and bankers go on wearily perpetuating the fairy tale that they *do* do it.

No matter how earnestly a personal loan department executive tries to hew to the line of honesty in actual practice, he is stopped, before he starts, from anything approaching honesty in speech. Even if his rate is the lowest in the field, he may not state it boldly with honest pride. He must pretend that it is only half what it actually is. There is plenty of open competition among such lenders, but it is not competition in price. It is competition in the art of "painlessness." These lenders are practically forced to act on the classic "painless" doctrine—"what a man doesn't know won't hurt him." So they strive to reduce the borrower's hurt to a minimum by seeing to it that, so far as true rates are concerned, he knows practically nothing. If, in their zeal, they sometimes go further and see to it that even this "practically nothing" is untrue, the real guilt does not lie with the banker, who has as much right as any other man to make an honest profit. It lies with the legislative Canutes who make it impossible for an honest profit

to roll in on the waves of honest speech.

For personal loan departments which chafe under their enforced quackery, perhaps the remedy is to come out boldly and announce their rates, in terms of one or one and one-half or two per cent a month on the actual unpaid balance. By thus reminding legislators of their identity with all other small-loan operators, they might at least be plunged, along with the rest, into the cleansing fountain of the small loan law, to come up dripping and sputtering, but relieved to find their profits—and their souls—their own.

THE only usury law in the United States which faces the fact that consumer credit is expensive credit is the Uniform Small Loan Law, sponsored by the Russell Sage Foundation, and now operative in twenty-five States. This law not only calls a debt a debt, but it calls it a high-priced debt. The small loan law's idea of consideration to a borrower is to greet him, not with a narcotic squad, but with a steam drill. It assumes that any one who is able to sit up and fill out an application for a loan is in sufficiently robust condition to endure hearing what the loan will cost. Nothing stops the small loan operator from his brutal announcement: "A loan up to \$300 will cost you three and one-half per cent per month on the unpaid balance." If the eligible borrower retains consciousness under this blow, the transaction proceeds apace. If, on the other hand, the borrower exhibits signs of "six per cent" hysteria, he is bowed out to find some "painless debtist" whose romantic attitude toward facts is more nearly in consonance with his own.

It might be better, perhaps, if small loan companies did not lean quite so heavily on their irreproachable social

background, the Russell Sage Foundation; if they would take a little more time to sit down and expound a few basic facts about consumer credit prices to an unenlightened public. On the other hand, there is something admirable about their "take it or leave it" attitude. To lend a half billion dollars a year in amounts averaging \$150 requires time and effort. The lenders have little energy left to explain to critics that the difference between three and one-half percent a month paid to a small loan company and "six per cent, plus an investigation fee and a fee for book-keeping and a charge for penalties" paid to a commercial or an industrial bank is often more a difference of phraseology than of percentage.

Small loan operators have even less time and inclination to explain the adaptability of small loan law technique to instalment selling. Some of them, indeed, are themselves just finding out how satisfactorily the law works in their own business. They embraced it first because they were forced to, not because they saw in it a long-sought helpmate. They were glad enough to have a reasonable rate legalized, but they were not delighted at the necessity for telling the borrower at the outset what this reasonable rate was.

All these benefits the small loan operator has learned by experience; but he has not forced his knowledge on instalment sellers and other economic creditors to whom his technique is just as applicable. Perhaps there is no reason why he should. After all, one does not accuse Mr. Ford of selfishness because he does not seize his latest gadget for a Lincoln and rush down to New York to show Mr. Sloan how nicely it would work on a Cadillac. But, somehow, neither does one visualize Mr. Ford

sitting down patiently under repeated attacks from Mr. Sloan on the "for value received" validity of the Ford products.

This sort of slander is exactly what the small loan industry puts up with. It takes the attitude that it is now as white as snow, and therefore eligible to a certain amount of persecution for righteousness's sake. This may be good theology, but it is poor business. It is true that the Russell Sage Foundation's motive in sponsoring the law was purely social; but the law, once enacted, operates on a commercial basis. The Foundation's motive was relief for the borrower; the small loan operator's motive is profit for himself. These motives are not conflicting. It is shortsighted of the small loan lender to continue meekly offering the other cheek to commercial slaps, when he is in a position to return them heartily by pointing to even higher rates of interest than he is accused of charging.

The most effective answer to the criticism that one lives in a glass house is not the obvious retort that a glass house is at least open to public inspection. The most effective answer is to get out on the front lawn and start throwing stones. If any group of lenders is in a position to take this militant attitude, it would appear to be those who operate under the reinforced steel provisions of the small loan law. Could they not untie themselves from the Mother Sage apron strings long enough to take a few shots at their "painless" critics?

In the meantime, let us not take too seriously the statement of the instalment buyer who, when asked what he pays the dealer for the use of money, replies darkly that he pays "plenty." As a matter of fact, the usual "financing charge" is not too high. It is merely



higher than it purports to be. When the instalment merchant says that his carrying charge is six per cent, he is neither a philanthropist nor a liar. He is merely a conformer to "merchandising expediency." He means by this phrase only what the seller of patent medicines means by the legend: "Contents Guaranteed." Whether the contents are guaranteed to be beneficial, harmful, or merely guaranteed to be "contents," the discreet vendor does not say. On this liberal basis, any instalment rate may be stated truthfully as six per cent, for any carrying charge is six per cent of something, even if, as is usually the case, only the credit department knows what!

**T**HIRTY years ago, consumer credit, as we now use the term, was all but non-existent. Six per cent was therefore as good a fictitious norm as any from which to compute its price. When no eggs are available, the price of eggs is of only academic interest; it may as well be stated in centimeters as in cents; the eggs may as well be measured in terms of cup-custards as in dozens. But when there are eggs for sale in every market, who would be content to be told their price in terms of omelets? With the volume of consumer credit grown to billions, no one can shut his eyes to the possibility of shopping around. The consumer has a right to be told the price of a loan, direct or indirect, in terms which make it possible for him to compare that price with the prices of other similar loans.

How are uniform terms to be arrived at? First, interest should be charged only on the actual money in the possession of the borrower. Since this amount decreases from month to month, as repayments are made, the interest should

be a monthly rate. If penalties are to be charged for late payments, these penalties should be clearly stated in the original contract. If the true annual rate on a Tudor sedan is, as Professor Seligman states, sixteen per cent, this rate should be stated in the contract as one and one-fourth per cent a month, on a twelve-month contract, on the actual unpaid balance. If the charge made by a mail order house on a four-month loan of \$100 is \$25, let this charge be stated, not as a true annual rate of seventy-five per cent, but as a monthly rate, on actual unpaid balances. If the Marshall Field charge on a loan of \$96 is \$5.76, let this be stated not as six per cent, as it now is, not as 11.7 per cent, as it would be if it were figured on the amount actually in the possession of the borrower, but as one per cent on monthly balances.

The only time-payment interest maximum which is fixed by law is that set by the Small Loan Law. Under this law, three and one-half per cent a month may be charged for loans of \$300 and under, repayable in instalments. This three and one-half per cent a month is computed, not on the original principal but on the actual principal-of-the-month. If the loan is repaid more rapidly than the contract requires, the charge for interest falls in proportion. The companies operating under this law are not permitted to deduct a discount in advance, or to charge fees of any sort. If the face of the note is \$200, the borrower carries away with him a check for \$200. If, by any chance, he should be able to repay the loan in fifteen days, he would pay only fifteen days' interest at three and one-half per cent a month. He pays for what he gets, and he gets what he pays for. There is no mystery about either amount.

Whether three and one-half per cent is more than consumers should be obliged to pay for loans is another matter. Undoubtedly it is more than they will have to pay when small loan respectability has taken on another ten or fifteen years' polish. For capital is nothing if not snobbish. Like a butler who is accustomed to working for only the best families, it will not accept a position with socially insecure enterprises, except for a price high enough to soothe its wounded susceptibilities. The small loan business is not yet socially secure; consequently it is forced to pay too much for capital. Was it Lowell who said that the harshest criticism by a true Bostonian is: "I don't believe I care for

it"? Too many "nice people" do not believe they care for the small loan business. Unfortunately, this fastidiousness is reflected in small loan prices.

On the business side, capital is almost as fidgety. For although the percentage of loss among small loan companies is extremely low, the risk in one direction is extremely high. The small loan business lives, moves and has its being in legislative enactment. It is always subject to the caprices of legislators. Legislators, however, are open to conviction. When enough constituents tire of painless debtistry, consumer credit will be forced to do without its "six per cent" hypodermic.





# War Bogies in Europe

BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

*Who sees little danger of conflict between France and Germany  
while the Soviet Union remains in existence*

THE press of all European countries is at the present moment speaking of the danger of war as being more imminent than at any time since 1914. Color is lent to that alarm by events which have occupied public attention.

The seizure of power in Germany by the Junker militarists through the dictatorship of Hitler and Fascist thug-rule suggests obviously a policy of fierce ultra-nationalism, the repudiation of the Versailles treaty, the rearming of Germany and a war of German revenge. Direct provocative gestures, such as the violation of the demilitarized zone, demonstrations on the Rhine bridges, the theatrical flight of the Junkers' agent to East Prussia over the Polish Corridor, confirm the vociferous declarations of the "Third Reich's" truculent intentions.

As in 1914, German militarism aduces the menace of encircling alliances directed against Germany as one of the grounds for its action. On the sixteenth of February last the Governments of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania concluded, after prolonged conferences under the chairmanship of representatives of the French general staff, an alliance pooling the military re-

sources of the three countries. That strategic fusion is of a much more complete character than most military alliances. The forces of the three states, armed by France, have been placed under the direction of a single permanent army council, directed, needless to say, by the French staff. Those resources amount to an effective of about 5,000,000 men.

The formation of that close alliance under French control has served as a pretext for the closer drawing together, in a military understanding, of Germany, Italy and Hungary. The intensive arming of the latter country by Italy has been brought into prominent notice by the Hirtenberg incident arising from the careless loitering on Austrian territory of one of the large trainloads of munitions, rifles and machine-guns from the Italian factories for delivery to Hungary.

Those events, taken together, would seem to justify the suggestion conveyed by the European press concerning the imminence of a conflict between the two opposed blocks of military alliances comprising, on the one hand, Germany, Italy and Hungary, and on the other France, its Central European dependencies of the Little Entente and Eng-

land, which is committed to stand by France in such a renewal of the world conflict.

It is, nevertheless, highly improbable that such a conflict will take place.

For one thing the revisionist countries, that is, Germany, Italy and Hungary, which are interested in the revision of the Versailles Treaty, have, and know they have, far too uncertain a chance of success in such a conflict to risk entering into it. Germany could not hope to arm herself adequately in defiance of the treaties within a reasonable time. It is well known that Mussolini, though bold as regards fire-eating eloquence, is very indisposed to take rash war risks. Both he and the German Junkers for whom Hitler is acting are fully alive to the imprudence of provoking a contest against the powerfully armed French and English war-machines. The objects which the revisionists have in view can more-over be quite well obtained by other and less risky means. The display of bellicose menaces and provocations are useful as means towards securing those objects, but chiefly as affording a coign of vantage from which to bargain for them advantageously.

Neither Mussolini nor Hitler's Junker employers are vitally interested in territorial aggrandizement for its own sake. What they are primarily and directly interested in is their own power as exercised over their own countries. Patriotic and chauvinistic aims are of interest only as means subservient to the prestige and power of the rulers of a country. It has indeed been expressly admitted by Hitlerian leaders that the Polish Corridor, which plays so prominent a part in German nationalistic propaganda, is of very little practical importance. Its significance is, as they have stated, merely "moral." The same

might be said of Alsace and Lorraine and of most territorial questions which are used as counters and pawns in European politics. Apart from their bearing upon the increase of prestige and power, territorial acquisitions are in contemporary politics of interest only when they offer economic or strategic advantages.

THE factors which are truly of vital interest to the present European governments are social questions, or, one might say more accurately, the social question. In the complex genesis of the last war the multitude of the factors and interests involved has baffled analysis. But one very important factor which clinched the German decision to precipitate the inevitable conflict without further delay was the dread of the growing power and influence of German social-democracy, which stood at that time for the extreme left of radical opinion. The longer the War was postponed, it was feared by the German Junkers, the weaker and the less favorable would have been the position of the ruling powers owing to the increase of internal disloyalty and opposition.

Since the Versailles peace the concern of all countries in regard to that social factor has been enormously increased owing to the establishment of the Union of Soviet Republics. It may, indeed, be stated without fear of exaggeration that in all European politics since the War the concern caused by that factor has never been lost sight of and has been the dominant motive and consideration which has determined the policies, whether internal or external, of all capitalistic countries, casting into the shade of relative insignificance all other political motives. The objects which determined the treaties and map-making of Versailles and Trianon have been



to a far less extent concerned with reducing Germany to impotence than with strategic defensive and offensive measures against the Soviet states. Even the task of disabling Germany has been carried out largely with a view to guarding against any danger of rapprochement or coöperation between the Reich and the Soviets.

The present Hitlerian terror, despite its loud nationalistic and revisionist slogans, is regarded in France with a surprising degree of tolerance. That indifference would be unintelligible if it were not known that the French Government has good reason not to attach an undue importance to the flamboyant chauvinistic displays of Junker and Fascist Germany, which it knows to be, like Italian belligerency, chiefly intended for home consumption. Notwithstanding those fiery displays of German nationalism, the attitude of recent French administrations toward Germany has been marked by a singular friendliness and has tended overtly toward a policy of rapprochement, which is still being advocated by influential French politicians.

It is unlikely in the extreme that the factor which has been dominant in all European policies since the War and has hitherto determined all strategic preparations is now about to be set aside and another and totally different conflict of interests substituted in its stead. In other words, the enemy against which European armaments are intended to be eventually employed is not, on the part of the French group, Germany, and on the part of the German group, France, but on the part of all nationalistic and capitalistic groups, the Soviet Republics. Both the ostensible attitude of European governments toward one another and facts which do not form a part of

the external and public presentation of that attitude show that the social interest of those governments which has been dominant in all their political acts since the War remains supreme and overrules the old oppositions and conflicts of interests.

ON THE thirteenth of February last the present Minister of the Interior of the German Reich, Captain Goering, paid a visit to the Parizer Platz, and had a long interview with the French ambassador, M. Poucet. The visit was arranged and announced to the French ambassador by M. Poltavetz-Ostranitz, a White Russian guard, a close associate of Gumanski and Arthur Bey, well-known high functionaries in the Hitlerian secret police with a brilliant record as international *agents provocateurs*. The subject of conversation between Captain Goering and the French ambassador was the same as that of several other conversations which have taken place lately between representatives of the present rulers of Germany and those of other powers.

Ten days later Herr Rosenberg, the editor of the Nazi organ, *Voelkischer Beobachter*, controller-in-chief of the tied press and Hitler's chief adviser on foreign relations, went, accompanied by the same Poltavetz-Ostranitz and Colonel Konovaletz, another White Russian guard, for a trip to Lugano, where they met representatives of the Italian Fascist Government.

The association between the Nazi leaders and the White Russian guards has, from the very beginning of Hitler's career, been extremely close. General Kutiepof was in personal touch with Hitler. He was, it will be remembered, the successor of Wrangle as military leader of the Russian emigré forces now

incorporated in the Serbian army, and disappeared dramatically from Paris in 1930, as the result of a supposed kidnapping by agents of the G.P.U., of which there exists, however, no evidence.

The proposition discussed by Captain Goering and Herr Rosenberg in those international conversations is naturally not mooted in the press of most countries; but it has been frankly set forth in the Polish press. It has reference to the conquest of the Ukrainian Republic and its separation from the Union of Soviets, to be carried out through the amicable coöperation of all parties interested in bringing about that result. In the words of Captain Goering, such an object "is of common moral interest to the whole of civilization," and that interest stands above all grounds of conflict that may exist between various civilized states. These would be prepared to waive to a large extent in the common interest the minor outstanding questions in dispute among them. The chief obstacle in the way of such an amicable coöperation would be, of course, the interests of Poland. But that difficulty, the Germans have suggested, could be met by offering Poland a share of Soviet territory as a compensation for not pressing its claims in other quarters. Germany would even be willing to consider foregoing its claims on the Corridor in view of suitable compensations either in the form of Soviet territory or the restoration of colonies.

The surprising docility with which the Polish Government, after a showy demonstration of aggressive protest, has withdrawn its guard from the Westerplatte, and suddenly dropped all reference to Danzig and the Corridor is explained by the satisfactory nature of the assurances and explanations which the

German and French Governments have been able to convey to the Government of Marshall Pilsudski.

A few days after the excursion to the pleasant shores of Lake Lugano, Herr Rosenberg, accompanied this time by his Nazi colleague, Bell, one of the Junker Government's most trustworthy secret police agents, went over to London in order to pay a call at 40 Park Lane, the home of Sir Henri Wilhelm August Deterding. The charming wife of the director general of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company is Lydia Pavlovna, the daughter of the distinguished Tsarist general and Kossack terrorist, Paul Kondoyarof. The interest of the oil magnate and formidable rival of Rockefeller in the oil-bearing lands of southern Russia is thus both practical and sentimental. Sir Henri Deterding would, one may be assured, afford the humanitarian plans, to which their moral interests in the defense of civilization inspire the Nazi leaders, every encouragement, and would use on their behalf whatever influence he may enjoy with the British Government.

Those amicable interviews, so important for the preservation of European peace, account for the surprisingly slight degree of excitement manifested by the French and British Governments over the Brown Terror in Germany. The French authorities have gone so far in their amicable and conciliatory gesture toward German thug-rule as to suppress by forcible police action any manifestation of disapproval or unfriendliness among the more ignorant sections of the French public. When the results of the German so-called elections were announced on the Paris boulevards, the police checked hisses and other discourteous expressions on the part of the public by effecting a number



of arrests. Despite superficial appearances which might be regarded as grounds for alarm and anxiety, the accession to power in Germany of the Junker party and of the Fascists who claim leadership in anti-Soviet activity and hold out the promise of the complete annihilation of the Communist party in Germany is to the French Government a source of satisfaction and relief. One of the chief anxieties of that Government has been lest the German Republic might eventually drift in the direction of socialism and develop sentiments of sympathy with the Soviet Republics. By the establishment of the Brown Terror and the massacre of German Communists, the Governments of France and England are relieved from that anxiety, and such a gratifying result more than outweighs any causes of alarm that may appear to arise from the intensification of German nationalistic aims.

WE MAY also feel confident that Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon have, in their mission of peace to Rome, been able to make a strong case for the essential unity of interests among European governments and to place the whole question of rivalry in armaments before Mussolini upon a higher moral plane.

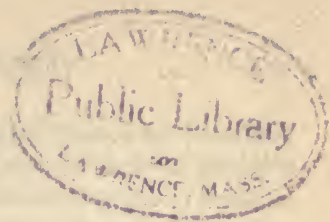
The benefits to the peace of the world arising from such intimate discussions and personal contacts, overriding as they do in many instances the outward appearances which are alone visible to the general public, have already been amply illustrated by the confidence with which Japan has been enabled to carry out its plans in the Far East. All governments, including that of the United States, have shown a ready willingness to subordinate the narrow aims of their

immediate interests to the larger social issue common to all of them.

The danger which has been made so much of in the European press of an outbreak of hostilities between the German and the French groups of interests is therefore greatly exaggerated. There is little indication that the vital principles and interests which have hitherto determined every act and attitude of external policy and of strategy among European civilized nations since the War have undergone any profound modification. The concern for social interests is still dominant over all others. The accumulation of armaments on which the wealth of an impoverished Europe is being so unstintingly lavished will not be used for the renewal of internecine strife. Its ultimate justification lies in the intensification of the effort directed against the common danger and the common enemy, whose very existence is an abiding challenge and menace to all European ruling powers, whatever their nature, or the grounds of conflict existing between them.

It is, of course, quite possible that the inception of a new war may be brought about by some relatively unimportant dispute or incident acting as its immediate cause, in exactly the same manner as the unleashing of the last war was brought about by the comparatively unimportant dispute between Austria and Serbia. But whatever the incidental causes, the vital and dominant causes must inevitably determine the final alignment of conflicting forces.

The alarmist reports and forebodings which have in these last weeks lent interest to the press of all countries serve the useful purpose of facilitating the task of an adequate increase of war preparations in countries with bankrupt treasuries.



# Retreat from *Laissez Faire*

BY H. P. LOSELY

*The Industrial Recovery Act contains the germs of a revolutionary change in our economy*

IN THE middle of May, when estimates of the number of out-of-works reached a new high mark of 17,000,000, Senator Wagner introduced his bill S. 1712, now the National Industrial Recovery Act. As I finished reading the bill, I thought its number should have been 1812, for I seemed to hear the bells in Tchaikovsky's overture celebrating, not the retreat from Moscow, but the initial defeat of business anarchy. At last we have official recognition that the free-for-all of *laissez faire* has ended in a chaos where freedom is impossible and the pursuit of happiness becomes a futile reaching of the patient donkey for the carrots dangled beyond his nose. Having paid the exorbitant fees of the school of experience, we may now accept Thorold Rogers's fifty-year-old dictum that true liberty may only be gained by a sacrifice of a portion of liberty itself.

Of course the retreat will be contested; the recalcitrant minority will not readily abandon the quest for plundering advantage. So it is important that the Act be recognized as a retreat from an impossible adventure as well as an embarkation on a new one, for then we may more certainly reestablish certain ancient verities which we have

failed to honor. Many years ago, in an almost equally distressing period, Thomas F. Woodlock penned some lines in the *Wall St. Journal*, of which I remember especially:

For this is the law of the feudal days,  
The law for one and all,  
That whoso lives on the baron's land,  
May feed as he will at the baron's hand,  
But whoso feeds at the baron's hand,  
Must answer the baron's call.

At least the baron was responsible for the maintenance of his people. We seem to be coming back to a realization of some such responsibility for the barons of industry today. And today that same writer, with his wide outlook, states that at least the clearer minds of the business world recognize that the medieval concepts of "just price" and "fair wage" have in them the principle of life and therefore of stability, and that the insistence on a "planned economy" is a reaching back to ancient principles of coöperation rather than competition.

If I characterize *laissez faire* as an impossible adventure, it is not without ample reference to the record. It has not inaptly been dubbed "lazy fairy" doctrine. Its very inception in the Eighteenth Century, when two revolutions were brewing—industrially in England,



politically in France—was due to lazy thinking as well as lack of vision. To Louis XV, deluged and distracted with propaganda and plans for dealing with the unrest of the times, Quesnay's soothing that all one need do was to sit tight and let the world run itself was balm to an overtaxed brain. Nor is it surprising that the English economists chose it as a keystone for a philosophy of expansion which aimed to make their country the workshop of the world, with a crescendo of profits to the masters of industry.

Of course the pristine doctrine has never been applied in unmitigated measure. We have had interference with the free play of economic forces by tariffs and taxation, by unions and commissions, to mention but a few. But the outstanding and central theme of *laissez faire*, the emphasis on profit as the measure of worthiness, has held sway for over a century. The divorce of ethics from economics, which drew the castigation of Ruskin, has finally culminated in the apotheosis of greed; worship at that temple blinded us to the inevitable results of our policies.

We really should not require the elaborate calculations of Howard Scott nor the dazzling charts of Bassett Jones to demonstrate that mere technical progress coupled with unparalleled debauchery of natural resources, but unaccompanied by diffusion of technological profits to the masses, must lead to disaster for all, even for those who hoped to reap reckless profits. Nevertheless, it may be well to spread on the record a few facts so that the reason for abandonment of the economic free-for-all may be thoroughly understood.

Wage rates of ten cents an hour and less have lately been so frequently reported that they almost ceased to be

news, but it is worth mention that these reports began in the spring of 1932. Honest journalism would refuse to report percentage increases on such a meagre base unless the actual rate were given equal publicity. Miss Perkins in recent testimony stated that there appeared to be no bottom to wages, one reduction begetting another. But even under free-for-all rules there is a bottom. That irreducible minimum is not the one postulated by the iron law of wages or classic economics. It is much lower. Today the classic law that wages can not in the long run be reduced below the level required to produce workers is obviously inoperative.

Now, during the two decades which elapse between the child's arrival and his request for a man-sized job, we build an increasing number of robots with steel fingers and electric eyes and so need ever less workers to produce the bare means of sustenance. Under free and unrestricted competition the hiring must compete with an automaton fed on power at one cent a kilowatt-hour, housed in close-fitted bare walls and often able to work twenty-four hours a day, with Sundays off to stretch its legs and oil its joints. We discover a new law for the hirelings who are no longer wanted. It is the law of the slaves to gold: *the wage of the outcast hireling will be lowered to the yield of the poorest goldfield needed to satisfy the world's hunger for gold*. How low that wage may be is indicated by a report from the State mineralogist in California, showing an average return to some 15,000 gold-hunters of twelve dollars a month!

The world is coming to realize that it must place a curb on its appetite for the yellow metal if we are to destroy the threat of continuously falling prices.

The studied avoidance of the word "price" in Mr. Wagner's bill is doubtless due to other Administration moves to procure a reasonably stable basis for prices of commodities and current production. A planned, secure and stable national economy will of course require such a basis and it is assumed that that will be separately attempted.

We are here, however, more concerned with the other factor entering into the depression of wages—the prevention of making outcasts of our hirelings. With the exception just noted, the Recovery Act has embodied in its terms everything necessary to make industry function as servant instead of tyrant. It will all depend on how those terms are administered.

THERE are two principles of modern industry which, used in conjunction, have led to its marvelous development—the division of labor and the transfer of skill from the man to a mechanical device. Their workings are worthy of closer scrutiny, for they have much to do with the ethics of wages.

The division of labor, the subdivision of skill, has immensely shortened the period of apprenticeship needed to bring the new worker to the stage of profitable production. Students of labor turnover place the cost of hiring and training the ordinary man for a factory job at the order of \$50. An important item of cost certainly, but compare it with the old expense of several years' apprenticeship. When the tailor had to know fabrics and stock them, measure each customer, design clothes, cut the cloth a piece at a time, sew the entire suit, fit it, please his customer and, not least, collect his bill, naturally years of apprenticeship were necessary. Today, the measurements of the human body

are known and classified; excepting for a few persons with stately proportions measuring is hardly required; ninety-five per cent of men's clothing is ready-made. The cutting is done by an electric knife guided by stencil-marks on a pile of cloth. The sewing is specialized so that a girl needs to learn to stitch but one seam or sew in one style of pocket, but does that with extreme proficiency. So for example, the work on a pair of trousers may be divided into forty different jobs and a group of 100 workers sew and finish 700 pairs in a day.

The division of labor has transformed most of our industrial work into a collection of repetitive routine jobs. Wherever such a job exists in industry which demands much time or skill, the pressure of competition has forced the transfer of skill from the man to the machine, or else the job has been changed so that no special skill is needed. It is only a quarter century ago that the assembly of a machine called for highly skilled fitters; now the parts are made so accurately that no fitting whatever is needed and if the assembly is at all difficult, some mechanical device will be provided so that the machine may be almost literally thrown together.

The result of this wide-spread specialization is that the freedom of transfer from job to job is distinctly limited. The all-round training of the craftsman is no longer necessary to the old extent, so it is neither desired nor provided for the mass. The hireling becomes one of those experts who know more and more about less and less. Consequently, upon separation from a job, it becomes continuously more difficult for him to find a niche where former experience is of more than partial value; he must nearly



always start from scratch. His opportunity to exercise any inherent skill is ever more limited and so he finds himself placed on a low plane of competition. That is the condition upon which we must plead the case for protection of wages.

For, essentially, wages are a reward for applied skill. Having subdivided the skill into small elements, we must see to it that the total reward to the group does not suffer. We should choose that battleground to fight out whether technology is to be used to exploit human beings or whether it is to be used to raise the earning power of the less skilled. That ethical question must be answered before any satisfactory and lasting solution of present world economic problems can be found. It will depend upon the outcome of this issue whether our civilization is to deteriorate or even collapse, or whether engineering methods are to be used to help the poor lift themselves out of their poverty.

If we aid those of somewhat subnormal faculties by dividing their tasks so that each job is less tax on the intelligence, but total reward to the group is left undiminished, we can lift living standards for all. If on the other hand we subdivide toil so that it is nearly all reduced to the basis of moron performance, *and paid on that basis*, we arrive at degradation of all to the moron level. Even the few at the top who expected to gain by exploitation now see that they have almost strangled the goose that laid golden eggs.

SOME cold statistical evidence from the biennial census of manufactures will show us what was going on for eight years before the crash. That was a period when prices were unusu-

ally steady. In 1921 the average wage-earner was provided with equipment which enabled him to add \$2,650 to the value of his raw material; by 1929, his equipment and the technique of managing men, machines, materials and money had so improved that he added \$3,620 in that last year of profitless prosperity. Meanwhile his wage was raised from \$1,180 to \$1,325. So out of some \$970 produced by improved technique he received \$145 or fifteen per cent. This increase was, however, by no means evenly distributed. As a whole, it may be bluntly stated that the wage increase was too small to support the structure.

The question will at once be asked: where on earth did the other eighty-five per cent of the increased product go? It was very largely spent, via the investment route, on a mad race of competitive equipment. Wealth was spent on machines built to last ten years but scrapped in two because better ones were built. The risk of obsolescence became so high that last winter machines were not bought unless they could be paid off out of savings in six months. Boom-time paper profits were high, but losses from pre-schedule scrapping of plant and equipment often wiped them out.

A large share of profits went abroad. The standing instructions to the production engineering departments were, in the erudite language of the drafting room, "Make the machine so any old hunky off the street can run it." That was done. Then we forthwith put up the bars at Ellis Island. We bluffed ourselves into the belief that no labor was equal to that of the highly paid American worker, but we only used the high-pay man to build fool-proof machinery for the "ignorant foreigner" to run. Then when Michael could no longer

come here to run the machine, we sent the machine to Michael—to the tune of about half a billion dollars a year. Our foreign manufacturing investments are now about three billion dollars. To complete the national economic asininity we need only reduce tariffs on manufactures without regard to Michael's pay abroad. Fortunately the Industrial Recovery Act suggests an industrial planning and research agency, which in due course will have something to say about that.

What should have been done, but was not possible under free-for-all conditions, was to boost Michael's pay at least in proportion to the increase in value added before spending more on machinery. His wage in 1929, instead of \$1,325, should have been \$1,600. That would still have left ample profit to well-managed industry out of which to finance development and write off mistaken ventures, yet at the same time provide insurance that purchasing power would increase sufficiently to absorb the product of expansion.

This suggests consideration of a vital essential in fixing the minimum wage rates prescribed in the Act. We can no longer count on conditions of static equilibrium. The ancient craftsman was taught in the ancestral tradition and his guild restricted the influx of workers to his craft; balance was not easily disturbed. Today we must counterpoise the continuous impact of new technology.

Taking industry as a whole, we got our Michael to produce thirty-five per cent more in 1929 than he did in 1921. Some industries advanced their technique even faster, a few as much as eight per cent in a year. If our new deal brings about a more stringent selection of the species of industrial managers, the displacement of laggards will drive the

average up much higher, even without new technical methods. Under these circumstances it will not be sufficient to set a minimum wage in an industry and then forget about it for two years. Assuming a constant price level after initial recovery, we should insist on a dynamic minimum wage structure with continuous small increases to compensate for the added application of labor-saving devices.

A brief example may illustrate the point. The carpet industry about 1928 started to use an ingenious wool-threading machine to do away with a tedious hand operation, throwing out many workers. The output per worker left on the job rose from \$2,480 in 1927 to \$2,780 in 1929, but the average wage dropped from \$1,280 to \$1,230. If all the manufacturers had been obliged to raise wages by twelve per cent over that period, the increased purchasing power of those left would have gone far to absorb the shock in their communities and no concern would have felt a victim of cut-throat competition.

We hear occasionally that labor will be reemployed in making the machinery—but if the device does not cost less labor than it saves, it is not a labor-saving one! The only way to reabsorb the saved labor is to pass along an increased standard of living. We could do that by taxation and Government largesse—ancient Rome found that too debilitating—but I can think of no better method than continuously increasing the reward to labor, just as long as we continue to improve the average technique. There is no bootstrap levitation attached to that procedure.

THE Act as it stands is self-extinguishing in two years, with an extension of six months for the completion of con-



tracts initiated under its terms. The die-hards apparently suppose that after that breathing spell we may end the truce and reinstate the dog-eat-dog creed. Shall we go back to that?

There may be valid objections to the permanent lodging of such power in the Presidential office after the termination of the emergency. But if all restraint on competitive tactics is again removed it will be as great a tragedy as if a great dam were dynamited. We would at once see the unhampered installation of new devices in Johnson's plant making Jansen's equipment obsolete *and* instead of Johnson increasing his payroll out of his profits, cutting prices to force Jansen out of the running. Then Jansen would cut his payroll in an effort to stay in business and Johnson would follow suit. We would again have the old vicious circle: price-cut, wage-cut, decreased consuming power, sales harder to make, price-cut and so on, but not *ad infinitum*.

Wages to the docile hireling can be forced well below the cost of living, or even below bare subsistence cost, by drawing on individual or community savings. But as wages are depressed, rebellion appears in some fifty-seven varieties. It began in this cycle when those who demanded a higher existence level than they could get by obeying the rules quietly deserted legitimate activities for bootlegging, and then as pressure was added, for racketeering, Treasury raids or just plain thieving; didn't Daniel Willard suggest rather-steal-than-starve? Then rebellion takes a more active form. Strikes become more frequent and bitter, or we see a forcible shut-off of mill power as in High Point, North Carolina, last summer. Or it may take that most destructive form, industrial sabotage: if the *Herald Tribune*,

editorially concerned lest poor administration of the Act cause a catastrophe, would like particulars concerning this sort of rebellion, it might query its Paris office on syndicalist practice. A private and quite unregulated industrial warfare can use internal obstructive tactics beyond the reach of law. Reinstatement and wider spread of our high-wage policy is the best insurance against such an epidemic.

In any case, left to run its course, a depression finally wipes out the bulk of the incompetent industrial units. Even the large concerns not in the list of business failures scrap the least efficient of their plants. The maintenance of prices and a gradual rise of wage minima will not merely give relief by increasing purchasing power. It will make the replacement process a more continuous one, instead of alternating feverish activity with stagnation.

No, I do not believe we shall return to the free-for-all. I think it was Campbell-Bannerman who, long before he was in the British cabinet, instituted the marked price in his store to avoid the waste of time in haggling. What! Mark prices—stop charging Mrs. Highnose ten per cent extra and giving Mrs. Largebrood a little off? Why, the man must be a lunatic! Can we today imagine ourselves chaffering about the price of a yard of silk at Macy's? That's retail business. But many a converter on Worth Street will admit that he would be well satisfied to have equally well established prices in the original market. All he asks for is that no one else gets goods at any better price or terms; he is willing to compete on a basis of design, quality and service. The sharp bargainer, of course, thinks he may lose his advantage under that scheme; he won't believe the fact that

terms to him are always first quoted a little higher to satisfy his bargaining pride. But even the fair buyer, if he is in a wide-open market, is going to bear down on price as hard as he knows how. And against the shrewd ability of Worth Street the little manufacturer in Passaic or Providence who wants to keep his mill going has not had much of a show. He has had to go back time and again to his help with the story: "Boys, I can't get our old price, but I have a nice big order at a little less. How about a little wage cut?"

The Act is aimed against that practice. Trade associations will be obliged to set up standards of cost accounting and so stiffen the backbone of the small mill-owner and add to his education. There is unconscious irony in the stipulation that fair practice codes shall not be designed to oppress the small manufacturer; it has often been just the small fellow with no real knowledge of costs who has broken the market for the big fellow! With the small man obliged to ask and take a fair price, powerful impetus will be added to the decentralization already going on in industry. Under saner conditions, I look for the influx of a sounder element into the leadership of small-scale industry, a vast amount of rebuilding and creation of new industrial centres with healthier environments. It is not without reason that steel mills are trying to build up stocks before the rush.

THE most serious problem of the administration of the Act will centre around the question of what is a fair wage. Technicians will be able to decide the relative value of different kinds of skill required on widely different jobs, but it is going to require an iron nerve to impose equitable rates on some

branches of industry. The administrator will need all the help which will be willingly offered by the leaders in those branches and who themselves know the shortcomings only too well.

It is worth noting that Section 3 opens the way for applying heavy pressure on such backward groups. If it is shown that some industries are not fairly compensating for skill, the other groups who do so will be eager to see the condition remedied. The metal trades are not going to pay their workers \$1,500 a year and idly sit back while a vast market for home equipment is lost because half a million cotton workers only get \$600 to spend. The road to relief is suggested in the bill: "Complaint may be made that abuses inimical to public interest and contrary to the policy herein declared are prevalent in any trade or industry or subdivision thereof and . . . the President may prescribe and approve a code of fair competition for such trade . . ."

The "demand and supply" devotees may inquire: "Why don't workers change their jobs if they can obtain more for the same skill in another trade?" Ask some of the old war industry board men to tell you funny stories about carpenters turned tool-makers in 1917. They will change jobs readily enough, given the chance. I have already mentioned the limitation by subdivision of skill and reëmphasize that equity demands a compensation for this restriction of opportunity. Industry itself has spent much effort on reducing labor-turnover expense. Union dues and membership restriction, family property and ties, lack of capital to bear costs of changing are other deterrents.

The textile industry, notoriously overburdened with old equipment keeps much of its obsolete machinery



going only by paying sub-standard wages. In 1921 the average wage for over 400,000 workers in cotton goods manufactures was \$800, while value added by worker plus machine was \$1,400. In 1929, while value added rose to nearly \$1,500, the wage dropped to \$765. Last February I was in a small Connecticut town where weavers were being paid from seven to eight dollars a week. And the weaver, being a skilled person, is "stretched out" to tend twenty-four or more looms, with juvenile help to fill the automatic bobbin-feed, machines to tie on new warps and even a hand-tool to make his weaver's knots. But it is those who failed to provide modern equipment who initiated the wage-cuts to meet the competition of the stretch-out system.

The ironical feature is that as long as labor offers itself to be so cheaply sacrificed on the altar of junk, it is hardly worth while devising labor-saving machinery; hence the above mere seven per cent increase in value added in eight years as compared with the advance of thirty-five per cent in all industry. So there is a secondary effect of less employment in the more highly paid machine-building trades. Obviously if we gradually push wages up to the level payable by using good machinery, we will break the vicious circle, force out the obsolete equipment and create employment in machine-building. The effect will be to transfer some men from a poor-pay to a high-pay trade, as well as raising the average in the former. The support of consuming power will provide ample employment for the new machines and those who tend them.

IF I have dealt here principally with the wage and price aspects of the Act, it is because I regard them as the

vital issues. Hjalmar Schacht's recent statement that the issues we have to settle are moral and not economic ones was not mere rhetoric.

The features of the bill dealing with licensing are more of an economic nature, but I consider them indispensable. If we impose specific requirements on the entrepreneur, he in turn must have some protection for his investment against either wanton competitive attack or the sudden impact of technological invention. To deal effectively with these licensing and maximum hours provisions we will need the industrial planning agency. That subject should have a treatment all to itself, but I may briefly outline some difficulties and indicate the line along which a compromise may be found.

Those who have studied the possibilities of national planning all seem to agree that wild-cat operation has become too wasteful. We need manufacturing disarmament as badly as France needs security. But opinions diverge immediately the actual means of effecting regulation are discussed. Some proposals lean toward mere advisory boards. From the little I have observed of trade advice on production, one might as well convoke a tea-party of toothless old women. If national planning at all is done, we must accept a police force, and we don't ask the cop to rely on his smile alone. Nor can I see much satisfaction in a cartelized allotment of production according to existing capacity. That method penalizes the good equipment as much as the bad. It is precisely the obsolete equipment that we must send back to the blast furnace if we are to deliver a higher standard of living. That is probably the crucial point for which a just solution must be found. Perhaps we may find a clue in

the method of condemnation and compensation.

Some twenty-five years ago the Swiss people began to be concerned about the effects of absinthe drinking. The records of the youths examined for military service showed conclusively that physical deterioration was creeping into certain localities where the habit had gained hold. After a hotly contested fight against invasions of liberty, it was finally decided that public interest demanded the dismantling of the absinthe distilleries as a measure of national equity and safety. At the same time, as a matter of justice, compensation was conceded to the owners of the investment condemned by change of law.

If we come to some similar decision that our obsolete machinery is a menace to the national standard of living, we might also insist on its being demolished.

Assuming that the planning agency has gathered sufficient data to estimate the usable capacity in a given industry, it could invite bids on licenses to install or operate such machinery for a term of years, allowing no one group to acquire over thirty per cent of the total. These licenses should be transferable with the equipment, but with the limit to acquisition. We would thus arrive at a system of terminable franchises with diminishing surrender values while still maintaining competition in technique. A license once granted should *not* be revocable, but its sale might be ordered as an extreme penalty. The power suggested in the Act to revoke a license might

work great hardship on innocent parties. If at any time additional capacity were desired, that also would be opened for bidding. Any condemnation ordered could then be assessed upon the industry affected and benefited by the removal, and paid for out of license fees. To work out equitable bidding rules would require some little ingenuity; no doubt bond houses could give us some pointers—failing there, we might consult auction bridge or *pari-mutuel* experts.

The essential thing to accomplish is to provide some security for a programme of capital investment. With long-term franchises for given capacities, our mill-owners might then develop a steady programme of machinery renewal and replacement and so stabilize the rate of capital investment. Sudden fluctuations in that rate are usually the immediate and acute cause for fluctuations in the amount of employment. The ultimate causes of course lie further back, as I have endeavored to portray.

There is general agreement that unregulated industry suffers from periodic paralysis. If I have conveyed an idea of the cause, it will be seen that the Recovery Act is, in the main, well implemented for its job. Administered with surgical courage it will remove the causes of obstruction and restore health and vigor to our system. We may then look forward to ethics no longer dulled by the anæsthetics of *laissez faire*. We are definitely on a new road. It is a road of promise.





# Our Slump in Foreign Pets

BY RALPH TOWNSEND

*When we stop showering unappreciated favors on the Chinese,  
our market should be saturated*

THERE are signs that we are soon to be without a foreign pet—without any journalistically chosen foreign country or distant people upon whom our sensation-stirring writers and plaintive orators may loose eulogies to wring extravagant sympathy out of average Americans. China, our last and longest foreign pet, seems about to pass from the roster as more and more intelligent opinion filters back to correct misinformation here. There is no successor in sight.

A review of our record in the matter of foreign pets is timely now. It provides some interesting trial-and-error data for future reference, should we be tempted again. First of all it is pertinent to note what circumstances operated to make certain racial groups or countries acceptable as pets, and what conditions proved ripe for a choice. We see as a primary requirement that the selection had to be made from a racial group or country that the average newspaper reader knew little about. Until recent years, before we acquired our present abundance of experience, this requirement was easy. As a second requirement, the pet had to be of supposedly inferior strength in conflict with a determined adversary. It helped, too, if the inferior

contestant, the pet-to-be, possessed an ancient history, with which the average reader would be likewise unacquainted.

If these two main requirements were fulfilled, the pet's plight could be reliably calculated to strike a responsive chord in our national temperament. In our curious system of ethical values, that characterizing what we call the man in the street, there are unbalanced and constantly shifting influences of Puritan traditions, Fourth of July speeches, chivalry as it is fictionized, the British rugger code, Lafayette, Horatio Alger and rural back-yard dog fights. Important issues of this conglomeration include a readiness of genuine sympathy that is admirable and a speediness of reckless generosity that is dangerous. That guilt lies upon one side and innocence upon the other is taken for granted. We are expected to draw the inference, also, as spectators of any international or internecine strife, that one side (the weaker) is fighting for liberty and the other for tyranny.

The liberty interpretation comes as a natural analogy to our school book traditions of 1776, by which we tend to ascribe to any low-odds struggling group the motives that actuated us in our own crisis. If our record in the matter of

foreign pets over the past forty years is examined, the uniformity of national sentiment in favor of the weaker or supposedly weaker is amazing. And it is illuminating today to check the number of these judgments which we have rightly or wrongly later reversed. There is not one of our former pets for whom we feel enthusiastic esteem today. What is equally significant, there is not one of them that exhibits any marked esteem for us.

TAKE Japan as an example. In 1904 Japan was a foremost American pet. That was when the allegedly formidable Russian armies were getting ready to annihilate the frail but righteous little Japanese over territory in Manchuria. American current opinion of the period is in astounding contrast to American retrospective regard of the same facts today. Thirty years ago leading editors, travelers, pulpit orators and missionaries dwelt enthusiastically upon Japan's "mission" on the continent of Asia, a mission of carrying the light of advanced civilization to hordes who would otherwise remain indefinitely benighted. The clergy and pious lay thinkers referred to initial Japanese successes as nothing less than a testimony of the benign hand of God.

In 1933 the Japanese efforts of 1904 are seen as the greedy aggression of a bold and ruthless people. The Japanese victory that Americans awaited with such eagerness that they prayed for it became shortly after its realization, without a single alternation in the originally accepted facts, alarming evidence that a new foe of righteousness had arisen in the Far East. The Japanese were probably the most astonished people of modern times when they found that their claims which had been

so applauded at the outset of the war were opposed, after victory, by a suddenly jealous world whose admiration had changed to alarm. They were newcomers on the diplomatic carpet at the time and anxious to meet the best standards of an unfamiliar international etiquette. After the Treaty of Portsmouth their statesmen sucked in their breath and took the verdict with a row of bows, though it lopped off much of what they had won. Japanese statesmen have made progress in international etiquette since then.

The point of note here is that at the beginning of the fray Japan's status as the supposed under dog was exactly one to call forth American sympathy, and this was of more effect than the historical evidence that Russia had offered considerable provocation. Sympathy was translated into a devout credo of Japanese righteousness. When the Japanese won they forfeited our sympathy and along with it went our belief in the worthiness of their *casus belli*. Our display of the pet tendency in this instance served no purpose except to puzzle the Japanese with our inexplicable inconsistency.

A few years previous, however, this ever-ready surplus of sympathy did not let us off so lightly. It involved us in a war with Spain which by all evidence might easily have been avoided. Before the *Maine* was blown up in Havana Harbor, Madrid had shown a willingness to make wide concessions in the direction of self-government to the insurrectionist Cubans, whose pitiable plight had for months been spotting American newspapers with the tears of sympathetic citizens from coast to coast. Spain's offer to the Cubans of a home-rule government similar to that of Canada might not have brought prosperity and bliss



out of a situation that was justly an international scandal, but it would have provided a certain autonomy of distress, which is what turbulent subject peoples usually aim at when they talk about freedom and liberty. This announced concession on the part of Spain removed the provocation held by an increasing section of American opinion to justify intervention, since it assured cessation of oppression on the part of Spain.

As to the immediate provocation of hostilities, the sinking of the *Maine*, it was not established at the time, nor ever subsequently, that the vessel was sunk by the Spanish. As a matter of reasoned inference, it seems unlikely that the Spanish Government, already harassed by Cuban insurrectionists, would so deliberately invite defeat by a procedure which without offering any substantial military advantage would tend to ally with the revolutionaries a formidable foreign power. In any event the United States, if it so desired, had recourse to arbitration, which Spain offered. But swept by the tide of maudlin emotionalism which took the more complimentary label of patriotic indignation, President McKinley was cold to the overtures. With a remedy in sight for the oppressions upon Cuba and an adjustment reasonably possible for the sinking of the *Maine*, war was declared upon the decrepit Madrid Government anxious to avoid it. The momentum of sympathy for our new pet was too strong.

The national indignation that led to the war with Spain was merely a varied guise of the fanatical, super-righteous emotionalism that had been progressively stirred up during months previous by newspaper owners who found that it paid in circulation returns. Led by Hearst, sensationalism in the press

was at the time gaining a new technique of stronger potency. The powder and beef manufacturers who chimed in on the sympathy for Cuba clamor got credit for being good humanitarians. Thousands of itchy-footed adventurers, provided by editorial talent with a motive acceptable to the home folks, enlisted in the ranks. There they had their hearts swelled with orator-revealed patriotism which surprised them, and shortly had their ranks thinned by ptomaine poison from the beef, which surprised them even more. All this grand fiasco seems upon cool review rather remarkable, in view of the consideration that the plight of the Cubans in 1897-98 was not impressively worse than that of many Latin Americans before or since, and was probably not vastly worse than that of many others at that very time.

Our cash register return on the pet-made war with Spain has not as yet been very gratifying. It is worth mentioning, from the sentiment angle, that in both Cuba and the Philippines today we are pretty cordially disliked.

**D**URING the first decade of the present century our passion for foreign pets remained fairly well within the bounds of prudence. The fervor for the Japanese, as much as anything else a sporting admiration with a touch of piety from the clergy, never approached our true possibilities of sentimentality. The embattled South Africans gained some sympathy, and so did the pogromized Jews in Russia. But it was not of the grab-a-gun and give-till-it-hurts variety. It was tepid and actionless. A critic of the period might have supposed we were gaining immunity to sob journalism, or had acquired what is termed in medical parlance a tolerance. But our emotionalism was merely quiescent,

germinating for precedent-smashing frenzies ahead.

During the Balkan fracas preceding the World War, the Balkan states inspired a fair amount of sentimental twaddle. They were the chosen pet in conflict with the Turks, to whom clung a reputation of popular odium dating back to the Middle Ages, a reputation that has been somewhat renovated for the better by Americans visiting Turkey in recent years. In any event, an earnest hope for a Turkish defeat gripped broad-thinking Americans. The Servians, as they were then called, were found to possess an ancient and glamorous past, with all sorts of unsuspected virtues lurking under their honest bronzed skin. The Greeks merely awaited throwing off the Turkish "yoke" in certain allegedly Greek territory to show what they could contribute in the march of civilization. We discovered the Bulgarians, Montenegrans and Rumanians, all of whom revealed to the exploring eyes of war topic writers amazing potentialities of character and resources. Women's dress designers, catching the fancy, contrived a "Balkan blouse" that was a great success. The idea of the Balkan allies, each with a staggering inheritance of virtue and culture, ready to bound forward to a new world destiny as soon as the Turks were defeated, captured the country.

But the sorry revelations of vicious treachery among the victors, plus a few other uncomplimentary disclosures, completely sobered public enthusiasm. Like previous pets, the Balkans faded out.

With the World War came Belgium. It was not sufficient that a considerable number of Belgians were destitute and in need of generous assistance. By their misfortunes they became to editors,

clergymen and Red Cross speakers a sacrosanct species, torch-holders toward a spiritual stratosphere that the rest of us could only admire in distant murmured awe. All kinds of hysteria were loosed upon the arrival in the United States of the first batches of Belgian refugees. Public and private utterances approaching a maudlin insanity were heard everywhere. Even Julius Caesar's references to the Belgians provided editorial themes, with up to date expansions on their virtues. So great was the magic of the name Belgium that fourteen years afterwards we elected to the Presidency a man who coaxed the hungrier ones into taking a little nourishment. And allowing that he stumbled upon the task by accident, certainly no American of the time would have picked any surer road to immortality than making himself chief steward of their condensed milk and biscuits.

A little later it was the French. Posters of the French mothers, babes in arms, bore a revealing likeness to the classic madonna. There was something unescapably holy about them. And legions of poilus, who after burying their gold under the plum tree had been drafted off to the front, became impassioned volunteers dying for the world's liberties, each a sort of two-burdened Prometheus salvaging civilization's culture in one hand and its freedom in the other. That they had something to fight for, and were making a splendid showing, was not a sufficient label upon their activities. We canonized the French as a pet second only to the Belgians. A crescendo of maddened sympathy swept the country. Dimes, quarters and millions of dollars poured across to them, which was on our part decently generous, and meanwhile school teachers, preachers and editors outdid one an-



other in frenzied accolades upon them as the specially anointed custodian of mankind's honor, which was shamefully ridiculous. The pet business was on with a vengeance.

With America in such a mood, with its emotionalism of sympathy for the afflicted shifting, as in 1898, to indignation against the alleged aggressor, our almost whole-hearted support given the pro-war group by April of 1917 is not astonishing. We went in to defend the right of shipping munitions to belligerents able to receive them, and declared war upon Germany for sinking the vessels daring to carry them. We have since, however, maintained the right of firing upon and sinking foreign vessels attempting to land liquor on our shores in time of peace. We recently endorsed an embargo on arms to belligerents in the Far East, in contrast to fighting a war fifteen years ago to defend the right of supplying them. The point of consistency under international principles is not raised here—the contrasting procedures are cited merely to illustrate the deflections of the national mind, with ethics, law and everything else bent into accommodation, once the pet fever gets well under way, and the sob cohorts have been thoroughly mobilized by the generalissimos of the circulation desk.

As a minor pet of the War period, every one well remembers the Armenians. Like the Belgians they were discovered to have an ancient and honorable culture dating back to zero and before. Cheerful, lovable, earnest, to a considerable extent Christian, they merely awaited throwing off the Turkish yoke to take a high place in the future family of nations. It was not long after the Armenian Relief workers returned to tell us first hand about the Armenians, however, that the Arme-

nian pet frenzy fizzled out. The fact was that the A. R. workers liked the unspeakable Turk vastly more than they liked the Armenians, just as many of our soldiers, after representative experience, preferred the Germans to the French. The bated-breath plans for an Armenian Republic, to be instituted after everything was settled, are practically forgotten now. By the time everything was "settled" we couldn't find enough Armenians. The Turks had got there first.

THE Chinese, last on the pet list, are about to pass from the receiving end of our surplus sympathy exports for good reasons. The trickle of reliable information from China brings a good many facts correcting our traditional estimate. Our coddling endeavors have been more absurd in respect to the Chinese, if possible, than in any other direction.

No well-informed person expects our Government to withdraw its staunch support of what we call our Open Door policy, a policy which if defined by its evident workings exists as a sort of vaporous ideal, without the historical consistency of our Monroe Doctrine. Also, no well-informed person expects or desires a complete withdrawal of our now huge network of philanthropy in China.

But what well-informed Americans in China see, and what is increasingly recognized among the well-informed here, is that our indulgent sentimentality has badly overshot its mark. As it has operated in China it has not made the Chinese like us better. On the contrary, by the masses of Chinese it appears to be wholly misinterpreted or wilfully taken advantage of, and it has encouraged them to run over us rough-shod,

looting our property and outraging our citizens resident there as they would not loot and outrage the citizens of other nations. American sentimentality has extended to the Chinese a special dispensation, something on the order of the papal sale of indulgences during the Middle Ages, exempting them from penalty in offenses for which we would hold any other people strictly accountable. The reference here is not to uncontrollable outbreaks of lawlessness such as may be expected in many places under present conditions in the country. It is to a provocative attitude on the part of leading Chinese officials who genially sanction or connive at outrages against Americans, smilingly and correctly confident that our Government, committed through home sentimentality to an extreme pro-China policy, will not take action such as other governments might. For the Chinese, with their so-called Oriental disposition to edge in a mile when given an inch, the situation is a picnic. Our property holders are harassed by the Chinese to an extent absolutely astounding to persons who have not lived in China, and the Chinese officials are prevalently either a party to this pestering or else refuse to interfere in open cases of the most outrageous attempts at thievery and extortion, and this in cities where there is no excuse from the standpoint of insufficient authority.

The foregoing facts are in interesting contrast to our colossal philanthropy in China, aggregating more than that of all other countries represented there combined, with hundreds of institutions of all sorts and thousands of trained workers. The contrast is more vivid when it is emphasized that the outrages to Americans in China, from which the Chinese as our pet are leniently excused,

are not perpetrated exclusively by the professionally vicious classes there nor exclusively by the illiterate. They are to a very considerable extent perpetrated by Chinese of relatively good education, and often those whose education is wholly or in part derived from American philanthropy. Incendiarism by students upon American-built school buildings is so prevalent, for example, that the missionary teachers commonly take turns patrolling the dormitories and classroom buildings all night. At that, schools are frequently burned by their Chinese students. In regard to incendiarism and other secret crimes, Chinese officials could not of course be of direct assistance. But the culpability on their part referred to is in respect to innumerable open offenses against Americans, such as attempted intimidation and seizures of property where the parties are recognized and known, without there being any protection or redress offered.

Of course much excellent work is being accomplished by our philanthropies in China, and the graduates of our mission schools include large numbers of well-disposed Chinese. They do not appear to make themselves seriously felt in rectification of the injustices mentioned, however. They do not impress us on the spot as being very seriously concerned about the matter. Why should they? It has been demonstrated that Americans will stand for nearly anything.

THE true facts regarding our pet policy toward the Chinese are worth dwelling upon in brief detail, because the policy has been a more vicious boomerang there than in most other places. The true facts have not been available because there are just three



classes of Americans on the scene familiar with them, and each of these is effectively muzzled. The three are the missionaries, not anxious to have the exact nature of the difficulties aired or their poor progress emphasized, and who in their reports manage to confuse what they hope for with actual results; the business group, who in prudence can not make trouble for their firms in China by openly telling the truth; and the Government officials stationed there, who are strictly forbidden to make public uncomplimentary facts while in Government service. Resident newspaper correspondents do not cable details of the situation because for one thing it is too chronic to constitute news, and also because the American pro-pet appetite is edged for news of progress to vindicate the faith propagated by totally unreliable Chinese speakers in this country and equally unreliable fund-raising missionaries blindly committed to carry on with enterprises which, if the facts were known, might not be well supported.

This explains why the China pet has persisted so long. Our consuls who sweat in helplessness to render proper assistance to Americans in China realize that our Government is guided not by reports from the field, but by misinformed home sentiment. The clamor of ignorant persons—our “leading educated group”—to the Department of State for indulgence toward the dear Chinese has been voluminous, and its magnitude has been in direct proportion to its underlying misinformation.

More dangerous than the havoc wrought upon American property in China, a second direct result of the China pet twaddle, was the anti-Japanese indignation. In defense of our pet the Chinese, who have filled their school

books with matter calculated to incense students against us, who have looted our property at will for years, who have repudiated obligations right and left, who have fomented anti-foreign disorders against us, who have boycotted our goods for this or that unsubstantial fancied grievance, a considerable body of super-righteous Americans was ready last year to involve us with Japan, who in the view of foreign observers on the spot merely refused to stand for what America stood for. No sanction of the startling Japanese severity is intended here—that is another subject. It is submitted, however, that if Americans at home were acquainted with the facts familiar to Americans in China, there would have been less maudlin sympathy for the Chinese.

In any case, our lamentable record with the Cubans, the Filipinos and the French as pets, all of whom now dislike us, might well occasion reflection before leaping violently again into the rôle of Don Quixote righting international wrongs. The Chinese have shown no gratitude thus far for what we have attempted as assistance to them, and we could expect less if we did more.

Corrective information, as mentioned, is evidently moderating the pro-China frenzy. Various retired business men, retired or resigned Government employes, at least one competent former newspaper correspondent and a few indignant missionaries formerly resident in China are venturing to tell the truth about affairs there. The influence of this information has already shown moderating effects, and there is more of it ahead. China, along with a lot of other sentimental institutions, is in for a thorough de-bunking.

And why not? In appraising a stranger with whom we are to deal, it

is important to know his shortcomings. It is through these that we face liabilities, not through his good qualities, which will take care of themselves. We have in the past followed the attitude that any "constructive" criticism had to be a lavish and often unmerited compliment. Yet reviewing our record in the matter of pets, it is clear that this blind ignoring of unfavorable possibilities in dealing with foreign affairs has occasioned colossal and easily avoided errors.

In hailing New Deals and New Eras in every field, certainly we can hail none with more satisfaction and sense of added security than the No More Pets Era. With one war directly caused by maudlin pet sentiment, with another war partly attributable to the same cause, with seriously strained relations between America and her best Pacific customer recently as another result, all with not a whit of gratitude or benefit anywhere along the line, is it not time to rest on our record?

## Voices

BY F. M. HOWARD

WHAT is not written, dies when it is said;  
 The casual dust of lips is lightly blown  
 On ageless highways. Ask what words are known  
 Of those whose once indomitable tread  
 Ten thousand muted years have hailed as dead.  
 What laughter lightly born, what courage flown  
 Upon a phrase, what dismal treasure grown  
 From strata of despair, have faceted  
 With their desires, the world they habited?  
 The ears that heard them mingle with their own,  
 The crumbled laughter with the crumbled bone.  
 They only, on their deep perpetual bed  
 Unturning, speak, that revered alone  
 The sullen memory of the bitten stone.



# The Fall of Hollywood

BY DALTON TRUMBO

*Bankers, nepotists, contracts and talkies—all four were needed to destroy the vigor of that amazing industry, the movies*

WHEN the fury of the great depression has abated sufficiently to permit its general course to be charted with candor rather than with emotional violence, it will be discovered that the motion picture industry was the one American enterprise which might, under intelligent guidance, have ridden through the storm with honor and profit. Instead, it has fallen to a level far below the general ebb.

It is difficult, with justice, to distinguish the heroes of the disaster from the scoundrels. The tale offers so curious a pattern of rapacity and generosity, of high endeavor and dismal failure, that no single cause for the debacle may be cited nor any specific remedy proposed. Hollywood is a business which is an art, and an art which is a business. Its creative processes have been muddled by financial opportunists, and its capital has been at the command of questionable artists. To blame this strange admixture for the collapse of the industry is tantamount to solving a crime by declaring that murder has been done.

West Coast studios are the largest and most nearly perfect in existence—models which the rest of the world seeks to duplicate. The processes which

they employ are as baffling to the layman as Herr Einstein's formulæ. They have been eager to seize upon every form of technical advancement. Out of them has come Fox's exquisite *Cavalcade* to uphold the dignity of the cinema in the face of its bitterest critics. Out of them also has come Columbia's *Virtue* to entertain the world with a dull and vulgar tale of three prostitutes, two cab drivers and a panderer. Examination of two such representative pictures establishes the first fact in the fall of Hollywood: if the industry has suffered beyond a point justified by the economic crisis, the fault lies not with the studios but with the men who control them.

IN THE fall of 1929 my friend, Mr. Blank, purchased ten shares of Fox Film A at \$105 a share. The Fox record was impressive. Its 1929 profits were approximately \$9,500,000. As a result of the reckless ambition of William Fox—a producer turned gambler—it owned the enormous Fox Film Corporation, the Fox Theatres Corporation (with its thousand houses) and a horde of subsidiary corporations. It barely had missed gaining control of Warner and First National Pictures; and had succeeded in its efforts to control Loew's

Incorporated, which in turn owned the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer properties. Truly, Fox Film was a colossus of the cinema.

A puzzling sequence of events soon established Fox in a permanent position at the top of financial pages. The bewildered stock-holders read of (1) a bitter banking struggle for the privilege of floating Fox loans, (2) the purchase by General Theatres Equipment Corporation of controlling interest in Fox, (3) the appearance of Chase Bank interests as sponsors for Fox operations and (4) the transfer of Fox's control of the profitable Loew's Incorporated to the newly organized Film Securities Corporation, a holding company.

The Loew transfer was a masterpiece of movie finance. Fox, under pressure of Federal anti-trust litigation, felt obliged to dispose of 660,900 shares of Loew's stock, which it listed among its assets at \$75,000,000. At the date of transfer—April 9, 1931—the stock was worth only \$35,000,000. Fox was in no condition to stand liquidation of the holdings at half price. The transaction had to be arranged so that the records would show no loss. Accordingly, Film Securities sold \$10,000,000 of its preferred stock to General Theatres and floated \$20,000,000 of two-year gold notes through the Chase organization. From cash thus obtained it paid \$28,800,000 into the Fox treasury. Simultaneously 462,000 shares of Class A Film Securities stock were transferred to Fox, and placed among the latter's assets at the proud figure of \$46,200,000.

By this arrangement, Fox received on paper twice what the Loew stock was worth, while Film Securities paid in cash for its sole asset some \$6,200,000 less than its market value. But for the

subsequent default of the gold notes—revealing that Film Securities' total assets had shrunk to a value of only \$8,000,000—the transaction might be regarded as a miracle of the first magnitude. The present value of Fox's holdings in Film Securities stock is, regrettably, a matter of dark speculation.

In the summer and fall of 1931 the Fox directorate was enriched by a distinguished group of Chase officers and directors, among them Messrs. Edward R. Tinker, Charles E. Richardson, Winthrop W. Aldrich, Cornelius Vanderbilt III and George M. Moffett. None of these gentlemen, until that moment, had been conspicuous authorities on the cinema. Mr. Tinker, a former president of Chase Securities, stepped into the Fox presidency. Mr. Blank couldn't understand how the Chase directors were going to enable Fox to make better motion pictures, but he derived considerable comfort merely from gazing at their names. He felt certain that they would pound some sense into Hollywood's financial head. Under their leadership Fox changed a 1930 profit of \$10,000,000 into a 1931 loss of \$5,000,000. General Theatres, with its control of Fox, passed quietly into receivership.

Wall Street operations were not without their effect in the West Coast studio. Bosses came and went. Production leaped ahead, and then lagged unaccountably. Banker Tinker journeyed to Hollywood, nodding sagely as he was guided through the concern of which he was president. Conflicting orders rattled out of New York with machine-gun rapidity. The studio, seething with strife and uncertainty, produced during that strange year a series of uniformly poor pictures. Its 1932 report revealed a deficit of a million a month.



Events came to a head during the 1933 financial crisis. The Senate grew provokingly curious about bank activities. President W. W. Aldrich of the Chase Bank and a director of Fox Films issued a timely manifesto, promising that Chase would divorce itself forever from its investment affiliates. Precipitately the Chase directors of Fox Films resigned their posts and retired into the storm cellar of nominal oblivion.

As I write, Mr. Blank's expensive Fox stock has risen from a low of seventy-five cents a share to four dollars and a half. His company has been stripped of control of its most profitable asset—Loew's Incorporated. Practically all of its subsidiaries have joined its holding company in receivership or bankruptcy. It looks forward to the redemption within three years of an issue of \$30,000,000 in gold debentures. It is losing money at an appalling rate. Its impressive Chase directors have run out on it. In the accomplishment of all this Mr. Blank has had no part. His sole function has been to hand over \$1,050, of which \$1,005 mysteriously has vanished.

His only comfort is a sure knowledge that nearly any other film investment would have been equally disastrous.

The average peak of Fox, Warner, RKO and Paramount-Publix stocks was \$111, from which they declined to a low of seventy-five cents. Allowing for the share-splitting, they lost ninety-nine per cent of their value in a stock market which had dropped approximately seventy-five per cent. Their studios, working at full speed, produced during their fiscal year of 1932 an aggregate loss exceeding \$50,000,000. In the accomplishment of this magnificent destiny they were aided by the most astute financial brains in the country.

The two remaining major studios are neglected in this résumé for very significant reasons: (1) their operations have been less disastrous and the decline of their securities has been more moderate, and (2) their directorates are not crowded with bankers and their financial problems have not been solved by spectacular Wall Street manipulations.

It is apparent that a bank has no more right to sink its depositors' funds into pictures than to put them into Broadway musical comedies or Arkansas diamond hunts. The degree of speculation is approximately the same. A Broadway theatre is a piece of real estate upon which money legitimately may be loaned. The play and its producer must find backing among those hardy spirits who have money to lose. The real estate represented by a film studio is equally worthy security for a loan. But so long as the studio and the producer are unnaturally bound together, the element of risk overshadows that of safety. The movie angels, to their sorrow, have loaned money to studios as physical properties, and seen it lost by the creative brains which misused the properties. Complete detachment of studio and producer—of physical assets and creative force—is a primary requirement for the rehabilitation of pictures.

Meanwhile, the bankers find themselves in a very unfortunate position. Their sole purpose in obtaining control of Hollywood was to wring money from it. They encouraged its unwise expansion by competing for the privilege of floating its loans. Only the perversion of fate can be held accountable for the vicious manner in which the fly has turned on the spider. The protracted bear market forestalled plans to thrust reckless film investments upon an unsuspecting public in the form of stocks,

bonds and other securities dear to the banking heart.

During four weary years they pumped gold into the town against the day when conditions would permit completion of the original campaign. But now, with a surly Senate, a canny populace and heaven only knows what outrageous forms of banking legislation, this high purpose appears to be permanently thwarted.

THE most confirmed bank-baiter, however, can not deposit all the movie ills on Wall Street doorsteps. At worst bankers deserve a minor portion of the blame.

Volumes have been written concerning the prodigality of Hollywood. Some of these tales have become classics: the British writer who was paid \$104,000 to sit idly at his desk for a year; the picture which was produced at a cost in excess of \$300,000, but never released; the musical comedy for which \$100,000 was paid, but which never was filmed; the supreme amazement of Mr. Havelock Ellis when he was offered—and accepted—a prince's ransom for the film rights of his *Dance of Life*. It is only just, however, to note that such weird doings are comparatively rare. Motion pictures are speculative affairs. For every blunder one may find a compensating success.

Such spectacular adventures have served to divert public attention from a far more deadly evil—the steady, remorseless drain of nepotism which is strangling the cinema. For Hollywood studios are not industrial institutions. They are consanguineous societies chartered to fry the fat out of the stockholder. Even in these desperate days the chief concern of a movie executive remains what it always has been—to se-

cure salaries for himself, his family, his in-laws and his friends. The studio is his personal poaching ground.

The nepotists have responded to New York economy howls by harassing the best minds in pictures and solicitously defending the parasites. The lawyer-husband of an actress is found to possess extraordinary genius, first as a writer, later as an associate producer. The sister of an able executive is discovered to harbor rare literary talent. With admirable inter-studio camaraderie, the son-in-law of an executive in studio A is given a job as a writer for studio B. When his work threatens to ruin studio B, he is promptly signed by studio C and advanced to an executive position in production. This system permeates all studios and all departments.

The whole industry recently was intrigued by the fortunes of a young executive producer who made for his company during 1932 a singularly unsuccessful line of pictures and a net loss approximating eight millions. When his contract was not renewed, he was signed by his father-in-law's studio in the same capacity for which he already had displayed such appalling ineptitude. His salary—not denied by his employers in the face of a storm of ridicule—was doubled, making him worth a reported \$4,000 a week. Shortly afterward he became a vice-president of the concern, and his meteoric rise will continue. In its last quarterly report his father-in-law's studio showed a net profit of \$93,000. If the young man's efforts are as fruitful in his new position as in his last, he will change the next statement to a loss approaching two millions.

Obviously this is a costly business for the squirming stockholder. He not only pays out enormous salaries, but they are rendered doubly expensive because



those who draw them are incompetent. A natural devitalization of personnel is reflected in the finished product. Nor do the pensioners thrust their snouts into the studio trough with the humility becoming recipients of charity: they advance in long lines with the assurance of imperial princes; they squeal loudly whenever they are disturbed; and they turn in savage unison upon any innovation which smacks of intelligence. They will be dislodged only when bankruptcy shuts off their food supply.

Coupled with the practice of nepotism is the contract system, in which the former lives and breathes and spawns its young. Motion pictures have the unique distinction of being the only industry in the world which pays employes for doing nothing. The contract folly, like most of Hollywood's ailments, has its basis in greed. The instant a starlet rises on the film horizon, the studios are in full pursuit. The winner secures a contract denying the services of the newcomer to every other producer—except at a handsome profit. A good picture can be filmed in twenty days. Thus, if the studio is to obtain full value for its weekly expense, the new player must do at least fifteen pictures a year.

This, manifestly, is impossible. No star in Hollywood's firmament can appear oftener than twice a year without serious loss of popularity. Those able to dictate their own terms appear but once a year, and the greatest of them all—Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin—allows at least two years between pictures. To pay him a weekly salary commensurate with his worth for such a period would bankrupt the United States mint. Yet Mr. Chaplin, by preserving his principal asset, has piled up the largest fortune of all actors. Lesser stars can not be blamed for demanding their full pound

of contract flesh. They are forced to appear so frequently that professional death often occurs before expiration of contract. The loss here is a double one. The player is ruined, and the studio, during later stages of the contract, is paying a huge salary to a star whose drawing power has vanished. In effect, the studio has destroyed a valuable asset.

As a result of such stupidity, Hollywood has a vast army of executives, writers, directors and stars who remain idle for weeks and even months, while drawing three-figure salaries. The greater a studio's production schedule, the longer its contract list; ergo, volume increases rather than diminishes the cost per picture. Independents produce for fifty per cent less than major studios by the simple expedient of eliminating half the overhead. In keeping with the contract insanity is the studio practice of purchasing stories outright rather than on a royalty basis. Sizable fortunes go up the flue each year in the form of stories which never reach the screen. The enormous annual cost of incompetent relatives, idle contract artists and unproved stories offers some faint hint of the profits an intelligently managed studio might earn even in hard times.

Any corner grocer knows the cure: the employment of capable workmen only so long as their services are required. More specifically, the contract system will give way to the royalty system. Writers, directors and actors will receive moderate salaries while a picture is filmed, plus a share of the ultimate profits. Conscious participation in the financial fates of their employers will stimulate them to better work. They will be free to work only in those pictures which, in their judgment, will be successful. They will not be penal-

ized for having accepted a contract at a low figure during their early days; nor will the studio be penalized for having signed them at an extravagant salary during their decline. The quality of entertainment will rise, the profits will be correspondingly greater and production costs will be reduced by more than half.

THERE is yet another villain in the tragi-comic collapse of Hollywood. Whatever the artistic merits or demerits of the talking picture, one fact stands unchallenged: it is a grotesque and colossal failure at the box office.

Strangely enough, all important endurance records are held by silent pictures, despite the fact that the talkies were born and came to a respectable maturity while the stock market was still climbing. Movie-mad Los Angeles, with little competition from legitimate houses, offers a fair example. The average run of silent pictures in its Cathay Circle Theatre was fourteen weeks. The first ten talkies exhibited in the same house—during prosperity—enjoyed average runs of only six weeks and five days. Currently the house is dark. Mr. Sid Grauman kept his Egyptian Theatre open for five consecutive years, exhibiting during the whole period only twelve silent pictures. Although he now has the pick of the talkie crop, he finds it difficult to keep his more impressive Chinese Theatre lighted six months out of the year.

The box office, rightly enough, always has been the producers' holy oracle. They presently are being punished for disobeying the only intelligible message it ever delivered. The insistent demand for new talkies kept the studios creaking and groaning with activity. Increased production, thought the movie barons and their backers, meant in-

creased profits. Actually, they were earning considerably less per picture than during the silent era. It has taken them five years to learn the economic laws governing their business.

A motion picture is like no other manufactured product under the sun. The sooner an automobile or a suit or a typewriter wears out, the sooner the manufacturer can sell a new one, and the more money he earns. But motion pictures are something different. Durability, as reflected in long runs, is an absolute necessity with them. When extended runs change into short ones, more pictures must be filmed to produce the same gross income. If studios violate one sacred economic law in that the larger the volume the greater the unit cost, then they smash another even more sacred one in that the larger the volume the less the unit income. What industrialist or banker can understand such revolting heresy?

So it came to pass that while producers were tending congratulatory dinners to one another and purchasing theatres by the hundred and betting with the stock market that they were the geniuses of the New Era, Hollywood was producing itself into the poorhouse. The depression, with a necessary slash in admission charges and a decrease in the total number of customers, found the industry powerless to protect itself—as every other business did—by making a corresponding cut in production. If anything, an increase was in order, for pictures wore out more swiftly than ever.

In the course of filling the demand for first run features in metropolitan areas, an alarming surplus accumulated in neighborhood houses and less populous centres. To absorb excess pictures the double bill was summoned into



existence. The independents, seeing here a golden opportunity, manufactured cheap pictures especially designed to share a double billing, thereby making a bad condition considerably worse. To meet such competition the majors were forced to slash film rentals. The insane circle has continued until half a million dollars' worth of film entertainment may be had at any neighborhood house for fifteen cents—seven and one-half cents a picture. In such a transaction there is nothing but loss.

Nor was the domestic market alone in its shrinkage. Affected by the same evils which touched the American box office, the foreign market was dealt an additional blow by the loss of the silent cinema's universal appeal. When a Berlin butcher attends an American movie and beholds Greta Garbo as Mata Hari making love in guttural English with a Swedish accent to an oily Latin impersonating a Russian officer, he suddenly remembers the League of Nations and the abomination of Versailles, hastens from the theatre and never is seen again. Foreign customers all over the world have been hastening for five years now, and the end is not yet in sight.

Foreign sales which in silent days supplied approximately fifty per cent of the gross income of an American picture now account for little more than twenty per cent. Indeed, only 37,732 of the world's 62,038 cinema houses are wired for sound at all. They can be supplied successfully only by separate pictures, for a talking film minus its sound track is wholly unintelligible. If a talkie is to reach the market of 1926, it must be made in English, French, Spanish, German and as a silent—five pictures to produce the income which one formerly accounted for. It is not without reason that Chaplin's *City Lights* has earned

more money than any other film of the talkie era.

The sound revolution in America gave struggling European producers the breathing spell which they so sorely needed. That they have taken full advantage of it is evidenced by the fact that of the five major world studios showing profits during the last year, three were in Europe—Ufa, Gaumont-British and British International. German pictures are gaining on the Continent in almost direct ratio to the decline of American prestige. British companies are making heavy inroads in the colonies, the French have gained ground in Middle Europe and the Russians, of course, have their market all to themselves. It is safe to say that within two years foreign films—notably British—will be offering spirited competition in Hollywood's back yard.

Reasons for the strange apathy of the public toward talking pictures are as numerous as the sands of the sea. Every one has an opinion on the matter, and one verdict is as good as another. It is quite possible that movie-goers themselves do not understand why they retreated from speech even while their pockets were well stuffed. Perhaps it was an unconscious protest against the destruction of pure cinema. It may have been caused by the clumsy technique of the first sound films. If this be true, the trouble has been met by skillful correction of the sound camera. It may have been anything or nothing, but the fact remains that talk on the screen has no lasting qualities. It is the task of Hollywood executives and directors to justify their munificent salaries by discovering why these qualities are lacking, and speedily correcting the fault. Beside this problem, all other picture reforms are insignificant.

For the present, however, the town chooses to seek alibis, many of which are ingenuous and the most popular of which—the theatre situation—has a certain specious logic. One producer, who may be taken as a fair representative of his guild, recently wailed that although his studio is turning in a profit of \$100,000 a week, his theatres over a two-year period have lapped up that impressive sum and \$20,000,000 to boot! No one, so far as the record shows, asked him if the quality of entertainment he sold through his theatres might explain their lean receipts.

If producers are correct in blaming their accumulated woes upon their theatre chains, then poetic justice can go no farther. For the theatre organizations were built by brutal murder of independent exhibitors, unscrupulous strangulation of the legitimate stage and insane competition among the movie moguls themselves. That thousands of theatres now are in receivership and that all of them eventually will be divorced from studio ownership is a rare and long-deferred blessing. But it can not be advanced as a reason for the present financial chaos.

**B**ANKERS, nepotists, contracts and talkies—on four fingers one may count the leeches which have sucked a young and vigorous industry into a state of almost total paresis. Its vitality is so great that it could have resisted any two of them, or even any three, but it could not withstand them all. That it has endured thus far is the strongest possible tribute to its inherent strength. A less virile industry would have curled up its toes in one year instead of five.

Most of the hopeful signs—and

Hollywood is pathetically serious in its desire to retrieve its lost honor—must be qualified. The only exception is the dissolution of the theatre chains. For the rest, if one points out that the bankers are helping the situation by tending more strictly to their banking, one also must consider that the nepotists are as strong as ever. If one rejoices in the fact that salaries are coming down, one must mourn in the next breath the stubborn manner in which the industry shies from the ultimate sanity of the royalty system. And as for the talkie problem—no one has the time or money for experimentation until business picks up, and business shows no inclination to pick up until experiments have improved the quality and remedied the mysterious defects of the sound picture.

Perhaps Mr. M. C. Levee, who, as past president of the august Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, is privy to Hollywood's darkest secrets, was a true prophet when he declared to the press that "there is not enough money in the country to save an industry which is mentally and morally bankrupt." Assuming the truth of such a diagnosis, with its hint of complete liquidation and a fresh start, still the outlook is not hopeless. For when the crash comes and the dust settles and the bodies are dragged out, it will be discovered that the studios and their equipment are in fair condition. Only their status will be changed. They will be regarded as instruments by which ideas may be transformed into agreeable entertainment. Those who possess the ideas will be rewarded more richly than ever before. Those without them will, of course, return to the fish markets whence they came.



# No Quarter for Creditors

BY ELMER LESLIE McDOWELL

*Our bankruptcy laws are balm to debtors, politicians and lawyers, but the creditor gets five cents for his dollar*

“THE easiest thing in the world is to get in debt.” So runs the old adage; but its force has been spent in the United States, for the easiest thing in this country is to get *out* of debt. All one needs to do is file a petition in bankruptcy. A weak, inefficient Federal structure does the rest. The bankrupt emerges in a comparatively short time blithely proclaiming with the miller of the Dee that he owes no man. In fact, if he is shrewd enough, the bankrupt may come out with a little money on the side; or, if shrewder still, may even get rich by going broke.

Credit losses have always been high in the United States, as is usually the case in an unsettled, rapidly-expanding country; but subsequent to the World War the business of going broke in order to get rich developed at a tremendous rate. Shady gentry found it easier to steal from creditors than to rob a bank. Buying goods on credit and then going into bankruptcy became an organized business. And perhaps there is little reason to wonder at the prevalence of the plague when one considers that the maximum penalty under the national bankruptcy act is five years' imprisonment. In practice, however, the usual sentence is a year and a day; and

there are innumerable ways of escaping punishment altogether. Bankrupts have very little to fear from Federal prosecutors, for the actual number of convictions under the law is less than 100 a year, although certain authorities have estimated that at least thirty per cent of the 60,000 cases concluded in the district courts each year contain elements of fraud sufficient to secure conviction.

So serious had the situation become that in 1925 the National Association of Credit Men established a fraud prevention department, which has obtained 2,655 indictments and 1,381 convictions since its inception—a much better record than the Federal Government. This phase of the association's work has progressed to such a point that a “commercial crime belt” has been mapped, which, for the current year, is said to be concentrated over New York, New Jersey, New England, eastern Pennsylvania, Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana.

THE national bankruptcy act of 1898, with its several amendments, is a “debtor's law.” The recent revision of the law, known as an “emergency” measure, which became effective in April of this year, still further lessens the rights of creditors.

During the fiscal years 1921-32, inclusive, some 548,786 bankrupt cases were administered in Federal courts under the national bankruptcy act. The liabilities involved aggregated the tremendous sum of \$8,947,855,000, against which creditors (including those holding collateral as well as general creditors) received \$706,342,000, or approximately 7.9 cents on the dollar. The number of cases increased from 15,200 in 1921 to 63,502 in 1932, while the liabilities rose in the same years from \$171,284,000 to \$1,260,230,000. But while it is customary to attribute the vast increase in the number of cases during this period to abnormal conditions which prevailed throughout the United States, it isn't quite so easy to explain away the laxity shown in the administration of those cases during the same period. In 1921 creditors received 13.1 cents on the dollar, but returns fell off year by year, until during the fiscal year 1932, creditors of all types received only five cents on the dollar. If the present trend continues, it may be said that within a few years a creditor holding a claim against a bankrupt estate need not even take the trouble to file it.

The Department of Commerce, in coöperation with the Institute of Human Relations and the Law School of Yale University, made a study of bankruptcy among wage-earners. The report, issued last April, is one of the most sharply worded documents emanating from that department in recent years, and is a severe indictment of the prevailing system. After noting an increase of 414 per cent in the number of bankruptcies among wage-earners from 1920 to 1930, compared with a sixteen per cent increase in population, the report says:

"The bankruptcy court has increas-

ingly become a dumping ground for the refuse of poorly managed personal affairs of consumers and a sanctuary where debtors may obtain cancellation of their debts, regardless of how they may have wasted their property, or how fraudulently, extravagantly or improvidently they may have created obligations."

The study was made of the cases in the metropolitan area of Boston from November 30, 1930, to June, 1931, and the analysis revealed the bankruptcies to be due to the following causes:

Extravagance . . . . .	28.2 per cent
Evasion of judgment debts..	15.4
Avoidance of liabilities on foreclosed real estate. . . .	13.5
Decreased incomes. . . . .	13.2
Domestic misfortunes. . . . .	12.4
Speculation in stocks or real estate . . . . .	7.1
Business involvements. . . . .	5.3
Dishonesty . . . . .	4.9

The department's recommendations included a denial of discharge to extravagant debtors until at least fifty per cent of the debts are paid, and absolute refusal of discharge to debtors who have speculated.

Equally sharp reflections on the system were contained in the special report of Solicitor General Thacher in the early part of 1932. After stating the primary purpose of the law as providing a medium for the ratable distribution of the assets of insolvent debtors, Mr. Thacher said:

"The law does not obtain its objectives. It encourages and facilitates fraud on the part of insolvent debtors. It permits the exploitation of its own process. Its administration is expensive, slow-moving and unsatisfactory to the business community.

"Discharges are shown to be customarily granted without consideration



or knowledge of the facts and in most cases without any inquiry regarding the conduct of the bankrupt. The demoralizing effect of all this, not only upon trade but upon standards of business honesty and integrity is only too obvious."

After animadverting on the complete confusion of administrative and judicial functions, which has burdened the purely business task of realization and liquidation with unnecessary expense, Mr. Thacher continued: "All this has brought the law into disrespect, has deterred business men of training and experience from participating in its administration, and has very largely turned the administration of business matters over to lawyers who, frequently underpaid for important legal services in bankruptcy, necessarily seek to charge for the time spent in routine and business details as for professional services."

The report recommends that the bankruptcy act be amended to provide for the amortizing of payments by bankrupts out of future earnings; the liquidation of property under assignment to a trustee, without the necessity of complete bankruptcy; examination of every bankrupt, a full report of the facts to the court, with a stricter limitation on discharges; compensation of trustees to be put upon a basis such as would attract the services of a trained business personnel with sufficient organization to "conduct the business of realization and liquidation promptly and efficiently and to the satisfaction of the creditors"; and that the choice of trustees should be limited to competent individuals or organizations who have previously qualified by order of the court after inquiry as to their qualifications. Strangely enough, although the last amendment to the bankruptcy act was a develop-

ment of this report, all of the important recommendations were dropped by Congress before the measure was enacted; so that the law still remains the easiest way of "getting out from under."

THE administration of bankrupt estates is under the general supervision of Federal judges in the eighty-two districts into which the United States is divided. The immediate supervision of such cases rests with the 530 referees in bankruptcy, who are appointed by the district judges for two-year terms. When a petition in bankruptcy is approved, the usual procedure is for the district judge to appoint a receiver or custodian pending formal election of a trustee. The sole duty of the receiver is to conserve the assets until, at a special meeting called for that purpose, the creditors elect a trustee, whose duty it is actually to liquidate the estate. The process of liquidation has been so bound up with "red tape," that the administration of insolvent estates is largely under the control of lawyers. Since both the receiver and trustee are permitted to avail themselves of legal services, it is thus seen that four sets of fees must be paid out of the assets of every estate before creditors receive a dividend, without considering the other expenses of administration which are substantial.

Numerous suggestions have been made from time to time for improving the administrative feature of the bankruptcy law, but political pressure has always proved stronger than reform movements. In 1924 a plan was outlined recommending the appointment of official receivers for a term of five years. Commissions and fees were to be paid into the United States Treasury, and receivers were to be paid a salary in lieu of commissions. The defeat of

the plan was attributed to politicians who found in bankruptcy practice a lucrative form of patronage.

Occasional scandals have broken out concerning the misuse of bankruptcy funds, but nowhere have they been quite so grave as the disclosures in the Southern District of New York in late 1928. It was disclosed that a "bankruptcy ring" was operating in New York City. Shyster lawyers were using the inefficient system not only to bleed creditors, but to throw solvent firms, temporarily embarrassed, into bankruptcy. Inventories were falsified to appear lower than they actually were. Auction sales were "rigged" so that only members of the "ring" were present at sales, and thus valuable goods came into the hands of the schemers. By the machinations of certain attorneys, the elections of trustees were often "steam roller" affairs. And by collusion with bankrupts, final settlements were sometimes delayed for years, so that creditors became disgusted and agreed to compositions which afforded only a fraction of what was rightfully theirs. Not even the bench itself was spared by the ignominious disclosures. The final result was the resignation of a Federal judge, one suicide, the indictment of several receivers and the United States auctioneer, and the disbarring of a number of lawyers.

Faced with this condition of things, the district judges took the drastic step of designating a trust company as receiver for the district.

THE trust company found the task of building an organization capable of handling the bankrupt cases to be an enormous one. As training in bank routine resulted in no special qualification for the liquidation or operation of com-

mercial concerns, an entirely new personnel had to be recruited. Of the more than 100 employes making up the receivership division only three were formerly employed by the trust company. The head of the division was an executive brought in from the outside, who possessed broad administrative experience. His assistants were men who had been thoroughly trained in liquidation work. Expert accountants were brought in to set up controls for the assets of the estates. A legal department was established, and lawyers were set to work simplifying the thousand and one forms which the antiquated system demands. Collection experts were employed to build up a department for collecting the receivables. Merchandising executives were added, as well as auction-sales men who were familiar with every "trick of the trade," and well qualified to guard against a repetition of the evils of the old régime. Ignoring all other considerations, the trust company developed the division from the standpoint of good business organization. If anything, they overbuilt, for the operations for the first year resulted in a net loss of \$332,905. The cumulative net profit to the trust company for administering 1,680 cases during the period January 16, 1929, to September 30, 1932, amounted to only \$75,426. At the time of the appointment, creditors in the district were receiving barely fifty per cent of the realized value of the estates. In the fiscal year 1932, the return to creditors had increased to sixty-four per cent of the actual money value of the assets.

Although hamstrung by inflexible rules which prevented the application of perfectly obvious solutions to problems which begged attention, the trust company experiment has, nevertheless,



been successful enough to win the approval of every important trade association and civic organization in the City of New York. In other words, those primarily interested in obtaining economy, efficiency and security of administration under the bankruptcy law are satisfied that the action of the district court in appointing a corporate receiver goes as far in solving the problem of receiverships as judicial power can of itself go. But all groups haven't been so ready to support the arrangement.

From the very beginning, the plan was opposed by the forces which operated under the old system. For a long time the opposition took the form of grumbling; but the recent issue of a report showing the results of trust company operation, with comparative figures for administration by individuals, became the signal for open rebellion. Peculiarly enough, all of the opposition came from lawyers. The Federal Bar Association of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut issued a report minimizing the trust company results. The New York County Lawyers' Association and the bar associations of the counties making up Greater New York circulated petitions protesting against the "monopoly"; or, it would be more correct to say, a number of lawyers in these associations circulated the petitions, for the more prominent attorneys have consistently supported the district judges in their appointment. Still the petitioners were strong enough to have a demand made in Congress for an investigation of the concentration of receiverships in New York; and in the closing hours of the last session of the New York State Legislature three bills were rushed through which would amend the State banking laws, judiciary law, civil practice act and the general corporation law,

and were obviously designed to force judges, both State and Federal, to return to the practice of appointing individuals to act as receivers and trustees.

Spokesmen for the lawyers have said that the present contest is "a fight being waged for the right of business men to pick out their own representatives who are to administer the insolvent estates of bankrupts, to whom these business men have given credit." It is an interesting fact that while the lawyers are waging such a bitter fight on behalf of the business men, the business men themselves are lined up solidly on the other side. The New York Credit Men's Association, the Merchants Association and the New York Board of Trade have been in the vanguard of those opposing the demands of the lawyers.

At hearings held before the Governor of New York on the measures to bar corporate receivers, twenty New York City organizations were placed on record as in favor of continuing the present receivership system. At the same time, John Clark Knox, senior judge of the United States district court, joined leading members of the bar in urging the Governor to veto the measures. After reviewing the conditions which lead to the appointment of a corporate receiver, Judge Knox said:

"No plan can be devised to make receiverships 100 per cent perfect, but, in my opinion, the present system in effect in the Southern District of New York is the best in the country, and the best that can be devised until Congress provides something better."

TO OBTAIN an impartial view of the whole bankruptcy situation, the writer approached a prominent New York City attorney, who, though not

interested in practice on such cases himself, is known to be thoroughly conversant with all phases of bankruptcy procedure. After declining to enter into the present controversy, for personal reasons, he expressed himself quite freely.

"The action of the Federal court," he began, "was the only intelligent action they could take. And their appointee has done an excellent job in administering the cases. It is to be regretted that opposition has developed which has only a selfish motive. Fundamentally, however, there are certain valid objections to such appointments. While it is true that a good selection was made in this instance, it is by no means true that an equally fortunate selection would be made in other districts. Such appointees will always be under fire, not only from individuals but from corporate agencies as well.

"There are certain dominant aspects of the problem which we must consider when we try to determine definitely the final solution. In the first place, if we are to have proper administration of the law, we must have a general revision of the law itself. Its processes must be simplified and defined in a manner that permits no evasion. In my opinion, at least half of the present petitions in bankruptcy should not be allowed. I do not think that any wage-earner should be allowed to take advantage of the law, but, except in very rare instances, should be compelled to pay his debts, even if he

has to do so over a period of years.

"Next, I see little reason why there should be either individual or corporate receivers. It seems to me that it is a proper function of the Federal Government. A bureau in the Treasury Department, corresponding to the Comptroller of the Currency, could administer these cases far better than any one else. Such an arrangement would take care of the vast number of no-asset cases, which approximate nearly sixty per cent of all cases. The plan would also bring economy of administration, especially by eliminating most of the legal services now performed. If a debtor is honest and intends to deliver up his possessions for the benefit of his creditors, a lawyer isn't necessary; for it is incumbent upon both judge and referee to protect the interests of the bankrupt.

"The idea that creditors must be allowed to choose a trustee to liquidate the estate is erroneous. Federal receivers of banks have, in the main, been very efficient and singularly free from criticism; yet bank creditors have no voice in the appointment of a receiver. I see very little basic difference between the two types of receivership, since both are administered under national acts."

"But," I asked, "what prevents the adoption of such a plan?"

The lawyer gazed fondly on a full-length portrait of Daniel Webster that adorned the wall of his spacious office, and after a little while turned and uttered the word, "Politics!"





# Nez Percé Harvest

BY H. W. WHICKER

*The religion of wheat*

THE Chinook is spring's first whisper to the frozen wheat hills of the West. A balmy breeze from the Pacific drifts up the canyons of the Columbia and the Snake and rises to a broad, high plateau on the southern end of the Idaho Panhandle, a prairie walled in by the Bitter Roots and the rugged ridges of the Salmon River country. The snow melts overnight. Rain sheets down. Rolling, treeless hills loom darkly in the mist. Buds burst on poplars around ranch houses and barns. Colts frolic after their mares. April brings wild flowers on every hillside. Gang plows open furrows in the stubble. This prairie was once dotted with the tepees of old Chief Joseph and his Nez Percé.

The Nez Percé Prairie is wheat land now. Other crops would doubtless thrive in its soil and climate; but the Nez Percé rancher, more typically Western than any other, looks with unmitigated contempt upon the garden plots and details of diversification. His agricultural viewpoint is one of broad acres and vast production limited almost exclusively to wheat. A field of less than a hundred and sixty acres would seriously cramp his style. To stretch, take a full breath, or turn around, he needs at least a section of

land. He has many horses, much machinery; and the routine of his daily life, from the morning when the first wild rose blooms in a canyon brake, through to the first snowflake of winter, has more of the spectacular in it than any other walk of Western life.

THE sun shines through the harvest haze with searing intensity. I have a suitcase and a roll of blankets, and I am waiting in a railroad station far up the Clearwater canyon, where a few homes cluster round an elevator and a store. A fat Nez Percé buck loiters in the shade of a cottonwood. Two squaws waddle off toward a colony of tepees. A tall figure under a Stetson strides my way, his teeth flashing against his tan as he calls out a greeting the more affectionate for his profanity. I grasp a caloused hand.

"Hello, Floyd!" I say, and refer to a recent exchange of telegrams we have had.

"Sure glad to see you, old man," he returns in crisp monosyllables. "Sort of figured you couldn't stay away. Been counting on you to tend separator on the combine. Well, we better be heading up toward the Prairie."

His dusty sedan comes to rest on a cable ferry—a freak of navigation seen

only on Western rivers. The ferry-man steers at an angle in the blue swirl of current, and the rush of water slides his craft along her cables toward a landing under the great bluffs just ahead. High above us, from the elevator to a distant point on the opposite rim of the canyon, are other cables. They belong to a tramway. I know that its steel baskets will soon be laden with sacks of wheat.

Floyd is a reckless driver. We skid around hairpin turns and figure-eights, a cloud of ochre dust trailing behind us and marking our course up the canyon wall. Suddenly the brakes screech, bringing us to a halt where the narrow road bends sharply round a point fifteen hundred feet sheer above the river. A pinto pony and a spring wagon bar further progress. The Indian driver and his squaw grin, not much concerned. Two races coöperate in shelving the wagon on the rocks. Floyd eases the sedan by, scarce a yard from the brink. We shake Billy Limping Bear's hand and wish him luck fishing in the hills. Billy grunts complacently, nips the flank of his pinto with a quirt and rattles on.

Another roar from the motor. We rise more than two thousand feet above the river in eleven miles. Floyd's mind is on the harvest.

"Got most of the old gang back this year," he says. "Old Jake, Andy and a young fellow up from the University to look after the header. Grain almost ready. Got upwards of five sections lined up, including my own—and more in prospect if we can get to it. Looks like a good run. Want you to spend the rest of the week tuning up the combine. Sure needs it."

We reminisce over other harvests we have had together. We race up a gulch, through a forest of second growth bull

and yellow pine. We labor over the last rampart of the canyon; and the gold of the Nez Percé wheat hills tosses against the blue of the sky, their backs glossy, their crests aflame with the light of a setting sun. The afterglow is fading into dusk when we turn into a familiar lane.

FLOYD and his men swathe out the first field and stack wheat hay for the horses. I overhaul the combine's forty-five horsepower motor, rebabbitt countless bearings, lace belts and make no end of adjustments. It is Sunday and, grimy and greasy, I am down in the feeder, screwing the last new tooth into the cylinder. Just outside, there is an explosion like that of a pistol. I glance out. Old Jake has forty feet of supple, braided rawhide in his hand, his eye on a pebble about that distance off.

Cocking his Stetson back over his mane of white hair, he squints and says: "Lookit, son."

The whip uncoils, its lash streaking out. There is another explosion, and the pebble bounds out of an upheaval of dust.

"You see," he drawls, "when I get so'st I can hit like that, I know the ho'ses are waitin', and the wheat's shatterin' dry. Hundred in the shade right now. We make the first round tomorrow—if you've got that rig ready."

Dawn. The rig to which Old Jake referred is a combine harvester. Its name, a Western localism, comes from the fact that it combines a threshing separator with a header about twice the size of that of an ordinary Eastern binder. It cuts, threshes and sacks grain in one process. Our combine is an eleven-ton Juggernaut drawn by thirty-two horses hitched in five teams of six each to a succession of whiffle-trees on a heavy chain known as a "hitch," and led by the



two most veteran and least temperamental, a roan and a bay.

These horses are Old Jake's immediate concern—he is the “skinner,” for no one on the Nez Percé “drives” horses, he “skins” them. Old Jake is perched on a little seat projecting out over the first team of six abreast. He has one line reaching to the bits of the leaders—one line for thirty-two horses, and he needs no more—unless it be the explosive retribution coiled up in the rawhide beside him. Floyd is seated on a table on the port side of the separator. He sews sacks with a sabre-like needle six inches long, a task for only the most nimble and enduring fingers. Andy stands beside him. Andy is the “sack-jig.” As the grain pours out of the twin mouths of the elevator, he must jig and wrestle and pummel more than two bushels of it into the sack, catch the sack by the ears when it is full, and set it between Floyd's knees. Andy's herculean wrists will deal with perhaps a thousand such sacks before the day ends. Our college youth, an English major already nicknamed “Red,” and just learning to swear floridly, has taken his position on the top deck of the separator before a wheel which resembles the steering wheel of a ship. A turn of this wheel raises or lowers the header in the grain. Red is the “header-puncher.” I am stationed directly behind him, on the bridge between the twin levers of the leveling device and beside the long brake arm.

The leveling device is of vast importance on the Nez Percé Prairie. The hills are too steep for the ordinary wagon, binder or tractor common to the wheat belts of Kansas or the Dakotas. Since a combine must have a special adaptability to a Nez Percé slope, it is mounted on three wheels, one in front, two on either side in the rear,

bull-wheels twenty inches wide, six feet in diameter and equipped with huge brakes. The leveling device, gear-driven by the motor when not in neutral, raises or lowers the right stern wheel, adjusting the combine to any angle up to forty-five degrees, and keeping the separator level. Such a mechanism makes it possible for a combine to cruise over hills where no wagon or other conveyance with fixed axles may go. While I have general supervision over the operation of the machine, I spend most of my time at the levers when we are in motion. If I find it necessary for some reason, perhaps a tangle of green grain, to drop down to the header, the “header puncher,” our scholarly collegian, attends to leveling and braking for me.

I start the motor and throw the separator in gear. There is a hum of machinery, then an “O.K.” to old Jake which he transmits to his thirty-two horses. We lurch forward a few yards and stop. The response from the horses is too uneven for such a critical “skinner” as Old Jake. A big sorrel is lazy, a bay fretful because of a horsefly. Floyd winks up at me. Old Jake's lash darts out to detonate where the fly was and perilously near a laggard flank. A propitiatory oath from Old Jake, and we have a team; and we move out to the first half-section.

The header swings into chin-high grain, cutting a twenty-foot swath. I watch the heads tremble like wounded things, fall back on the web, and rise lifelessly to the feeder. A snarl from the cylinder. The first dust of the harvest envelops us. The first sack is sewed, the first group of five sacks sent down the chute to the stubble.

Fifteen minutes later, Old Jake calls a halt, muttering something about the horses being green. Sweat drips from their bellies as he moves among them,

fondling their muzzles, calling each by name, and soothing them with oaths that only a prairie horse can understand and fully evaluate. Old Jake loves his horses. They love him.

The first round—another halt. I am busy with the grease-gun. The second round, and it is noon. We unhitch, each of us taking charge of a string of six or more; and, mounting, we ride to the water-troughs, where the bits are slipped. Soon we are tying the horses up at the feed-racks and breaking bundles of wheat-hay, during which "The Missus" calls from the ranch house.

We crowd round a tub and plunge our faces into its cooling waters. Half respectable, we troop in to a table heaped high with soda biscuits, roast beef, mashed potatoes, green vegetables and thick creamy pies; and our appetites are those of wolves. The hired girl is quick to observe Red's fraternity manners. Andy nudges me with a sly wink. Red blushes. I know that he will face a storm of banter later. I wonder if he can take it. We file out, full to the gills. I have a glimpse of a kitchen sink piled high with dishes, a reminder that "The Missus" has her harvest labors too; three times a day for perhaps sixty days she will minister to our hunger, face such a sink and never once protest.

Round after round, through sweltering heat we go, our faces black, coated with dust and smut, our eyes smarting and tears running; but we are happy, cutting ever deeper into grain. This wheat averages forty bushels to the acre. Nothing exceptional. I recall cuttings that have averaged fifty bushels over a section. The Nez Percé soil is deep, from fifty to a thousand feet, a rich volcanic ash, the West's most fertile farm land. These hills have yielded such crops for a generation and more,

and their productivity, unaided by fertilization, has not lessened. I marvel as the separator hums beneath me.

SUNSET—azure diffused in crimson and cadmium. We are tired, stiff and sore. We strew harness behind our horses. We curry them down while they munch hay at the racks. We gorge ourselves with heavy food. Night floats like a vapor over the Prairie. Andy sits silently smoking his pipe. One by one we saunter away to the stacks, unroll our blankets and lie down in the sweet smelling hay.

Andy makes his bed near mine.

"Had a good day to start things off," he says, yawning and settling back in his blankets. "Knocked out more than forty acres and a good seven hundred sacks."

"Never saw better wheat, Andy."

"Nope," he agrees, yawning again. "But that's the hell of it. We're on Floyd's land now. He's like all the other ranchers, since 1929—putting wheat in the sack for about half of what it costs to grow it."

"But why do they do it?" I reply.

Andy philosophizes: "I was in the artillery during the War. We had all kinds in our outfit, and we did all sorts of jobs. We did 'em because they was our jobs. Same here. Wheat's our job, profit or no profit. Wheat's our religion; we grow it for the growing, and harvest it for the harvest. Comes spring—hills all bare. We get out the gang plows, the harrows, the drills. Pretty soon the hills are green, wheat a-waving; then it's heading, and next it's turning. It's our life. Gets into our blood—that's why. Don't think I could live through a winter, if I didn't hear Old Jake cussing his horses through the harvest."



I console him with the thought that times are getting better, now that Roosevelt's in. There is no reply.

"Andy—?"

Utter silence. I hear Old Jake snoring on a neighboring stack. I listen to the sleepy munching of the horses. I gaze up at the stars, their light the pure cold light of diamonds. They are gone in a final yawn. When next I open my eyes, Andy and the rest—even Red himself—are among the horses, and there are sounds of currying and harnessing.

An uneventful week. We make the final round in Floyd's wheat, leaving nothing but stubble. The hills were not so steep there—a good place to break the horses in, get used to each other, and train Red in his duties at the header wheel. By Saturday afternoon we have moved over to a section along the canyon. Floyd calls it a week.

There are a pump and barrel of water in the machine shed. Here we treat ourselves to the positive luxury of a bath. After supper, we welcome "The Missus" to our company; and piling into the sedan we drive to Nez Percé, a lively little wheat town. One of our gang is missing.

"Where's Red?" grumbles Old Jake.

"You would ask that," quips Andy in the tone of one who understands human nature.

Since Red takes his literature and æsthetics seriously enough to parade them, it occurs to me that he is discoursing upon *The Faerie Queene* to a lass who, while subject to healthy animal urges, is too much of a coquette to appear bored—hoping, doubtless, that a scimitar moon will render our academic "header-puncher" human before a night intended for romance is gone. We dismiss Red from our minds. There's a

speakeasy where something more substantial than three per cent brew may be had. After that, we wander over to a crowded dance hall, and we are cavaliers to "The Missus," who is having the time of her life as we take turns whirling her away through the throng.

Monday morning brings the throb of the motor, the drone of the separator; and again we are the heart of a cloud of harvest dust, encircling the hump of a hill, the gears of the leveling device grinding incessantly. As we take a steep declivity, I throw my weight on the long brake arm, which alone keeps tons of machine off our loitering horses. Down in a hollow, the hitch grows taut; and that phalanx of horses charges up the incline of another wheat citadel, their mighty shoulders thrown against thirty-two collars, straining in their traces, dragging us after them—urged on by Old Jake's calm, sympathetic voice. Floyd's hands play like light over the mouth of a sack. Full sacks slide regularly down the chute in groups of five. Up—and up! Horses dripping, lathered white where the harness rubs. In moments such as this, one joins Old Jake in a love of horses. At the top we pause. I shut the motor off. Two hundred yards below, where the wheat land breaks into the scab-rock of the first canyon palisade, there is an abrupt and dangerous turn. Old Jake, Floyd and I wade through the wheat to this point, examining every foot of earth. We say nothing. We dread this turn in the first round as we have dreaded it in past years.

We wander out of the wheat to the brink, startling a blue grouse. A metallic whirr of wings traces his flight out over the canyon. The scene is breath-taking, beautiful even to us who are thinking of the harvest and of danger.

Half a mile down, the white water of rapids trails away in an emerald flow. Beyond, over that noble rent of earth, the forested foothills of the Bitter Roots rise to granite crags and quartz peaks. The eye searches infinitely into distance. Here the world is big, on a scale heroic; and in perspective we are insects.

Old Jake waxes poetic. "Floyd," he muses, "I like to stand here and just look and look. Ain't she deep? Hell, you could ketch a sheep by the hind legs here and heave 'im two miles."

"Horses all right, Jake?" says Floyd.

"Never been better, Boss."

"Think we'd better try that turn?"

"Sure—sure," Old Jake laughs, "we'll make it."

We retrace our steps in silence. Old Jake rubs the nose of a leader. He climbs back to his seat. I give the fly-wheel of the motor a turn. We start down. The back of Red's neck grows white through its dust as we near the turn. Red never flinches. Suddenly I like Red. The leaders pause where last we stood, each equine ear sensitive to Old Jake's voice. Thirty-two horses swing up to the right. One tug of a line and a soothing oath, and they are again in grain with never a jerk or a lurch. A jerk or a lurch would have meant disaster too fearful to contemplate. We draw away. I take my first breath of relief as we pass out of the danger zone. It is a hundred and ten in the shade, but there is gooseflesh on my face and forearms. No word is spoken.

THREE days pass—three days of the strange, robust intimacy and friendship of the harvest. Man and beast, we are a crew absorbed in action; and thus absorbed, those three days are to us routine and commonplace, though the

least of them, judged in perspective, holds more danger, more thrills of true adventure than any of us might find on an ancient sailing ship voyaging seven times around the earth. Our faces are gaunt, tanned to a leathern brown. The sun has cooked the last ounce of fat from our sinew. Arteries and veins are network on our forearms and wrists, as are arteries and veins network on the legs and shoulders of the horses we now regard almost as ourselves. "The Missus" and the hired-girl are established in a portable cook-shack on a flat of stubble near the lower end of the section. Floyd has hired a teamster to haul us water. We bed on straw at night. We are voracious at the table. From dawn till dusk we are relentless in the harvest.

Each round cuts twenty feet deeper into a coppice of heavy-headed grain, but such a swath is little against a section of land. We push on to the limit of our endurance and that of our horses. There are other sections ahead. It is the afternoon of the fourth day. The air is sultry, stifling. Not a wheat head sways.

We breathe our horses on the summit of a lofty eminence which, elsewhere, would be called a mountain. Off westward around Lewiston, where the Snake and the Clearwater have their confluence, white clouds are piling up and trailing blue shadows over the first fringes of the Prairie. There is a faint rumble of thunder. The least semblance of a breeze cools our cheeks, stirs in the chaff at our feet and waves over the grain.

"Looks like rain," I say to Floyd.

Floyd answers nothing. Old Jake calls to his horses. Andy's strong wrists jolt grain solidly into a sack. Red takes the header wheel.

An hour later we halt at the end of the round. Clouds fill the western



heavens. They are darker now, brilliantly rimmed with silver as the sun drops behind them. Lightning forks through a cumulous mass. The breeze freshens after a reverberation of thunder.

Floyd studies the weather. We are silent.

At last I venture: "Think we ought to try another round, Floyd?"

"What you think about it, Jake?" says Floyd.

Old Jake bites half a moon out of a plug of tobacco and tosses it down to Andy, after which each of us gets his turn at it.

"I dunno," he muses. "Storm a comin'. Might hit us. Then again, it might shift no'th. A wettin' won't do us no harm. Look at that wheat. Never seen wheat so dry. Rain comes, it'll shatter out'n them heads like shot. Hate to lose it. Think we'd better take a chance, and go as far's we can—I'm willin'."

"How about it, men?" says Floyd.

Our "O.K." is unanimous.

"All right, Jake," Floyd decides doubtfully.

The grandeur and sweep of an approaching thunder storm on the Prairie! The castles, cities and fortresses of myth change form in a growing tumult miles above. Light pierces walls of mist. The voice of thunder is ominous.

The horses move more briskly now. The air is moist and sweet, free of smut. We lumber over the brow of our highest hill and start down, the header deep in grain. The first raindrop spatters on my hand as I throw my weight on the brake arm. I gaze over the backs of our horses, banked on the hitch below, responsive to Old Jake's voice, slowly swinging up-slope in the turn. I am thinking of a menace worse than rain,

against which Old Jake has but one line to the bits of the leaders.

Suddenly there is a deafening thunderclap just above. I see a swirl of murk driven over the hilltops. A pellet of ice bounds off the boards at my feet.

"It's coming, boys!" cries Floyd. "She's got hail in her!"

Instantly we halt. I set the brakes, shut off the motor, and leap for the toolbox. Floyd is there before me. Each of us grabs a shovel. Frantically we dig pits in the earth before the bull-wheels until they settle down. Red is still at his header wheel, a little lost, otherwise imperturbable.

A flurry of raindrops, a sudden gale and the wheat is flat.

"Whoa, Bess—steady, Dick," I hear Old Jake's voice.

A missile of ice the size of a walnut hurtles down. I envision a stampede of screaming horses—a tangle of flesh and harness on the hitch. In a flash I seem to see a crazy lurch from our harvest Juggernaut as it turns over and bounds down upon them, the whole gathering momentum for the brink of the canyon still but a short distance below.

But Old Jake walks along his string, muttering curses, slapping the sides of his horses, caressing their muzzles. They stand like figures of bronze. A barrage of hail beats mercilessly upon their backs. "Steady, Dick!" urges Old Jake, clutching a rein. "Goddam you, Bess! There—there, Pete. Nothin' to it—nothin' to it, Nance!"

Caught by the spell of his voice, we rush to the separate teams of the string.

"Get away from them ho'ses, you panicky fools!" he roars. "Whoa, Nance—whoop. Steady Dick, you hellion."

We dodge back, through sheeting rain and hail. A streak of lightning

detonates nearby, its light blinding, its crash deafening. When next I open my eyes, I see distended nostrils and white-eyed equine terror. Old Jake's sodden Stetson droops over his stern, grizzled visage. His voice rises above the reverberation echoing down the canyon. Not a movement from the horses. Old Jake is supreme. I could weep for joy.

Then minutes later the sun shines through. The hail is white over many acres of headless grain and broken straw. Old Jake passes his plug of tobacco around. We unhitch the horses. We swing upon the backs of our mounts. We ride in silence to the feed racks and cook-shack. There are times when horses and men arrive at an understanding of each other that makes words redundant.

EARTH and wheat are dry. It is the afternoon of the second day after the storm. We have trouble ahead. Where the hills enfold a hollow, I drop down to the header to poke a tangle of grain up the web to the feeder, thinking that Red will attend to the leveling device. Red does, but Red gets the same sort of fever a hunter sometimes has when he sees his first deer curvet through the brush. It is a nasty spot for even a veteran. Red shifts the lever the wrong way. Instead of leveling, the gears grind the separator over. There is a shout. I leap away instinctively. We miss an upset by a miracle, due perhaps to the fact that chains and belts ball up and stall the motor. We are out of commission indefinitely.

Never have I seen any one so disconsolate as Red! He is speechless with shame. Floyd and I survey the damage. Two steel shafts are grotesquely twisted. Precious time is lost and poor Red wishes he were dead.

"Well, men," says Floyd, quite casually, "guess you'd better unhitch the horses and take 'em to the racks."

Floyd and I hold a consultation.

"Probably have to send to Spokane for two new shafts," he says. "That may take a week—hell, ain't it, to be laid up now."

"I'm beastly sorry, Floyd!" Red chokes.

"What you sorry about?" Floyd demands, smiling and nudging me as Red turns away. "It's not your fault—it's mine. I was crazy to rush things in a place like this—"

"Besides, Red," I interrupt, "I had no business down there on the header. It's my fault."

"No siree!" grunts Old Jake, unhooking a tug. "I'm shoulderin' the blame. I oughter had sense enough to stop the ho'ses. I'm al'ays gettin' you in a mess like this, Floyd."

"Say, Red, this ain't nothing," Andy breaks in, chin deep in prevarication. "Same thing happened a dozen times last season—sure enough."

I suppress a laugh. Our first concern is that Red should feel badly. Red is tragic.

"Floyd," he decides, "I guess I ought to quit."

"You quit?" cries Floyd, thunderstruck. "Hell, kid, you're the best header-puncher I ever had. If I ain't paying you enough, say so; and I'll give you more."

There are tears of gratitude in Red's eyes. He swears frightfully to keep from blubbering.

"Floyd," I suggest, as the men leave with the horses, "I can use a lathe. There might be one in Nez Percé."

"There is," he approves. "We'll pull this mess apart and see what you can do."



We take possession of a machine shop in Nez Percé. I beat a white-hot shaft into shape on the anvil. We put it in a lathe. It is midnight when we are done.

It is far past midnight when we return to the combine. We work with wrenches and flashlights through the remainder of the night, laughing our exhaustion away. Dawn is breaking when we approach the straw piles behind the cook-shack. We drag three sleepy mortals from their blankets.

"One hell of a gang!" cries Floyd boisterously. "Here we are, ready to go again—and not a horse harnessed."

We scrub the grease and grime from our faces and hands. We fill up on ham and eggs and soda biscuits. The horses are again on the hitch. Red takes his post at the header wheel.

"O.K., Jake!" I call. The header takes its twenty-foot toll of the wheat heads. Floyd's needle flashes over the mouth of a sack. The dust of the harvest rises about us.

AUGUST. September. Red leaves for his senior year in the University, from whence he will come forth with the golden key of Phi Beta Kappa. His place is taken by a man from the Walla Walla country. October, and more than sixty days of the harvest are behind us. We have left stubble of more than three thousand acres. We have sacked 120,000 bushels of prairie gold.

The mornings are frosty. A red sun sinks in the western haze. We make our last round of the season. I see the combine standing on the skyline of a hill,

Brobdignagian, out of all proportion in the afterglow.

I say good-bye to "The Missus" in the morning. She tells me that Floyd will start the men at fall plowing and seeding, then he will take her to the California beaches for the winter. She is tired, happy. All of us are tired and happy.

I shake hands with Andy and Old Jake. I take one last look at the horses. I seem to be leaving home.

Floyd drives me over to a point on the canyon rim, where men are sending wheat down the tramway. I throw my roll of blankets into one of the steel baskets and climb in on top of it.

Floyd reaches up and grips my hand. "Coming back next season?" he asks.

"What you think?" I reply.

"You'll be here."

The baskets are moving out over the pine tops of the first canyon brake. An instant later I look two thousand feet down into the river. The elevator is like a toy house in playland below. The baskets sway on the cables, as in other years when myself and others have made this departure from the Prairie. There is the thrill of winged flight about it. For me it is the grand climax of the season. Smoothly my basket slides down the incline the cables make in empty space. I am at the elevator.

I wait a little while. There is a distant whistle. I board a canyon "rattler." I watch river and bluffs go by. I know that life will never go into a total slump as long as there are men and wheat on prairies like the Nez Percé.

# Shelter for America

BY CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

*Our biggest and most important industry, despite the New Deal, is still in woeful need of attention*

THOREAU had a way of exploding thoughts with devastating effect. It was as if a hand grenade had obliterated Verdun. Long before the Civil War he had this to say:

I think that I speak within bounds when I say that, though the birds of the air have their nests, and the foxes their holes, and the savages their wigwams, in modern civilized society not more than one-half of the families own a shelter. In the large towns and cities, where civilization especially prevails, the number of those who own a shelter is a very small fraction of the whole. . . . It is evident that the savage owns his shelter because it costs so little, while the civilized man hires his commonly because he can not afford to own it; nor can he, in the long run, any better afford to hire. . . .

But how happens it that he who is said to enjoy these things is so commonly a *poor* civilized man, while the savage is rich as a savage? If it is asserted that civilization is a real advance in the condition of man—and I think that it is . . . *it must be shown that it has produced better dwellings without making them more costly*; and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run.

The problem of shelter has been the most backward of all the major questions confronting the nation in the past eight decades. As Thoreau stated it, so it remains to this day. A fact stands out:

the percentage of home ownership has steadily declined each and every decade since 1850. There have been no upturns in the curve in all those years.

Can it be that the desire for a home of one's own is disappearing from the category of our paramount wants? Do we have less per capita wealth than we had eighty-three years ago? Is less land available for home-making? Do we lack skilled labor to erect our houses for us? Is there such a serious shortage of building materials as to render home-building on a large scale impossible? Has the famed American standard of living been elevated to such a point that any possibility of owning a home is permanently destroyed?

Money has had a great deal to do with this situation, but not in the way one might suppose. We have had plenty of money for home-ownership, but it has been diverted from this use. The national wealth has increased fifteen times since 1850, three times as fast as the population. The per capita wealth has jumped from \$480 (taxable wealth) in 1850 to \$3,800 in 1930. Wealth in terms of materials available has increased at a much faster rate as human productivity has been multiplied by machinery.



Thoreau's laborer bought an eight-hundred-dollar house. His daily wage was one dollar and Thoreau estimated that it would take him from ten to fifteen years, even if he had no family (half of his working lifetime), to pay for it. The cost and the amount of the daily wage have changed, but it still requires from ten to fifteen years of any wage-earner's time to pay for a house, whether he saves up in advance and pays cash, or buys on the instalment plan.

In the main, our financing facilities are just as cumbersome and antiquated as they were in 1850. Easy credit of present-day sorts may come in the friendly guise of helpfulness, but too often it turns out to be otherwise. A small down payment and a friendly pat on the back may turn out to be a kick in the pants with a staggering load of high interest charges, premiums, fines, fees, dues and renewal charges added to the monthly burden.

Our mortgage laws are woefully out of date, running far back of Mr. Blackstone's *Commentaries*. That fact is responsible for much of the trouble. It is true that our statutes have nibbled away at the main portion of real property law, but the central kernel of the ancient theory concerning the sale of real property remains intact. Some progress has been made in every other human activity that converges in the market place, but the acquisition of a home has been forced to conform to a set of rules farther out of date than the tallow candle or the ox team. We have not geared mortgage-financing to the times in which we live, and that failure accounts in large measure for the steady decline in home-ownership.

Vast amounts of capital are available to finance the sale of chattels. Why? Be-

cause the law has caught the spirit of the market place and has so framed its regulations as to encourage the entrance of capital into that field. All you have to do is sign a note and a chattel mortgage. The whole transaction is handled by the salesman who took your order, and you seldom even know who furnished the money to finance you. If you fail to live up to your agreement to make regular payments the seller will take the article purchased away from you—"repossess it"—and you have no recourse worth mentioning.

The whole crux of the matter rests on the fundamental attitude of the law towards the two transactions. In the case of the sale of a chattel, the law's attitude is that the seller must be protected to the last ditch; it throws all of its safeguards around him—therefore capital is attracted. The exact reverse is true of the law's attitude in the sale of real estate; it throws the weight of its protection around the buyer. He must be protected in his "homestead rights," and even though he defaults on his first payment, periods of redemption delay the ability of the seller to recover his property anywhere from six months to three years, depending upon the jurisdiction. This makes capital timid; it is the reason why the real estate mortgage debt is divided into several portions to spread the risk, whereas the chattel mortgage debt is generally in one lump, covered by one instrument and one cost.

One of the wonders of our business history is that home-ownership has done so well under such an antiquated and expensive system as this. How many automobiles could have been sold during the past twenty years if it had been necessary to finance their purchase on the same terms as real estate? The sagacity of the building materials industry,

the realtors, the bankers themselves—indeed all who depend primarily upon the home for a market—is seriously impeached by a mere statement of the situation.

Capital, by flitting in and out the small residential field, has been the principal cause of periodic residential building booms. These booms, contrary to general opinion, have not been due to irregular demand on the part of the public. The demand for homes is regular, orderly and constant. It has a direct relation to population growth and can be accurately gauged. It isn't the demand that has been irregular; the irregularity has been in the flow of capital to meet that demand.

Finance must recognize that it has a duty to perform, which is to provide an orderly flow of credit in the small residential field. It must stop rendering merely lip service to the virtues of home-ownership, and actually provide the means by which an increasing percentage of our family population may become home-owners. But finance can not be expected to do it all, or to do much of anything until our archaic legalistic theory concerning the sale of real estate is junked, and a new one set up more in keeping with the spirit of the times. The ideal towards which finance and the law must work is: (1) a uniform system of mortgage laws throughout the States; (2) reduction of periods of redemption to a minimum consistent with fair rights to both seller and buyer; (3) the elimination of the second and lesser mortgages entirely, and the merging of the mortgage debt in one instrument; (4) the entire elimination of the short-term mortgage and the adoption of a fifteen-year, monthly amortized mortgage covering seventy-five to eighty-five per cent of the purchase price; and (5) the elim-

ination of high-rate, speculative interest charges and the substitution therefor, as a national policy, of low-rate, non-speculative charges.

IN 1926, the last normal building year we had, the construction industry as a whole paid out a total labor bill in excess of three billion dollars. In ordinary building years, it is the key industry so far as the absorption of food-stuffs, raw materials and labor is concerned. It would seem, then, that any attempt to get back to national prosperity should start here.

The building industry itself has not progressed in the past eighty years to much better advantage than finance or the law. It has grown by main strength and awkwardness. It has organized itself almost wholly in the direction of commercial and public works construction, and has passed by the small residential field as if it were a poor relation. Yet the ups and downs in residential construction have been the tail that wagged the whole building dog. If there was activity in that field, the industry as a whole experienced a good year.

Finance has been attracted to commercial construction because ways and means have been found to eliminate many of the evils surrounding small house construction. An apartment housing a number of families can be constructed in one operation and the profit taken in one lump. The device of a bond issue to facilitate financing has been worked out in the case of the larger project, while it does not apply to smaller, individual units. Costs of construction, materials and the like, are better controlled in the case of a centralized unit than on scattered, unrelated units. Higher standards of inspection are maintained.



Yet this is a short-sighted policy and has operated over the years to bring about a greatly restricted market. It has tended to force larger numbers of our family population into rented quarters. Not the least of the fault has rested with the building materials industry. It has, in many respects, been the most backward segment in the whole chain. In an age when a great volume of business transacted has been on the partial payment plan, it has made little effort to provide credit on that basis and thereby actually compete for the family dollar. It has sat by and permitted new family wants to be built up by new industries almost solely on the basis of easy and attractive credit.

From a merchandising standpoint it has been old-fogy. It has clung to the lumber-yard ideal of selling its products. It has made it as hard as possible for the small home-builder to secure the necessary materials with which to erect his domicile. He has had to buy his lumber and roofing materials at one place, his hardware at another, his plaster, cement and lime at another, and his paint, varnish and glass at yet another. In a day when the department store idea of merchandising was universally more and more applied to every other industry, this one sat down and waited for the prospective small home-builder to beat a path to its several doors.

This gave the jerry-builder his golden opportunity. He provided easy credit, and he assembled the house and made it attractive enough to pass muster. He saved the purchaser trouble, yet both the purchaser and the building materials industry paid down their noses. The purchaser bought a white elephant, and the building materials industry lost in tonnage, in profit and in prestige. It would seem that consolidation of groups

of manufacturers producing the materials necessary for a complete house must take place, or else fabricators who do not manufacture but who assemble houses will appear in the field. Economic necessity is the mother of trade movements as well as of invention.

We have in this country approximately 29,000,000 families. At least 45.6 per cent of these families own their homes, or are buying them. We may set aside, therefore, 12,825,000 families as not being immediate prospects for new housing; however, 16,175,000 families remain that have never achieved home-ownership. Not all these families can be committed to that programme—but it should be possible to raise home-ownership to eighty per cent within ten years, if concentrated effort towards this end were made by finance, the building industry and business generally. This means an addition of 10,150,000 families.

If this were done within ten years—and it is a problem by no means as complex as many that have been solved within the past decade in merchandising—it would mean a volume for the period, conservatively estimated, of \$50,750,000,000. In addition, we should require a minimum of 350,000 new homes a year to take care of the new families coming into being, or 3,500,000 additional dwellings having a value of \$17,500,000,000.

From 100,000 to 250,000 dwellings out of the 12,825,000 now owned would become totally obsolete each year and would need to be replaced. If we take the smaller figure, and it is conservative in view of the jerry-building that has been going on the past twelve years, it would mean a total of 1,000,000 additional dwellings, having a construction value of \$5,000,000,000. The remain-

ing 11,825,000 owned houses, the majority of which are from fifteen to thirty-five years old, would require during the next ten years a minimum expenditure of \$500 each to keep them in repair. This takes no cognizance of modernization or alteration, which most of them would need; we will leave that matter, which in 1930 accounted for over \$500,000,000 worth of work, entirely out of the picture. Repairs alone, therefore, would add \$5,925,000,000 to our building budget for the next ten years. The grand total would be \$79,175,000,000, or approximately \$8,000,000,000 every year for the next ten years. Thereafter we could look for an annual volume of \$2,850,000,000 in the small residential field—approximately what it has been in the past in good building years.

Eight billion dollars a year in the small residential field would be more than double anything that has ever been expended in that field in a given year; it would exceed the average annual total of the whole construction industry in good years, which seldom runs over seven and one-half billion. At least forty per cent of this total would be paid to labor in wages—a more potent Reconstruction Finance Corporation than has yet been devised at Washington. We should have an agency spending as much in wages every year as the total capital voted the Washington Corporation. Wages are what we need; wages denote purchasing power, and purchasing power in the hands of labor means a true reconstruction of agriculture, industry and business.

My figures are based upon the supposition that the houses built would not exceed \$5,000 in cost. It is a field that has been almost totally ignored by the building industry: the great mass of

families who can not afford more than fifty dollars a month for shelter. For ten years I have been warning the building industry that its future market lay in this field, and for a long time I was looked upon with suspicion. Yet while I was being told that a habitable house could not be built at \$5,000 or less, the average value of all owned homes in the United States was only \$4,638.

THE effect constructive and unified effort along this line would have upon business prosperity generally is almost beyond calculation. It would, for one thing, extend the boundaries of the American market. Let me illustrate: Experience has shown that if a family is persuaded to leave an apartment and move into a detached house of its own, the floor area occupied by that family will increase by at least two rooms. If we can persuade 10,150,000 additional families during the next ten years who are now renting to buy homes of their own, it will mean that as a minimum they will occupy 20,300,000 more rooms than they do today.

To demonstrate how renting actually contracts the American market, suppose we take a concrete case: We have an apartment house housing 100 families. One piece of land has been sold by one realtor on which to house 100 families. That land is no greater in extent than the land that would be needed for a bungalow housing one family in the suburbs; the potential real estate market has been contracted from 100 down to one, and the real estate occupied *per family* has been reduced to an infinitesimal point.

One roof is placed over the heads of 100 families; the roofing sold *per family* is contracted from its potential of 100 individual roofs to a point where it



amounts to practically nothing. When we bear in mind that those 100 families occupy a minimum of two rooms less per family than they would have occupied in a detached house, the magnitude of the contraction of the boundaries of the American market begins to sink in. The building industry lost the construction of those two rooms; the furniture industry lost any opportunity to furnish those rooms; they will never be painted, papered, carpeted, tiled or paneled; they will never be insulated; windows will never be installed, nor radiators, metal lath or plaster.

Just such contraction went on at an alarming rate in the period from 1921 to 1926, when residential construction largely dried up. The percentage of one-family dwellings constructed from 1921 to 1926 decreased by approximately eight per cent. In the same period the percentage of multi-family dwellings increased by exactly twenty-one per cent.

The building industry is not the only industry that is affected by this contraction. Labor, of course, has lost in wages and earning power, but the contraction overflows the building industry and reaches every business that must look to the American home for the ultimate outlet of its products. The motor industry was talking about the two-car family when the chill winds of economic winter blew down upon us. The success of that thought demands that the American family acquire a detached house in the suburbs where two cars are more nearly a necessity. The food industry has been concerned at the decreasing per capita consumption of certain foodstuffs, notably meats and flour. The family in the suburbs is a better potential market for that industry than the family in an apartment. The latter family is likely to have a slim appetite and the delicatessen

habit; the family living in its own home, with lawns and gardens, will consume more food per capita; there will be more exercise, the play of the children will be more vigorous and more stimulating to young appetites.

HOWARD T. FISHER of Chicago has designed a house with two bedrooms, each large enough to accommodate twin beds; a large living room; a kitchen; bath; entrance hall; laundry space; dining nook; and ample closets and storage space. This house can be erected upon a building lot anywhere in the United States for \$3,500. A complete heating plant and all plumbing, with much of the necessary furniture, are built right into the house. Furthermore, when this house is "in production," it will be sold for \$2,500. It is financed on long-term paper at a low rate of interest, and the total monthly payments are only thirty dollars.

These houses are of steel construction, which explains much of the miracle. Steel is easily fabricated, comparatively cheap and provides great strength with lightness in weight. Design is very simple. The cheaper models are one story in height and floor plans are compact, based upon the best experience gathered in apartment house design. Roofs are flat, because they are cheaper to construct. Modern insulation makes them cool in summer and warm in winter, and waterproofing eliminates any possibility of leakage. The flat roof increases the living area of these houses fifty to 100 per cent at one-third the cost of the pitched roof.

Another saving in the Fisher house is accomplished by combining all plumbing fixtures in one wall panel, which is set in the house as a unit. Kitchens and bathrooms always "back up" against

each other. Cellars are eliminated, which results in a further saving averaging one-third the usual cost of such a house. The houses are erected on concrete slabs resting on small piles; these are ready within twenty-four hours. The walls are then set up by a crew of four men assisted by a small crane, and this is completed within another twenty-four hours. Meantime, plumbing units, heating plant, millwork and other heavy interior features are set in place before the roof is laid. Within two days the shell of the house is completed, and within two days more the house is ready for the purchaser to move into. If he tires of his model, it may be taken down and a new one erected within six days.

In Cleveland, Mills G. Clark has worked out a plan for a frameless steel house which embodies recognized engineering principles. Mr. Clark uses rolled sheet steel for his wall panels. Box-like corrugations, or channels, are pressed length-wise in sheets to give them greater strength and rigidity. These channels are two inches deep by six inches wide. Sufficient flexibility is provided so that any dimensions can be taken care of in assembling the walls. The wall panels are fabricated at the factory and window or door frames are then inserted. These panels are made "house-high," and this makes for economy in erection. There is no waste in construction; no cutting or fitting on the job. This eliminates a large item, the Department of Commerce claiming that fifty-three per cent of the cost of building a house is wasted in materials and labor due to piecemeal methods. Mr. Clark agrees to put the roof on his frameless steel house in any eight-hour day.

Since the panels come "house-high,"

they are quickly erected and easily welded in place. "Spot-welding" is done and a weld is completed every five seconds. The completed wall weighs an average of two pounds per square foot; although light it has tremendous strength and rigidity.

Thick one-inch insulating board is nailed to the outside walls and on top of this porcelain enameled shingles are placed, although any other exterior finish might be used. The same insulation is nailed to the inside walls. Ceilings are finished with acoustical tile, and the flat roof is waterproofed and designed for year-around living and play space, a portion being glassed in and heated. Mr. Clark's house sells for \$5,000 and contains many features and conveniences not now found even in the most expensive homes. For instance, windows are placed on the principle of the automobile window; they roll up and down, and to the upper edge is attached a roll-screen, which automatically comes in place as the window is opened.

Those who are behind the factory-fabricated house idea have taken a sane view of the whole housing problem. They have realized the importance of ample credit, a policy of low interest return upon mortgage funds and the simplification of the mortgage itself. They have tackled the problem of furnishing a completed unit of shelter, with the least bother and cost. Design is now in the Model-T stage, but it will improve as experience grows in handling new materials on a factory basis. The competition which will be provided by factory-fabrication will necessitate a complete change of practices in the home-building and home-financing fields.

During the past ten years in this



country, more than ever before, we have been faced with a choice of two ideals of family life: the detached house, or the multiple dwelling under one roof. The adoption of the latter meant a constantly restricted boundary for the American market. Concerning the change in social ideals it brought about there is no room here for discussion, but all our training has pointed in the past towards the Anglo-Saxon ideal of a detached house;

it is there and there only that the conception we have had of individual integrity can reach its fullest expression. It is only in such an atmosphere that the family can wholly and completely express its individuality as a family.

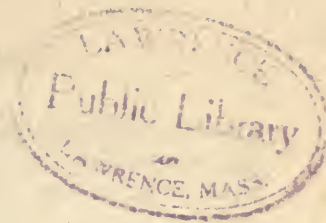
By "saving" this ideal of home life, we not only reëstablish our traditional family goal, but we save our markets, our national well-being; indeed, we save ourselves.

## The Periled Sycamores

BY ANNE ZUKER

Night after storm. Coyotes bay the moon  
Lanterned in branches of the sycamores,  
Which cling, a ghostly Amazon platoon  
With high-tossed arms, upon the freshet's shores.  
The winter rain and melting mountain snow  
Have changed the calm and idling summer stream  
To a wild torrent with an overflow  
That cuts the bank as surely as a ream.

The voiceless sycamores, leaf lorn and bare,  
Stand on the brink and feel the water creep,  
Eroding rain-drenched soil and feel it tear  
Their vital clinging roots. They strive to keep  
Scant lodgement in the earth, with stalwart hope  
That floods recede from their imperiled slope.



# International Plots

BY ROGER SHAW

*Horrors, new and old, for shiver-lovers*

LATE in February the Berlin police, under Hitlerite leadership, seized Karl Liebknecht House, the national headquarters of German communism. "Astonishing revelations" are said to have been made by the startled Schupos who participated in the raid. They had, it seems, unearthed an honest-to-goodness international conspiracy.

A network of subterranean passages extended in all directions from the mysterious building — access to which was obtained only through hidden doors opening to the pressure of secret buttons. In underground chambers there were thousands of printed pamphlets "exhorting the workers to violent overthrow of the existing government and giving instruction to German Communists in the methods employed by the Bolsheviks in the revolution of 1917." An alarm system was so arranged as to warn the Reds in the event of a police raid. The porter's room, it seems, had a mirror so arranged that this custodian could observe people in front of the building while he himself remained invisible. The porter, in case of need, could press a button which warned the inmates and automatically locked iron doors leading

to rooms of special guilt. Truants from the law were enabled to escape by a trapdoor into the subterranean passages — living to plot another day. Then came the fire in the Reichstag building!

Shivers of horror run up and down the spines of orderly bourgeois Berliners and New Yorkers and probably Hong-Kongese, as another proof of the great plot is substantiated. In some cases the shivers are not unpleasant, for the detection of fiendish international conspiracies is a time-honored sport. Plotters and their objectives come and go; but the shivers remain constant, descending from one generation to another.

My grandmother was firmly convinced of the actuality of a vast international conspiracy which centered in Rome. The Pope (insidious creature) was at the head of this, and the aim was the reclamation of a Protestant world to the advantage of the Vatican machine. Her ideology, of course, dated back to the alleged horrors of the Inquisition, to the horrid mysteries which were perpetrated behind the closed doors of nunneries and monasteries, and to certain financial aspects of papal tax-gathering. The United States, it



seemed, was an especial intended victim of Catholic duplicity — and the Irish immigration wave played its part in driving native sons into the Know Nothing movement, the American Protective Association, and the latterday Ku Klux Klan. America was, after all, a Protestant country — and must be kept so. The old Reformation slogan — “*Los von Rom*” — was invoked with considerable success.

The candidacy of Alfred E. Smith in 1928 served to reawaken the anti-Catholic hysteria, and the Pope was charged with complicity in the fell designs of the Democratic Campaign Committee of that year. “Rum, Romanism and Rebellion” were invoked for once with an admirable success; and the Catholic conspiracy was set back at least for the time being. Incidentally, the Papacy was supposed to be in sympathy with *Mitteleuropa* during the World War; and the Jesuit Order was linked (by at least one prominent writer) with German propaganda. Were not England and America Protestant, was not France agnostic and Russia Orthodox? And were not Austria-Hungary and South Germany Catholic? The ultra-Protestant Hohenzollerns, it seems, were quite forgotten. And the ultra-Catholic Belgians.

As a matter of fact, the international Catholic conspiracy is quite out of date. If you believe in it, you are old-fashioned and stodgy. To be in the mode, you must place credence in one of two up-to-date conspiracies: that of the Moscow Communists, or that of the munition-makers. If one is a conservative, one worries about the all-pervading Reds; if one is a liberal, one castigates the cold-

blooded shell-manufacturers who plot wars. Both, of course, are inhuman and utterly beyond the pale.

THE great Red conspiracy actually exists — on paper. It centres in the Third International, which disseminates propaganda, strikes, sabotage and revolution throughout the world. Everything that goes wrong — murders, earthquakes, floods, epidemics — are the work of this dastardly crew, who will stop at nothing. They are possessed of unlimited funds, of unlimited cunning and of ubiquitous agents who “raise hell just for the fun of the thing.” Dr. Albert Einstein appears to have been one of this clique, according to various patriotic organizations in America, and Count Karolyi and Member-of-Parliament Saklatvala were others upon whom the disfavor of patriotism fell with a dull thud. After all, the Third International makes no secret of its aims — and those aims *are* subversive in theory. Mr. Hamilton Fish and the D. A. R. believe that Moscow is efficient in practice; other authorities do not. Adolf Hitler is in full agreement with Mr. Fish, and so are many British Tories, Dutch Junkers, Italian Fascists, White Russians and French bourgeoisie. In short, nervous conservatives everywhere. If the Third International lived up to its ingenuous promises, they might be right. But does it?

The historical basis on which the international Communist conspiracy rests is the international Jewish conspiracy, which dates back to the Roman Empire and runs through the Middle Ages with a vengeance. Communists and Jews are inextricably

mixed in the popular mind, and with some reason. For Karl Marx was a Jew, as are Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Kaganovich, Litvinov and many other Reds of Russia, America and Germany. Jewish intellectuals are prone to revolutionary ideas after centuries of oppression; and as an international race, the international conception of Marxism undoubtedly exerts an appeal. In Tsarist Russia, for instance, the Jews suffered repeated pogroms. In Soviet Russia, they have held many important offices and are well thought of. Hitler, the anti-Semite, considers the Jews as potential Communists; and the Ku Klux Klan has never shown any special love for the race. Ancient Roman, medieval Spaniard and modern Hitlerite consider the Jews as dangerous radicals. It is most convenient. For those who dislike the Chosen Race can be up-to-date by calling them Communists; and those who dislike Communists have an historical background in classical anti-Semitism.

The liberals, on the other hand, are filled with vague terrors in regard to the sinister international of munition-makers. These plutocrats, it seems, gather from all countries in some convenient cellar. There is a map on the wall, and the representative of (let us say) Skoda puts his finger on some hapless area. "There," says he, "we will stage our next war. Then we'll all get richer than we are. Let the patriotic fools kill one another to fill our coffers." The rest agree, with enthusiasm. They are all there: Vickers-Armstrong, Schneider-Creusot, Krupp, Skoda, a dozen lesser concerns, the American munitions ring (what there is of it). On the

wall hangs a life-sized portrait of St. Basil Zaharoff, who is said to have had a finger in every pie which ever led to shooting.

These munitions worthies are supposed to be the arch-enemies of disarmament (naturally), of pacifists and of peace. They would, it is alleged, like particularly to stage an international capitalistic crusade against Soviet Russia — and its international Red-Jewish conspiracy — while at the same time they sell munitions to the Soviets to keep the broil going and the pot boiling. Strange to say, there are elements of truth in the munition-maker conspiracy, just as there are grains of veracity in that of the Communists. The French Comité des Forges undoubtedly has a far-flung influence, dislikes disarmament and has international connections through interlocking directorates. Hitler, who has had financial backing from the Rhenish steel barons, is perhaps not unpopular with the French steel trust, and with that of Czechoslovakia. There are weird tales of French armament sales to Germany and of German armament sales to France during the heat of the World War; and it is well to remember that the Napoleonic armies were generally equipped with British goods — to the detriment of the sweating Duke of Wellington. But an imaginative liberal, afraid of St. Zaharoff, is as inclined to exaggeration as an imaginative conservative, afraid of Stalin.

Gustav Krupp von Bohlen, who has a reputation for decency, has declared: "There is a fairy-tale spread all over the world that the munitions industry desires and works for a general increase in armaments.



With reference to this question I give you frankly my opinion based upon personal experience. I value far more highly the effects of a generally favorable economic situation due to peace throughout the world than I do any profit from possible scattered and intermittent orders for war materials. Therefore, as a business man, I am of the opinion that international disarmament must be the general aim."

It may here be added that, according to reliable sources, the harmless "lunatic fringe" is now being kept happy in the Third International of Moscow. The abler Reds are constructively employed in pushing the five-year plans. These ex-propagandists have beaten their speeches into ploughshares. Hence, let the American Civil Liberties Union and the Woman Patriot Corporation still their beating hearts and high blood pressure.

THERE remains another relic of the past — the international conspiracy of Continental Freemasonry. These conspirators, of course, were anti-Catholic and the arch-opponents of the papal conspiracy. They played a not inconsiderable part in the French revolution of 1789, the Irish rising of 1798, and the Twentieth Century overthrows in Portugal and Turkey. They helped to unite Italy in the Nineteenth Century, spreading deism and democracy, opposing feudalism and clericalism. They are said to have played an important part in the Spanish revolution of 1931, with its democratic and anti-clerical features. In Italy it will be noted that Mussolini has turned against them, as enemies

of dictatorship and the Pope. In France they are said to play a very important political part through the Grand Orient, with their time-honored slogans of liberty, equality, fraternity. Their influence is that of the self-respecting, free-thinking bourgeoisie. Their principles are highly Jeffersonian. In short, they are fiends if one happens to be feudal-minded or ultra-patrician. In America there were tales of horrible rites and orgies, and an anti-Masonic political party flourished *pro tem*. Did not hidden death or disappearance threaten those who divulged the eternal secrets of brotherhood? And yet all American Presidents (save a couple) have joined up. Let this reassure the timid.

For at least two centuries the Freemasons and the Jesuits have been arch-enemies, combatting one another with a vengeance in many countries under many conditions. They still dislike one another (the Jesuits have recently been expelled from Republican Spain), but it is amusing to note that after the War the two organizations held a joint meeting — to devise means for meeting the *new* conspiracy of communism. Catholic and deist had combined fairly harmoniously to fight the Red atheism of Moscow. To the student of history, political and religious, the conclave was fraught with an extraordinary and paradoxical interest. The Counter-Reformation and the French Revolution had finally combined against a slave revolt from the East.

General Erich Ludendorff, generalissimo of Germany in the latter years of the War, is an arch-believer in international conspiracies. He has

written a truly able book on the next World War, in which his unhappy country will fall a victim to three international conspiracies simultaneously: the Red-Jewish, the Catholic and the Freemasonic — as exemplified by Soviet Russia, Fascist Italy and Liberal France. Italian Fascism, with its Vatican accord and pro-Catholic features, he considers as the age-old papal conspiracy brought up to date. Other investigators are inclined to agree with him; but Benito Mussolini, who ought to know something about it, doubtless would not.

A remark made to the writer by a highly-placed Washington official is worth repetition, in conclusion. Made in regard to munition-makers, it might equally be applied to the machinations of Reds, Papists and Masons. Said he: "The munition-makers, so-called war-makers, are not as subtly wicked as they are painted. They are probably a whole lot stupider than people give them credit for being." America had best forget her international conspirators. Her inter-urban gangsters present a more realistic — and a more perilous — Sword of Damocles.





# Heroines Back at the Hearth

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

*Our novelists conspire to remove the modern woman from business life, to which they once helped to introduce her*

ONLY a very few years ago writers in general and novelists in particular were much exercised over what they were pleased to call the modern woman. Beginning during the latter part of the past century, this agitation lasted until quite recently. It reflected a change, apparently almost a revolution, which developed through more than one period and commanded much attention in both fact and fiction; a change which may be summed up as the desire of women to acquire and their success in obtaining some of the jobs formerly reserved for men. In the closing decades of the past century and the opening ones of the present they were not only entering business and the professions but demanding a share in government. The ballot box and the pay envelope together represented, if not the ultimate goal of their ambition, at least a sort of third base.

In the early days of the novel, heroines, however much they might differ in every other way, exactly resembled one another in that they all regarded the very thought of earning their living with a deep and deadly loathing. The novelist who placed his heroine in the position of wage-earner, as Richardson did his Pamela and Dickens his Kate

Nickleby, to take examples from two centuries, did so in order to make the strongest possible claim on the reader's sympathies. Jane Austen was far too much of a lady to confront her heroines with so appalling a prospect, reserving it for a few of her secondary characters. Jane Eyre and Becky Sharp and Gwendoline Harleth had very little in common but when forced to contemplate the necessity of "doing something," all three alike regarded it with profound disgust. No wonder; for governing was about the only revenue-producing work then open to impoverished gentlewomen, besides the teaching profession, in that day as in this, greatly respected in theory and no less despised in practice. It was part of Agnes Wickfield's intolerable saintliness that she was able to speak with a smile of opening a little school, most heroines—and their creators—perfectly agreeing with Miss Austen's Jane Fairfax that the slave-trade and the governess-trade brought about an equal amount of misery to their victims. Yet not one, even of the most successful women authors, ever allowed one of her heroines to adopt the profession she herself had chosen. In those days, it wouldn't have been at all the thing.

But money-making opportunities for women began to multiply, and like all novelties attracted more comment than the relative number of those who had as yet made use of them really warranted. The comparatively few who did were still looked upon as freaks, or as more or less *déclassées*, and so lacked that power of exciting admiration and envy almost indispensable to the popular heroine. For women, like men, enjoy identifying themselves with the leading character of a play or novel, and no one delights to picture her or himself as a figure of fun or of contempt. The changes taking place in fact were consequently slow to appear in fiction; the heroines of Thomas Hardy maintained the old traditions, while any one of W. D. Howells's or Henry James's young ladies would probably have had a fainting fit at the mere thought of going into business. Fact was still closely linked with fiction.

But the lure of the unfamiliar is great, and music and the stage soon ceased to be a taboo for the heroine. George Moore's *Evelyn Innes* as well as his *Mummer's Wife* appeared behind the footlights; Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* became a successful actress, as did that Susan Lennox whose *Fall and Rise* shocked so many excellent people when their history was related by David Graham Phillips, one of the first novelists to recognize in fiction the change which was taking place in fact. Leonard Merrick, already acclaimed by the discerning few, was finding his heroines among the girls who waited in the outer offices of editors or climbed the stairs to theatrical agencies, while Jenny Pearl, heroine of Compton Mackenzie's strikingly successful *Carnival* was a professional dancer. The career woman was fast making her place.

She was still, however, being tacitly excused as one surrendering to financial compulsion when in 1909 H. G. Wells brought forward his *Ann Veronica*. Working in a laboratory, nothing if not rebellious, defying the morality of the period by going to live openly with the lover whose unaccommodating wife made it impossible for him to marry her, she was one of the early representatives of that modern heroine who so speedily became the fashion in fiction, a type many women admired, and few dared to imitate. Mild as her behavior now seems, she excited a great deal of commotion. For when she made her appearance, virtue was still regarded as a desirable quality in a heroine. It is, incidentally, interesting to note that as the business and professional, the financially independent woman came in, the virgin went out, until today, and that despite the change which has recently taken place, one liaison at least is practically imperative for any heroine who does not wish to be classed as hopelessly prudish. Few, it is true, do more than dabble amateurishly in the longest established of professions, though some years have passed since W. L. George shocked a then shockable public with his terrible picture of one woman's life, *A Bed of Roses*.

The type foreshadowed by Ann Veronica soon began to appear in novel after novel, quickly developing into that new phenomenon of fact and fiction, the woman who worked because she liked to work. She might be the successful manager of a business or an office; she might take to stenography or journalism or bacteriology. The one outstanding difference between her and her predecessors was that, even when lacking any special talent, she worked because she was interested in the thing



she was doing. It was this very interest which did more than anything else to produce talk of the sex-war, to bring in a time when tacit or avowed antagonism between men and women was regarded by many as inevitable, the gain of the one necessarily the loss of the other, in the field of personal relations as well as elsewhere. Yet many men were upholding one aspect or another of the women's cause. David Graham Phillips and W. L. George did not stand alone, and John Galsworthy wrote *The Man of Property*.

THEN another question developed, and soon became dominant: could women combine their new activities and ambitions with their age-old vocation of wife-and-mother? There loomed or seemed to loom a horrid possibility, discussed alike in fact and fiction, that these latter were in danger of being discarded by a large, and that the more intelligent, portion of the female population—a portion which many believed was evolving, domestically and practically if not biologically, into a third sex. "Do College Women Marry?" became a familiar headline in newspapers and magazines, many fearing lest the education-equipped, financially independent woman was about to become what Samuel Merwin called a *Honey-Bee*.

Through all these developments and discussions, the hall-marks of the "modern" heroine were two. First, she had some ambition or occupation which brought her into direct competition with men; second, she had either relegated the traditional feminine business of home-making into the background of her life or was struggling valiantly to adjust it so that it might be compatible with her other interests, as did, for example, the heroine of Helen Hull's

*Labyrinth*. Notable, too, among these modern leading ladies was the socialistic female who disapproved of the manner in which her husband or her father, usually the latter, ran his mines or factories or what-not, told him just what he ought to do about them, and reformed everything and everybody in sight. For the modern heroine was strong on reform, and stronger on her own complete righteousness. Another favored variety of the species was a person of eminence in some art or profession, who looked askance at marriage lest it interfere with her career. If she did eventually relinquish her work or her art for a husband, or gave it second place, she was usually regarded as making a great, a very great sacrifice for which it behooved the lucky man in the case to be humbly grateful. For the modern heroine was first and foremost a career woman, and as such accepted as representing, not what all women were, but what most women wanted to be.

If the author who created her chanced to be a feminist, then the lady's endeavors to be at once a woman and what used to be termed "a person," were triumphantly successful. Her husband, spurred to emulation, won wealth or laurels or both, her children were miracles of beauty and intelligence. But if the author belonged to the opposite camp, the whole affair worked out quite differently. The husband took to bankruptcy or drink or another lady or all three combined, while the children departed to the dogs with the utmost enthusiasm and celerity, as witness A. S. Hutchinson's once popular novel, *This Freedom*. Charles Norris, another popular author, ignored both probability and consistency of characterization in the ardor of his desire to prove how much better it was for a woman to starve dis-

creetly than to earn her *Bread* by her own exertions. On the other hand, that manufacturer of ice machines who wandered unclad through the pages of Sherwood Anderson's *Many Marriages* found his stenographer a more agreeable companion than his home-keeping wife, though perhaps not solely for intellectual reasons. The *Alice Adams* of one of Booth Tarkington's best novels discovered hope and release in the prospect of work, while Gertrude Atherton's tales are one long proclamation of women's ability and general superiority. The heroines of the women's magazine serials were workers almost to a woman. Female readers admired and sighed to emulate them.

FOR there was one tacit agreement pervading all those innumerable novels whose heroines were denounced or exalted as being truly and completely modern. Each and every one of them assumed as a matter of course that those activities which brought women into the realm of business, finance, politics or the professions still regarded as distinctively the man's world were far more alluring, far more interesting and desirable than those concerned with the traditionally feminine domain. Even those anti-feminists who most vehemently insisted that it was in the long run "unsatisfying," admitted its glamor. The first pay envelope was looked upon as being to a woman very like the first taste of blood to a tiger. Once she had had that experience, it was believed, financial independence became to her something to be retained at all costs, or at almost all. For in those days it was confidently and somewhat naïvely assumed that with the winning of the first pay envelope financial independence was practically assured.

And now, without any clamor or fanfare, without any beating of drums or blowing of trumpets, a complete change has occurred. In recent fiction the career woman, the once extolled or berated "modern heroine," is all but completely ignored. Though Sinclair Lewis's *Ann Vickers* avows a passion for jobs inferior only to her passion for almost any man who may happen to want her, one doubts her sincerity. Moreover, Ann never develops beyond the pre-War, pre-suffrage period of her early endeavors, the one to which she definitely belongs.

Apart from this and perhaps one or two other exceptions, you will scarcely find a single modern heroine in any of the more important of the novels recently published. Consider John Galsworthy's Dinny Cherrell. Though she uses a motor instead of walking as Elizabeth did, Dinny is not one bit more of a career woman than was the second Miss Bennett. It is true that in a desperate effort to clinch their engagement she did offer herself to her very undesirable lover, but though the author apparently intended this for a modern touch, such things happened long before the Twentieth Century began. Dinny not only lives with but actually loves her parents in a thoroughly pre-Shavian manner, stays with her uncle and aunt when she comes up to London, and has no particular ambition beyond her regrettable desire to marry Wilfrid Desert. Most charming, lovable and intelligent is Dinny of the *Flowering Wilderness*; but a modern heroine? Not by several hundred per cent.

One of the most notable of recently published novels is Ellen Glasgow's wise and beautiful book, *The Sheltered Life*; and there what do we find? Its heroine, Mrs. Birdsong, is a loving and



lovely woman of the old-fashioned, romantic, self-deluding type, while the young girl, Jenny Blair Archbald, little cat though she is, deludes herself no less, though in a different way. For she deludes herself in an effort to justify herself, while Mrs. Birdsong deludes herself in an effort to ignore the truth about her congenitally unfaithful husband. Neither shows so much as the faintest symptom of the clear-sightedness, the intellectual honesty, the personal ambition and desire for independence supposedly indicative of the modern woman, and abundantly possessed by the heroine of Miss Glasgow's own 1916 novel, *Life and Gabriella*. Times and heroines have changed. Halo Tarrant, heroine of Edith Wharton's latest full-length novel, *The Gods Arrive*, is professedly post-War. She desires freedom, and asserts her modernity, first by leaving her husband for a crude young lover several years her junior, and secondly by declaring her intention of acknowledging and bringing up the illegitimate child about to be born to her. But for all her modern viewpoint, Halo soon finds her position as Vance Weston's mistress anything but comfortable, while her attitude toward her approaching maternity is rendered abortive by the author, who resolutely marries her to her lover in the good old-fashioned way. Much of Halo's modernity is thus made a matter of theory rather than of action; and a good many years, not to say centuries, have passed since first a woman contrived to justify herself in her own eyes for preferring an idealized lover to a tedious husband.

But, you may protest, no one of these three represents the younger generation of writers. It is among them that you should look for the modern heroine.

Very well then, we'll turn to some of the newer writers. Here is William Faulkner, with his *Light in August*. Could you conceivably describe his Linda as a "modern" heroine? She is not merely old-fashioned but primitive, as primitive as O-lan of *The Good Earth*, or as the revengeful captive of Pearl S. Buck's latest novel, *Sons*. Robert Nathan's Elizabeth knew how to practise only the oldest of professions, while among all the women who jostle one another through Albert Halper's description of *Union Square* there is not one who is in any real sense a career woman. Du Bose Heyward escapes from any need of being modern by going back to the past century for his scene and his heroine, telling the experiences of *Peter Ashe* in Charleston at the opening of the Civil War.

Nor is he the only author who has thus sought refuge in the past. Not by any manner of means. Back to the last century go Janet Ayer Fairbanks's *The Bright Land*, Josephine Herbst's *Pity Is Not Enough*, Hugh Walpole's chronicle of the Herries family, J. D. Beresford's account of the Hillingtons, Rose Wilder Lane's *Let the Hurricane Roar*—to mention only a few of a very long list. Those writers whododeal with the present frequently contrive to lay the scenes of their stories far away from any familiar to their readers. G. B. Lancaster's very successful *Pageant* is not only of the past century, but of Tasmania; Dennis Wheatley's exciting *The Forbidden Territory* takes us into Soviet Russia; *Peking Picnic* introduces a charming heroine in a setting little known to most of us, while the Crescent in which lived Lou Hall, heroine of Mary Roberts Rinehart's new and exceptionally thrilling "thriller," *The Album*, belongs in spirit if not in fact

to the days of Victoria. There would seem to be a no doubt unconsciously concerted effort on the part of many authors to avoid any contact with the modern world in general and the modern woman in particular by retreating into the past, or into some region they have presumably not yet penetrated.

It is true that the authors of two fairly recent novels, the one belonging to the elder, the other to the younger generation of writers, have made more or less perfunctory attempts to present heroines in some degree resembling the women of today. But Margaret Broxton of H. G. Wells's *The Bulpington of Blup* is only a shadow, never a human being, and her medical training is consequently a matter of so little importance to the reader that it is difficult to remember anything about it, or for that matter, about Margaret herself. Tulloolagh McCoolagh, heroine of Francis Stuart's highly praised novel, *The Coloured Dome*, has been more carefully drawn. Her activities as a general of the Irish Republican Army are, however, entirely subordinated to the mystical quality and theme of the novel itself, being little more than a device for producing the tense scene in the prison cell. Moreover, she gives up her leadership with, it would seem, a good deal of relief.

In this she is typical of many of those new fiction heroines who, temporarily at least, have displaced the "modern." If such a heroine has a job, it is because she needs money, and not because she has any theories regarding economic independence. Even Ann Vickers first went to work because she had to rather than because she wished to, and in spite of her final insistence that she intends to go on working, the reader is inclined to believe that what she really plans is un-

mitigated domesticity. Usually these new heroines show no desire to cling to their jobs one minute longer than circumstances compel. The modern heroine used to talk a good deal about her objection to being a parasite. The new heroine never uses the word, but takes to parasiting like a duck to water, a politician to a little tin box, or a multimillionaire to any method of dodging the income tax.

FOR this change there are, I believe, two reasons, a lesser and a greater. The former is simply that the career woman has ceased to be a novelty. No longer does she represent something unusual, and just a little startling. We have become used to her, have learned that she is neither as black nor as white as she has been painted. The second reason is far more important, that second being closely related to the general divorcement of fiction from present-day life, a separation which is one of the innumerable effects of the depression. For not only has the present state of affairs stripped the business and professional world of much of its old-time glamor; it has also caused our novelists to retreat from modern realities, from the kinds of stress more especially typical of our modern life. Among all the numerous novels which still crowd the shelves of the booksellers there are scarcely any which make even so much as an oblique attempt to picture incidents or individuals distinctively belonging to the present time. When the novelist does not retreat into the past or into some remote corner of the world, he or she uses an environment comparatively little affected by the doubts and questionings, the spiritual, moral and financial uncertainties of the present day. Apart from its occasional allusions to such



things as radios, airplanes and automobiles, Gladys Hasty Carroll's extraordinarily successful *As the Earth Turns* might well belong to the past century, or for that matter to an even earlier period. For the agricultural life, at least those phases of it which she presents with such a beautiful sense of harmony and of rhythm, has altered less than almost any other, while her heroine is one of those hard-working, capable, contented women, notable cooks and efficient housekeepers, who belong to a type which was old before Martha of the New Testament was born.

The student of a quarter or a half century hence who turns to the novels of the present time to learn what the world and its people were like during the period of the great depression will find the contrast between history and fiction more than usually striking, the chief resemblance being a kind of wistful longing for the easier, more agreeable past, while among the more notable differences will be that existing between the women of fact and those of fiction. For in real life, it is of course true that women are entering the occupations more or less sardonically termed gainful in steadily increasing numbers, while the ranks of the career women are constantly receiving new additions, and now contain a woman member of the Cabinet, as well as a woman foreign minister. Moreover, many of the formerly "sheltered," the one-time financially secure, have seen their shelter destroyed and their fancied security vanish. Some of them have become jobholders; many of them have become job-hunters; and most of them have learned that if the latter path is thorny, the former is not precisely an affair of "roses, roses all the way." It never was, in reality; but as long as it remained en-

tirely outside her personal experience it often seemed so to the average woman, discontented with her own domestic routine. As for the younger generation, graduating or about to graduate from college, its members regard a gainful occupation of some kind as a matter of course, something which is, so to speak, all in the day's work.

But little or nothing of all this is reflected in our novels. Fiction in general has never had less to do with the realities of its own period than at the present time. The task of illumination and interpretation, so peculiarly that of the novelist, is being sedulously avoided, either by retreat into the past or by the choosing of some backwater as yet scarcely troubled by currents from the turbulent present. It has been said that the popularity of the detective story is largely due to the fact that it offers escape from troublesome actualities. To-day, almost all our fiction has become "escape literature," offering to reader and writer alike imaginary release from the pressing difficulties of the present by confining itself to troubles either long since at an end or of a kind which have little to do with the life of this period as those of us know it who do not live in backwaters. The troubles may be and often are serious enough, the existence sordid or degenerate, but they are not like our own, do not serve to remind us of our own.

The wide-spread prevalence of this escape literature is proof enough, if proof were needed, that even those of us who so far have succeeded in keeping our own heads above water are yearning to get away from the life and death struggle going on everywhere about us. In this desire at least, present-day literature is in touch with present-day life, but it is a sort of connection not truly

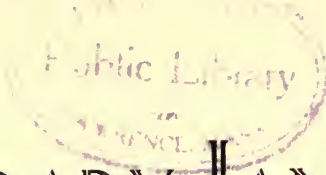
vital. And it may be that the reason why fiction has not held its own during these difficult months as well as have other types of literature lies in this divorce-ment from reality, whose result has been a general feeling that our novelists seem to have little to show or say to us which is of value in our present need.

For no difficulty was ever solved nor any battle ever won by running away from it either in fact or fancy. The retreat into the past or into the backwater, however admirably and smoothly conducted, however beautifully and accurately presented, is a retreat nevertheless. The return to the old-fashioned, home-keeping, romantic or semi-roman-

tic heroine has served its purpose, and a worthy purpose too, by reminding us that such women exist in large numbers, quietly carrying on their share of the work of the world. It is time, however, that fiction stood its ground and began to face those actualities which are notably if not peculiarly the actualities of the present day. And among those actualities none is more important than the modern, job-holding or job-hunting woman, whose life is so much less simple, whose problems are so much more intricate and whose difficulties are so much more complicated than those of the old-fashioned heroine who plays so prominent a part in our recent fiction.







# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



## *The Human Element*

IT is with difficulty that even so complete a bookworm as the Landscaper can lay aside the daily newspapers in these times and concentrate on more staid reading matter of the kind that comes between board covers. This may seem a peculiar situation for one who has devoted most of his life to books, but there are two sound reasons for it: one that newspapers have never been so profoundly exciting as they are at present, not excepting the days of the Great War; the other, that speaking in general terms, books have rarely been duller. This is not to say that authors or publishers are falling down on their jobs; it is to say that the times themselves are interesting and exciting beyond anything, and that they change so fast as to render useless most of the books that attempt to deal with contemporary social and economic problems. Besides, as the Landscaper has suggested more than once already, there is an astonishing unanimity of opinion among the academic sociologists and economists of this period: they stand solidly by an ordered and regimented world, in which the individual is provided with bread and butter and a roof over his head, no matter how much he would prefer something else entirely different.

JUST why this obvious human element should be so completely left out of the picture it is not easy to understand, except that college professors in general think exactly as college professors might be expected to think.

They are accustomed to the exercise of authority within a small, select community and it is perfectly natural for them to project this concept into the larger world. The same thing happens when gentlemen like Mr. Filene come to write books about the economic system of the United States, or of the world. They see happiness in a country run on the department store system, where people do as they are told, and are taken care of in their old age in return for a lifetime of obedience. In short, it is still possible to construct Utopias; in fact, any one with a little imagination who could not work out a plan for solving the main problems of the world in a quiet evening ought to be ashamed of himself. That is, it is not hard to say what ought to be done. . . . But in practice, these things work no better than the department store idea; the truth is that a lot of people do not wish to be secure at the cost of doing what some one tells them to do all their

lives. A human being is an astounding tangle of emotional impulses, and a mass of human beings is a good deal more complicated. So the person who trusts any simple plan for getting us out of the mess we are in, no matter how high the standing of the planner may be in Mr. Roosevelt's Brain Trust, is doomed to certain disappointment and can save himself a heartache by reading a little history, or by thinking of his own difficulties with the simplest problems of human relationships.

### *The House of Morgan*

NOTHING that has happened of late has had so keen an interest for this observer as the investigation of the House of Morgan. The picture is perfect, honest, well-meaning bankers who take the stand and discuss their affairs quite frankly, the great Morgan himself delightfully and quite genuinely agreeable and human. Everything open and above board, including even the preference lists, by which men in public office or in position to be of benefit to the Morgans, received sure-fire tips, and then the extraordinary statement of one of the Morgan partners that no favors were expected in return for the tips. . . . It would really require a book to cover what the Landscaper considers the full significance of such revelations; of the complete lack of any feeling of wrong-doing with which men in public life, or in a position to benefit the House of Morgan, took these favors. And the comment of the man in the street is: "Well, I'm only sorry I wasn't able to get on one of those lists."

The whole thing is a perfect example of the old American aphorism: "Them as has, gits." But them as gits pay for what they git in one way or another, a very simple law of life which seems to

have been forgotten. The hopelessly out-dated Landscaper is perfectly satisfied that until a brand-new ethical consciousness comes to the American people—and where it is to come from, he doesn't know, certainly not from any religion now in sight—the kind of skullduggery that marked the boom period will continue in full force. In the circumstances, it is right that one should be thankful for the House of Morgan; most bankers in its position would have been far worse. But there is no need for us to be surprised at anything so long as we are satisfied with the system we now enjoy—the reference is not to the political system, but to the code of ethics that governs the life of the average American; we can do no better than to be grateful that the situation is not much worse.

We have had a plutocracy whose power rested upon the dream of most of our citizens of being able to get into it, and we shall continue to have the same kind of government so long as we need and want money as much as we have in the past, and, if one may judge by the recent actions of the stock market, there has been no change in this respect.

### *Bankers at Work*

A SPLENDID cross-section of the American financial world in operation is to be found in Max Lowenthal's *The Investor Pays* (Knopf, \$2.50), which is a detailed story of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul's receivership. Directors who did not direct, bankers who paid no attention to the thousands of people who had bought stocks and bonds of the railroad, manipulation of the courts for the benefit of the few, the whole picture is absolutely typical of an epoch which is not anywhere near



an end. The book is not at all easy to summarize, as it is a tightly woven and somewhat technical piece of work, but it should interest every investor in the country, and should give those who still have anything left a good many cold shivers. It might keep a few lambs out of the Stock Market, although this is almost too much to hope for, especially with the Government showing every determination to keep up prices by inflation, and also every determination to make gamblers of the American people by the simple process of going into gambling on the most titanic scale imaginable with the currency of the country. A solid and comprehensive volume is *The Federal Reserve Act: Its Origin and Problems*, by J. Laurence Laughlin (Macmillan, \$3.50), which is an excellent book for those who wish to know what must be done to our banking system before it can be even thought safe. It ought not to be incomprehensible to the average intelligent reader, whose stake in the matter is probably far larger than he himself has ever suspected.

### *Security for Old Age*

ANOTHER plan for saving the country is to be found in Abraham Epstein's *Insecurity: A Challenge to America* (Smith and Haas, \$4), a large book on social insurance, with an introduction by Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor. Mr. Epstein is thoroughly familiar with his subject and thoroughly convinced that the Government should make it possible for every one to enjoy a peaceful old age, which sounds all right, and for which there is something to be said, obviously, but the problem, again, is tied up with human beings, and will not be solved so simply as Mr. Epstein thinks. To come back to the interesting things one reads in the news-

papers these days, today's birth statistics make it obvious that the people of this country are answering the insecurity of the present social system by studiously avoiding bringing children into the world. This is a challenge; the statisticians are already saying that the population of the country will not wait until 1950 to become stationary, but may reach the mark ten years earlier, and what can be done about it? The simple answer is nothing. Birth control is growing by the familiar leaps and bounds, and will continue to grow, thus bringing us face to face with a neat economic impasse: increased production of every sort, and a population not only dropping off in numbers, but older on the average, and therefore of smaller consuming power per person. In fact, social insurance may very well take care of itself by the increased age of the population, an old-age bloc taking the place of the American Legion, or any of the other noisy minorities that seem to be able to make the politicians jump through the hoop.

### *The Ascending Spiral*

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, a symposium edited by Charles A. Beard, and therefore intelligently edited (Harper, \$3.50), presents a fine picture of what has gone on in this section of the world for the past hundred years. A distinguished list of contributors guarantees both the authenticity and interest of the volume, and Mr. Beard himself has written two chapters. There is a measure of unevenness, which is to be expected, but on the whole the writing is of high quality and the story quite thrilling, although the Landscaper, with his usual skepticism, can not get out of his mind a newspaper story of a few days ago concerning a riot of unpaid Chicago school

teachers just outside the grounds of the Century of Progress Exposition. . . . That we have accomplished miracles in the way of material progress in the past century it would be stupid to deny, but to carry the matter a step farther and say that the average human being is any happier today than were his forefathers of 1833, is something else again.

This argument can be started at almost any point in the Beard symposium. Take "progress" in medicine for example. Numbers of communicable diseases have been wiped out, and surgery has performed marvels. Also such terrible scourges as cancer, heart disease, and kidney trouble have increased steadily. Appendectomies have become commonplace, and the rise in the death rate from this ordinary operation mounts steadily. Such a period as we are passing through sees a great increase in ailments which are primarily the result of anxiety, and the best the doctors can do is to treat the symptoms, with the result that thousands of their patients turn to Christian Science, or some other faith-healing organization. So it goes in every field; it takes great faith in the theory of evolution to catch a glimpse of the ascending spiral, and to suggest, as does Mr. Beard, that the past century has witnessed a genuine liberation of the human spirit and an increased zest for living. As for the increased zest for living, consult the birth statistics mentioned a short time ago; it is unquestionably true that the average standard of living in this country is higher today than it was in 1833, but it is also true that the difficulties of attaining this standard of living and maintaining it are infinitely greater than they were one hundred years ago. In short, the Law of Compensation still seems to be working, and the question of whether

man really moves forward, or merely moves, is as difficult to settle as ever. This controversy does not alter the value of the Beard book, however, which is valuable and worth reading.

### *More About Chicago*

SINCE Mr. Beard's book is directly related to the Chicago Exposition, which seems destined for success, in spite of everything, this is a good place to mention another book in the same field, which is *As Others See Chicago: Impressions of Visitors 1673-1933*, which has been edited by Bessie Louise Pierce and published by the University of Chicago Press. This is, in effect, a history of Chicago told by outsiders, and is a delightful book to read. It also furnishes an excellent background for the enjoyment of the Exposition, and will no doubt find popularity with the more intelligent of the visitors there.

Other recent books about our own country include *My American Friends* by L. P. Jacks (Macmillan, \$2), a study of America and Americans written by an Englishman who knows what he is talking about, or should, since he has spent much of his time here, and who feels very friendly toward us. Unfortunately, the Landscaper did not find his book of much importance, a discourteous remark to make about a book as full of geniality and brotherly love as this. Dr. Jacks feels that the English and American people ought to be friends, which is one of those statements that have been repeated so often we may come to believe in them at last through sheer repetition, and in the face of the facts.

### *The Language Barrier*

THE LANDSCAPER yields to none in this devotion to England and the English, but he does not feel there is



the slightest prospect of a friendship between the English and American peoples, who are unlike in all important respects, and would, if allowed to get at each other, be exactly as happy together as the American soldiers were with the Tommies. A common language is not a tie; it is a constant source of danger. The only thing that prevented riots in Paris during the days when the French were taking all visitors for a ride and being insulting at the same time was the fact that very few Americans knew what was being said about them. The English are far more polite in this respect, which also saves trouble. Dr. Jacks declares flatly that American critics who talk of the standardization of the country are wrong; in this statement, at least, he seems to the Landscaper to be entirely correct.

### *Movies and Children*

**I**N *Our Movie-Made Children* Henry James Forman (Macmillan, \$2.50) has taken the results of one of those scientific surveys of which we are so fond, and which usually result in the remarkable discovery that if a frog's leg is pinched he will jump, and written an interesting book. But nothing could be harder than to separate the true from the false in volumes of this character, nor to determine how much actual change has been made in children by the introduction into their lives of some such influence as the movies. That the movies do have certain quite definite effects it is not difficult to show—for example, it is easy to determine that a child who has just seen an exciting picture requires a good deal longer to go to sleep than a child who has sat quietly at home reading a book. But that the children of this generation have been "conditioned" by the movies to a point

where they are unlike the children of any other generation, that is what is so hard to determine. It all turns, of course, upon the relative importance of external stimuli and internal emotions or instincts. Mr. Forman considers that the movies are "a sort of superimposed educational system," and with this as a starting point, it would be easy to argue that all movies for children should be rigidly censored. So, in theory, should all reading matter for children. But the truth, as the Landscaper sees it, is that nothing makes anything like so much difference in a child's life as his elders believe; that somehow the essential pattern remains despite the environment, and that "Westerns," Hollywood boudoirs, gang pictures and all the other evil influences really do a minimum of harm except to the children who would have found another way to be harmed if Mr. Edison had never invented the kinetoscope. In short, it is hard for this old-timer to believe that the present younger generation, exposed to all the bad influences of Hollywood, is any worse than his own, which had to depend upon nickel novels as excuses for its depravity.

### *Among the Eskimos*

**B**EARING directly upon some of the questions raised in the preceding paragraphs is a complete description of life in a remote community, *Arctic Village*, by Robert Marshall (Smith and Haas, \$3), a sort of Middletown of the Far North. Mr. Marshall lived in this community long enough to know its people, a good many of them of the white race, and to discover that in its essential patterns life does not vary to any very appreciable extent. Eskimo flappers, who are called "chickens," behave very much like any other flappers,

and this without benefit of instruction by the movies. The book is thoroughly readable, and a fine job of observation, of getting to the real inside of a small town of curiously mixed population. Another excellent study of human beings at work and at play is *Red Virtue*, by Ella Winter, who is Mrs. Lincoln Steffens (Harcourt, Brace, \$3), a book about people under the Soviets, which is sympathetic and intelligent and which shows plainly that definite gains are to be made by the throwing off of old tabus. Naturally, not everything goes to the credit side of the ledger, which would be too much to expect, but the world has much to learn from Russia. This is one of the best of the hundreds of books about Russia, and ought to be read by the open-minded with both pleasure and profit. *The White Armies of Russia: A Chronicle of Counter-Revolution and Allied Intervention*, by George Stewart (Macmillan, \$4), is the first attempt to bring the whole story of the fight against Bolshevik control into one volume. It is filled with exciting reading and colorful personalities. Mr. Stewart is of the opinion that the Allies blundered at every turn by trying to save what was left of the old régime, but this is characteristic; the human race is always willing to fight hard to save the evils with which it is familiar. Historically, this is one of the most important contributions to the modern history of Russia, a chapter that needed to be written, and which has been well done.

### *The Tourist Who Sits*

A DELIGHTFUL little travel book, filled with sound advice, is Hendrik Willem Van Loon's *An Indiscreet Itinerary* (Harcourt, Brace, \$1), an informal guide book to Holland. Mr.

Van Loon thinks sitting down is the best way to see a country, and certainly the traveler who has not sat down, apparently doing nothing for hours except perhaps taking an occasional sip of something, can not claim to have captured the flavor of any foreign land. The Landscaper, who, as this is being written, is packing his bags for another excursion into Spain, expects to take Mr. Van Loon's advice. Spain, particularly, is a country best to be studied in its cafés, although the Landscaper expects to do some sitting, and lying, on the beaches of San Sebastian and Santander in the cause of international understanding. Two small guide books, *Germany on Fifty Dollars* and *France on Fifty Dollars* (McBride, \$1.90), by Sydney H. Clark, are filled with sound and practical advice and will be worth many times their small cost to people who wish to make a trip abroad without wrecking themselves financially to do it. Many of Mr. Clark's statements have been checked by the Landscaper and found accurate, so there is no hesitation in recommending the volumes to any one who is not wedded to *de luxe* travel. Mr. Clark is an intelligent traveler, who knows how to get what is most worth while for his money, and this is a game Americans can play which will, in the long run, help every one. It might go a long way, indeed, toward helping us to win the genuine respect of Europeans, even the French, who know everything there is to know about getting the most out of their money, and who have a profound contempt for people who are wasteful. Americans who rode through the streets of Paris in taxicabs in 1926 tossing franc notes out of the windows are now paying for their folly in taxes, and the Landscaper hopes this statement is not too cryptic.



### *Some Important Novels*

THE current offerings of fiction are few in number, but take in a few novels of importance. First among these, perhaps, is Jules Romains's *Men of Good Will* (Knopf, \$2.50), the beginning of what is expected to be a novel of some fifteen or twenty volumes, in which Paris will be the protagonist. The present book is no more than an introduction, and it is difficult to form an opinion of the whole work, but European critics agree that this has the possibility, at least, of being another masterpiece of the dimensions of Marcel Proust's marvelous recreation of a society. Intelligent readers will not, therefore, overlook the opportunity to be among the first to read Romains, whose previous work, he says, has been no more than running the scales in preparation for his great undertaking. Then there is Liam O'Flaherty's *The Martyr* (Macmillan, \$2.50), in which Mr. O'Flaherty returns to the Irish Revolution for his subject matter, and in which he has written a powerful and moving piece of work which shows a profound understanding of the paradoxical Irish character. The framework of the book is a triangle, two men and a woman. One of the men is a peace-lover, the other enjoys killing for its own sake. The woman forces them both on to greater and greater savagery. There is a tremendous climax, handled with great skill, and altogether this is a novel that no one can afford to miss in a year so barren of first-rate work.

### *Our Own Fiction*

OF RECENT American novels two have struck the fancy of the Land-scaper, one of these being Josephine Herbst's *Pity Is Not Enough* (Har-

court, Brace, \$2), the story of a carpet-bagger which is really the story of this country during the last greedy decades of the Nineteenth Century. Here is an excellent panorama, a clearly painted and steadily interesting background, against which move credible and understandable characters. The other is a novel of life at Harvard, *Not to Eat, Not for Love*, by George Weller (Smith and Haas, \$2.50), which comes about as near encompassing a whole American university as any one could ask. Mr. Weller has drawn his people with skill, and has told a story that is good reading, in addition to having the ring of complete authenticity. Here is a new talent that will bear watching. There ought to be interest in the republication, after a quarter-century, of Henry Longan Stuart's novel of Puritan New England, *Weeping Cross*, which is now available from the Dial Press, with an introduction by Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, of which Catholic weekly Mr. Stuart was long an editor. More than one critic has regretted that this unusual book was not available for a new generation, and the enthusiasm of Van Wyck Brooks had much to do with the decision to republish the volume.

Other recent novels include Rupert Croft-Cooke's *Cosmopolis* (Lincoln MacVeagh—The Dial Press, \$2), a fanciful story of an attempt to have the representatives of a number of foreign nations get together, with the expected results; and *Try the Sky* (Macmillan, \$2) by the talented author of *Pigeon Irish* and *The Coloured Dome*, Francis Stuart. This is a weird yarn about a young Austrian girl who is in love with an Irish lad. A crackpot Canadian and his Indian wife and a mad German doctor complete the cast of principals,

and the background is Vienna. This brief description perhaps does the book an injustice, for in essence it is the story of romantic passion, and is done with skill and beauty, revealing still further the unusual gifts of Mr. Stuart.

### *Still More Novels*

THEN there is W. E. Woodward's *Evelyn Prentice* (Knopf, \$2), a tale of modern New York in which the discontented wife of a distinguished lawyer has an affair with a Greenwich Village gigolo, but shoots her way out and lives happily ever afterward. This strikes the Landscaper as one of the most Hollywoodish of recent novels; unless it was written for the movies, it might better have been left unwritten and there might even be some argument over this justification. And Theodora Benson's *Façade* (Morrow, \$2) is a novel of life in a certain set in London that promises much more than it ever delivers because the author doesn't seem to be able to keep on the track at all. The people are well done, and the conversation is often delightful, but the book comes out to nothing. Miss Benson is the daughter of Lord Charnwood, and comes by her real talent naturally from both sides of the house, since her mother also writes charmingly; when she finds herself, she ought to do excellent fiction.

### *More Arnold Bennett*

THE most readable of recent books that must be noted under the omnibus heading of miscellaneous is the third volume of Arnold Bennett's *Journal*, which covers the years between 1921-1928 (Viking, \$3). This completes the set, and the publishers have announced that they are also bringing out a one-volume edition of the three

volumes at a price of \$5, the complete book being the current choice of the Literary Guild. One would search long and hard for a larger five dollars' worth of reading matter than is to be had in these three volumes; Bennett was in every respect an extraordinary creature, and he omits little from his journals, which make up an informal history of our times that is certain to be read for a long time to come. This is an ideal bedside book, to be opened anywhere and read with eager interest; the author himself was interested in everything and he never lets the reader down.

Glenway Wescott's *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers* (Harpers, \$2.50) is a collection of thumbnail sketches of all the people who have been canonized or otherwise been made into saints, and a queer enough lot they are. The sketches show a good deal of somewhat desultory research, and are amusing, but one wonders why a young novelist with the real talent of Mr. Wescott is not about his proper business instead of playing at childish games.

### *Franco-American Literature*

A WORK of scholarship that opens up a fascinating territory in the literary history of the United States is Edward Laroque Tinker's *Les Écrits de la Langue Française en Louisiane aux XIX Siècle*, a complete study of the lives and works of a large collection of people who wrote in French in Louisiana, which has been published together with a *Bibliography of the French Newspapers and Periodicals of Louisiana*. The latter contains an introduction that sketches concisely the interesting story of the many newspapers and magazines that sprang up, flourished their little day and perished. Great activity was manifested in this field



during the Reconstruction Period, and since the French editors were a fiery-tempered lot, quite as ready, as Mr. Tinker says, with the sword as the pen, it may be imagined that some of the red-hottest of all the history of this tumultuous period may be found in the files of these papers. In order to assist those who come after, Mr. Tinker has worked out a careful reference system, so that the available files of the various newspapers may be found without difficulty, and the same is true of the periodicals. The larger work contains admirably done biographical sketches of the more important figures in this literary movement, such as Gayarre, the historian, and bibliographies admirably complete.

### *How Craps Started*

AS BY-PRODUCT of Mr. Tinker's search also appears in a small volume entitled *The Palingenesis of Craps* (Press of the Woolly Whale), with a brief introduction by Melbert B. Cary, Jr., who, in paying Mr. Tinker a compliment for the brightness of the style in his booklet, takes a fling at historians for the usual dullness of their writings. This is an undeserved brickbat; history has never been so entertainingly written as it is today in America. Craps, says Mr. Tinker, originated with a gentleman named Bernard Xavier Philippe de Marigny de Mandeville, who brought the French game of hazard into New Orleans in 1785. This was at a time when the French and Americans were not getting along too well in the river metropolis, and the French were being called "Johnny Crapaud." Dice-throwing became known as Crapaud's game, and then craps-game, and then merely craps. The gentleman of the many

names was an amusing fellow, very characteristic of the period, and Mr. Tinker has sketched him sympathetically. The decorations for the book are taken from the game itself, which is one of the most picturesque of all American games, and affords much more exercise than most people realize. . . .

### *Other Good Books*

ANOTHER recent book the Landscaper has found delightful reading is *Julia Newberry's Diary 1869-1872* (Norton, \$2.50), the diary of a Chicago child that is a complete picture of a period and also a charming self-portrait.

This completes the current offerings that have come the way of the Landscaper except for a good history of philosophy under the title *The March of Philosophy* by Henry Alpern (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press, \$3.50), a sound and understandable book of solid importance, and a remarkable omnibus, called *Traveler's Library*, and compiled and edited by Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). There are 1,700 pages, six complete books, and selections from fifty other books, in addition to a charming introduction and notes. The best the Landscaper can say for the volume is that it is the only book in English he is taking on the Spanish journey, about which more later. . . . The trouble with anthologies such as this is that they make the ordinary novel look like fifteen cents, instead of \$2 or \$2.50; here is reading matter enough for weeks, and of superb quality. If you are in doubt about what to give a friend starting on a journey, the answer is here and no chance to make a mistake, provided the friend's taste is reasonably sound.

Tros Tyriusque mibi nullo discrimine agetur

# The North American Review

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## London Fog—the Silver Lining

BY COGNOSCO

### *The World Economic Conference in Retrospect*

London . . . . .

AT CLARIDGE's they do things in the grand manner. One pauses for a moment at the entrance to the restaurant and surveys continental society and diplomacy. The spirit of E. Phillips Oppenheim pervades the place. Magnificently gowned women and correctly attired men converse in modulated undertones. Soft music mingles with soft voices. Toselli's *Serenade* comes to an end. The orchestra leader pauses and with raised baton expectantly surveys the diners, then turns abruptly to his musicians and, with a swift sweep of his arms, embarks upon that old refrain, *Silver Threads Among the Gold*. As a man, the American Delegation is on its feet. Senator Pittman is wreathed in smiles, and, taking a silk American flag from his pocket, he waves it to the rhythm of the music. Polite applause from the guests, and the nightly exercise known as "The American Ritual" is over.

Even as one may find in tons of pitch a fraction of a grain of radium, so can one find accomplishment in the World Economic Conference. In fact, strange as it may seem, the progress of both our national and international affairs was forwarded by that most amazing of conferences. Uncle Sam sails home from London with no less than three medals pinned to his waistcoat: one awarded him for domestic political sagacity; one awarded for bringing nearer to solution the economic problems of the world; and the third was bestowed by both England and France upon their goateed rival for diplomatic astuteness; three not inconsiderable victories won by the United States, despite the most asinine record of diplomatic incompetency in the annals of international conferences. One of these medals may be credited to Franklin D. Roosevelt for his unwavering adherence to a well-conceived plan of action; another to Cordell Hull for his patient, high-



mind and statesmanlike pertinacity in refusing to be beguiled by the petty sophistries of his own delegation, and the shrewd blandishments of the more seasoned foreign diplomats.

The medal for astuteness was won by our delegation and its experts, because, to paraphrase Wordsworth, "Its dizzy turbulence eluded the eye"; indeed, the foreign delegates saw not a stupid, egotistical group of small politicians and amateur statesmen wrangling among themselves, but a skilfully laid smoke screen, behind which master minds planned devastating sorties. Much color was lent to the importance of our delegation's deliberations, when it became known that they spent the first three days in London tapping on the walls of their suites in Claridge's Hotel to discover hidden dictaphones.

The American delegates left for London with a well-defined programme laid out for them by the President. It was in effect as follows:

(1) Establishment of uniform gold reserve ratio among major nations of twenty-five per cent; part of which was to be optional in silver;

(2) The United States Government was prepared to suspend gold redemption of currency;

(3) A plan to raise the price of silver;

(4) To seek means of removing artificial exchange restrictions;

(5) To propose close coöperation between the various central banks in their money policy, with a general agreement among them to engage in open market operations;

(6) To insist on the maintenance of an international gold standard;

(7) A *de facto* stabilization of exchange;

(8) To move for international co-operation to raise the commodity price level, to restore employment, to balance budgets and to embark on a public works programme;

(9) A general commercial policy which provided for

(a) Provisional tariff truce;

(b) Reduction of excessive tariff barriers;

(c) Abolishment of import prohibitions;

(d) Abolishment of quotas on industrial goods and raw materials and to gradually relax quotas on agricultural products;

(e) Encouragement of bilateral negotiations for the reduction of tariffs.

What happened to that programme needs no further elucidation here, the first phase of the Conference having too recently passed into history. I say "first phase" advisedly, because the Conference will reconvene, barring some untoward event.

The now historic exchange stabilization problem was to have been our chief trading point—we were agreeable to a *de facto* stabilization at a rate and time to be determined at the Conference, but in view of the fact that we knew this to be the major objective of the principal European nations, we were to have exacted a price for our concession that would have enabled us to stabilize without endangering our domestic programme, and which would in effect have forced a similar programme on the other nations.

THIS, in substance, according to high authority, was the programme of the President and the Secretary of State; this was the programme accepted by the delegates and experts and by

Assistant Secretary of State Moley, literally but with a variation of emphasis that completely destroyed its purpose. Moley, Pittman, Cox and Couzens violently opposed putting any teeth into the tariff programme, and in this they met the unyielding opposition of Secretary Hull. Warburg and Cox chose to sail for London on the *Olympic* with Dr. Sprague and Governor Harrison of the Federal Reserve Bank, rather than on the *President Roosevelt* with Secretary Hull and the rest of the delegation. On the *Olympic*, without consulting the Chief of the delegation, they worked out the exchange stabilization plan in their own manner, with the rate ultimately fixed at about \$4.05. As the two ships sailed across the Atlantic, international forces were depreciating the dollar, and the President in Washington, we understand, felt sanguine that France would momentarily go off gold. He was supported in this assumption by advice from international bankers and experts in foreign exchange, and, in all probability, France would have been forced off gold, had our delegates played their stabilization cards wisely. By prematurely yielding to France, and then withdrawing from that position, they so antagonized the French delegates that the strong resistance of France, supported then by England, to maintain the gold standard, was immediately reinforced. Had France gone off gold, as had been anticipated, the Conference would have been saved, although of course it would have meant the fall of the present French Government.

On the S.S. *President Roosevelt*, Secretary Hull, relieved of the Washington interference of his subordinates, labored to perfect the tariff programme approved by the President, only later to

see it discarded, due to the blundering of the State Department's economic adviser, Herbert Feis, who turned over prematurely to the Conference a tentative draft of the proposal before it had been approved by the delegation as a whole.

In another cabin, Senator Pittman spent his time touching up the silver programme. There had been a trade in Washington on silver. Senator Wheeler, who could have passed his 16-to-1 bill, agreed to scuttle it upon the promise that a satisfactory silver agreement would be reached in London, and Pittman and Moley, under political obligations, were ready to crucify the London Conference on a cross of silver. The President, it is understood, backed the silver programme, but not with such emphasis that he would have traded it for, say, unsound and premature stabilization. One of the reasons that the almost dramatic entry of Moley into London fell flat was that he had not been authorized to make his silver trade; in fact, he had no important instructions of any kind whatsoever.

Pittman's adaptation of Warburg's silver plan was not unsound (Pittman is really a great authority on silver) but he grossly overplayed his hand and, consequently, accomplished little in the field of silver. The next move will be Senator Wheeler's unless the Conference reconvenes before Congress sits.

In the meanwhile, the President, probably tired of the cavorting of his delegates, and the courageous but futile attempts of Secretary Hull to control the delegation, sent his unequivocal message to the Conference, withdrawing all offers of stabilization and in effect saying that the formula for a successful international effort at world rehabilita-



tion had been developed and was being put into operation and that at such time as it might please the other nations, we would assist in putting our national programme on an international scale. The President's message to the Conference was received enthusiastically by about ninety-five per cent of the American press. It was to a limited extent publicly, and to a large extent privately, applauded here in London, paving the way, as it does upon France's ultimate abandonment of gold, to a successful reconvening of the Conference. The message was, in the minds of European statesmen, the master stroke that was in preparation behind what they believed to have been an ingenious simulation of a divided delegation.

Perhaps technically the President may be blamed for having chosen a delegation in no wise competent to carry on diplomatic negotiations as important and of as delicate a nature as those with which they were to be confronted at London, but he was in a dilemma. Had he chosen men eminently qualified for

the task, such as, Newton Baker, Owen Young and Nicholas Murray Butler (who, with Cordell Hull, would have made a magnificent quartet), he might well have found himself in the same predicament on the "Hill" as did Wilson when he returned from Paris. He chose instead a group who could have had an agreement ratified by Congress, but who unfortunately were incapable of negotiating one.

The net result of the Conference to date has been at least to fix the eyes of the world on Washington, the hub of the most colossal economic experiment for rehabilitating a sick nation that has ever been attempted. The general realization in Europe that the solution of major world problems must await the outcome of America's efforts—that their future course is dependent to a large extent on ours, and that we in turn can not remain altogether oblivious of their point of view—has served to strengthen the conviction that world recovery is ultimately dependent upon international coöperation.



# A Bourbon Diplomacy

BY P. W. WILSON

*Firm in its medieval concepts, French foreign policy holds back  
the progress of the world*

IN MANY minds, otherwise admiring, there is, at the moment, a certain perplexity over France. To a land so fair and so fascinating the world will ever be partial. But, as it seems, the French are apt to be difficult sometimes either to work with or even to work for. Here and there, the critics, in their impatience, go so far as to hint darkly that France has drifted into the danger of making herself impossible. This, after all, is a workaday world, and mankind can not subordinate wholly the progress and safety of the race to the susceptibilities of a single nation, however important it may have been hitherto and is still in the scheme of things. If France insists on standing aside, so be it.

Divergencies of emotion between France and England are, doubtless, to be expected. It was French culture that taught England to call for roast beef and initiated the Dane and the Saxon into the traditional splendors of Europe that were glorified in the Elizabethan era. France also instructed England in her own militarism. It was the chivalry of France that aroused a Plantagenet aristocracy—the Manchus of the Middle Ages—to plunge headlong into the grim tourneys of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. The Hundred Years War

was a civil war within the feudal system and all that the English yeomen supplied was the archery. Nor are any fights so bitter as fights between governing families who have been so exclusive as to intermarry.

Schoolbooks, alas, including the patriotic plays of Shakespeare, do not allow bygones to be bygones, and a tribal France learned, generation after generation, how, by alliances with Scotland and Ireland, she had taught a neighbor the delicate art of being an enemy. Was it not England who—refusing to be governed by Stuarts in French pay—ousted France from India, Canada and, later, from Egypt? Nor can a Frenchman visit London without the necessity of asking his way to Trafalgar Square and Waterloo Place. A conference on naval disarmament was opened by King George in that gallery of the House of Lords which is adorned by murals glorifying the death of Nelson and the meeting of Wellington and Blucher. Peace, with her pacts, does not wholly exclude impacts also.

But when was there a battle fought between France and the United States? These Republics shared the same ennobling struggle for political emancipation. It was the equalitarian gospel of



France that Thomas Jefferson proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence. It was Rochambeau who, at Yorktown, stood at Washington's right hand and received the surrender of the British red-coats. In the Capitol, the portrait of Lafayette shares the place of honor with Washington's portrait, and a Frenchman, Bartholdi, designed that great gift of France, the Statue of Liberty, which greets every immigrant who, with hope in his heart, lands on these shores. If the American girl is unsurpassed in charm of costume and complexion, what does she not owe to Paris? In what elysium save Paris shall we find the paradise where good Americans pray that they be admitted when they die? Take a trip from New York to Europe. At Cherbourg two passengers disembark—such is the superiority of French cooking over the English climate—for every one who proceeds to Southampton.

The times must indeed be topsy-turvy wherein the United States, of all countries, can be alienated from a land across the ocean that had come to be regarded as her European Alma Mater. Yet has not some such situation arisen? Not so long ago, it was unsafe to show the Union Jack in New York. Today, England's *Cavalcade* is acclaimed as the picture of the year. And England's bitterest critic in the press, as he was held to be, includes David Lloyd George among his correspondents. France, on the other hand, took Randolph Hearst by the scruff of his neck and expelled him helter-skelter from her shore—which, let us hope, was a relief to all the feelings concerned. What was it that made France thus lose her temper? Could it have been that she was found out?

About the Louisiana Purchase, on

easy terms, there had been, after all, no mystery. It was not only that Napoleon wanted the money. He calculated, not without shrewdness, that a strong United States would be a check on the British Empire. Since the War, there has been a suspicion that France still wishes to stand between the two great sovereignties of the English-speaking world. At the Washington Conference, hers were muffled plaudits when naval competition was arrested without the necessity for her conciliatory offices. However, the resources of her diplomacy were not exhausted and, by a favoring fortune, a foreign minister arose in London who could be complimented on his French accent. Adroitly, Sir Austen Chamberlain was cajoled into a secret understanding at the expense of the United States. Cruisers were to be traded in advance against trained reserves, and disarmament thus prevented. It was thus a very pretty cat that Hearst and his newspapers let out of the bag; Sir Austen Chamberlain's glittering career was brought virtually to an end and, to be frank, it began to be plain that, in dealing with a trusted ally, a perfidious Albion must also be prudent.

THE contribution of France to the higher life of man is immeasurable. The French themselves are the first to admit it. Pasteur and Descartes as scientists, Pascal and Rousseau in philosophy, Voltaire as a man of letters, Corot as a painter, Racine and Molière in drama, Gounod and Debussy in music—they are names that will ever be received with veneration.

Yet is there not something about genius, even so transcendent, that falls short of the absolute ultimate in human greatness? Comparisons are odious. But

when we think of Galileo and Sir Isaac Newton, of Raphael, Leonardo and Michelangelo, of Shakespeare, Danton and Milton, of Bach and Beethoven, of Gibbon, Kant and Tolstoy, we seem to envisage an Olympus where there is an inner shrine as well as outer courts. We are interested in Robespierre. But was he a Washington? Gambetta thrills us. But was he an Abraham Lincoln? Even Napoleon did not survive the one day that he spent with Wellington, and Napoleon was only French by adoption. As a Corsican of Italian blood, he had in him, as it seems, something of the energies of a Mussolini.

French thrift, French architecture, French patriotism—Joan of Arc, the Rheims where she crowned her king and the peasants who paid for that cathedral—they are all incomparable. Whatever the French have to do for France, they do nobly. But does that reach to the ultimate? France is great. But is she the universe? It is with nothing less than the universal that ultimate art and ultimate wisdom is satisfied.

For a thousand years, French has been the language of diplomacy. An exquisite echo of post-classical Latin soothes those susceptibilities among the eminent which are so easily ruffled and so hard to allay. If it were possible to rule our race by tact, what frontiers would there be for France to defend? Her empire would be, indeed, the League of Nations.

Like the lyrics in miniature which are the poetry of Japan, a French sentence is simple. But it is no less subtle. Few have the taste to pronounce that exquisite medium of romance and repartee *comme il faut*, and it is, doubtless, a breach of traditional etiquette that there should be, in these rough and tumble

days, a tendency to translate such nuances into the vulgar tongue of truth.

French diplomacy is not mere table talk. In this duel of wits, keen phrases flash like the edge of a Toledo blade. *Finesse* may elucidate an issue only to elude it, but—thrust or parry—the weapon is cold steel, and the swordsman salutes only in order to slay. Not that the real is allowed to be rude. Frenchmen never forget that “manners makyth man,” and the fatal stroke confers a *coup de grâce*.

So it was that Dumas described his D’Artagnan. We see a kind of swash-buckling Don Quixote who envisaged the rest of mankind at the point of his sword, and it was the jovial swagger of Three Musketeers that swayed the destinies of France and Europe. The firmest friends were suspected as future foes, and, except in a fight, there was no such virtue as good faith. To play off the ends against the middle, that was the never-ending obsession.

This, perhaps, may be the reason why, as it seems to the annalist, the career of France as a nation is apt at times to be much ado about nothing. Her position on land and at sea is, strategically, superb. Actively she has pursued her policies. Gallantly she has fought her wars. The sowing of blood and treasure has been generous. But how about the harvest? Are Frenchmen themselves satisfied? What, after all, came of the magnificence of King Louis XIV? It is Mr. Rockefeller who has restored Versailles. What was gained by the colossal irresponsibilities of Napoleon Bonaparte? Not even the Rhine Boundary which, after Leipzig itself, he was so misguided as to refuse. We forbear to recall the fatuous follies of a Napoleon who was at once the Third and the third-rate. How often D’Ar-



tagnan was disillusioned over his royal masters!

It may be said that things have changed in France. They have, but to what extent? The melodramatic presentation of certain episodes in French history which D. W. Griffiths contributed, in his day, to the silver screen greatly enraged the Parisian *Camelots du Roi*. Even the Gish Girls did not reconcile the rioters to memories of the Conciergerie. One hesitates, therefore, to suggest that, after all, the somewhat numerous revolutions in France may have aroused, inadvertently, a certain violence. On the Eve of St. Bartholomew's Feastday, the bells of St. Germain d'Auxerrois awakened the Huguenots, so it is said, to a due respect for eternity. The barricade, we are told, impeded traffic beneath the ever convenient *Lanternes* of the Faubourg St. Antoine. And so on, to the burning of St. Cloud and the Tuileries.

But there has been one sanctuary of sagacity that no mob has ever been so impious as to invade. It is the French foreign office. Over that hierarchic temple of tradition, there brood undisturbed the shades of Richelieu and Mazarin, of Carnot, Talleyrand and the other monarchs of a diplomatic line unbroken. It is with the French foreign office that other nations have to deal.

THERE was a great scholar at Cambridge who remarked to a junior fellow of his college, "We are none of us infallible—not even the youngest." There was also Oliver Cromwell who was so impatient with Scottish Presbyterians as to exclaim, "For God's sake, gentlemen, believe it possible that you may be mistaken." The illustrious House of Bourbon may have been separated by an accident of birth—indeed,

of the guillotine also—from its appropriate sovereignty. But the two qualifications which were essential to that dignified dynasty are still cultivated. French diplomacy does not learn. Nor does it forget.

A bureaucracy that has nothing to learn is fortunate. But only if there is nothing to be learned. After all, it would have been better for France at Agincourt if her nobles had so far demeaned themselves as to be aware of the long bow. At Waterloo, Napoleon would have been in a better position if he had believed what his marshals with experience told him—that British squares can not be broken by cavalry. At Sedan, there was something to be said for finding out where were the Germans. If Paris had been as well acquainted with India as Dupleix, it is doubtful whether a clerk called Clive would have conquered the Carnatic. So with the Suez Canal. When those shares were for sale, Disraeli knew. There is one reason and only one reason why De Lesseps failed to complete his Culebra Cut at Panama. He did not think it worth while to know about yellow fever. Yellow fever was not French.

The question that occurs to the mind is thus elementary. Does France know that this is the Twentieth Century? Is there a reason for supposing that, since the Armistice, she has been acting more wisely in her own interests—let alone the interests of mankind—than she acted, let us say, when she followed Napoleon to Moscow or Dreyfus to Devil's Island? Has she so far departed from her own immemorial precedents as to discern what are the essential conditions of the tranquillity that—so ardently and with such profusion of military display—she sincerely desires?

In character, it is courage that adorns

the good and condones the evil. As the Tiger at bay against German aggression, the Dantesque audacity of Clemenceau, carrying his seventy-five years of acrid cynicism into the trenches and fearing neither man nor God, was superb. Nor were his wise-cracks unworthy of Will Rogers and his daily dozen. Moses was content with ten commandments but Woodrow Wilson required fourteen points—how witty it was! It drew a Bostonian smile even from Senator Lodge.

But, looking back on it all, was Clemenceau in his black gloves really serving the best interests of his country by uttering wise-cracks as an international currency of wisdom? Is a man like Woodrow Wilson to be treated as a fool merely because the method in his madness does not happen to have originated on Montmartre? Day by day, so the story goes, the President of the United States would count on his fingers how many times he had been, as he thought, double-crossed. It was, of course, his error. Wasting his time on the well-being of mankind, he was too preoccupied to realize that the only game to be played by a Big Four is the good old game of poker. In the field of letters, scholarship and experience of public affairs, it is not easy to discern any respect in which the judgment of Georges Clemenceau, tested by the sequel, did not fall far short of Woodrow Wilson's foresight, and it was, perhaps, a calamity that Lloyd George should have hesitated between the sneers of the one and the sagacity of the other.

During the peace negotiations which France transformed into a pageant of persistent prevarication, it was soon suspected by Americans that the mellifluous formulas of French statesmen, their eagerness to substitute dinners for

decisions and to include the bankers and politicians of Allied and Associated Nations in one comprehensive Legion of Honor, covered an underlying and deep-seated contempt, especially for transatlantic intelligence. The Government of the United States may or may not have deserved the polite *hauteur* with which its crude attempts at negotiations were received. But at least it perceived the significance of the French word *sabotage*. It was *sabotage* that the Senate discovered in the Treaty of Versailles—the *sabotage* of an unprecedented opportunity.

THERE is no hospitality more delightful in its way than the French. The doughboys of the United States, arriving to defend a country not their own, were received with flowers and rapture. Never had the favorite sons of Main Street enjoyed attentions thus flattering, and in gratitude, sixty thousand of them gave their lives. Even the dollar, though straight from Shylock's pocket, was made to feel at home.

Still American doughboys, when tickled to death by shrapnel, like to know what it is for which they are dying. In the War of the Revolution, it was independence and that was worth while. The Civil War was fought for union which also was held to be worth while. What made it worth while to fight this third War? One thing and one alone—a certainty of peace. France and all the Allies agreed that this should be the war to end war. If ever there was a gentleman's agreement, there it was, and no gentleman, of course, can have intended to treat such an agreement lightly.

France insists on security and, indeed, she is justified. Peace is security, and unless peace is broken, no insecurity can



arise. Nor are the huge defenses elaborated by France on her eastern frontier to be regarded as a threat to peace. They may be plausibly accepted as the pledge of France that this is the frontier, and none other, which she desires to maintain—that her aim is not territorial aggression.

Nor would any one suggest that a first-class power like France, with a large empire behind her, should play anything but a first-class part in human affairs. But mankind is entitled to ask whether that part endangers the security and imperils the peace which is not exclusively a French concern.

The Napoleonic Wars deluged Europe in blood. Chatting with Metternich, the Emperor Napoleon was so nonchalant as to remark that, if need be, he would not hesitate at any time to sacrifice a million lives. Every country in Europe was overrun by the Napoleonic Huns and every nation was taxed and pillaged. If ever there was a case for suppressing international piracy, it was then, and the return of Napoleon from Elba was the immediate signal for those disciplinary measures which, about that time, the United States was constrained to inflict on the Dey of Algiers. It is only in death that France herself permits the immortal gunman to reside in her midst.

What, however, was the attitude of an injured Europe at the Congresses of Vienna and Paris? Between Napoleon and France, there was drawn a distinction. Eliminate the international bandit, and the quarrel ended. The Foch of that occasion was "the Duke," and "the Duke" was foremost in the demand for generosity towards a beaten, if cruel and aggressive opponent. It was this wise moderation of Wellington that made possible what is liberal in the

France of today, including the fact that she decided—after much hesitation—to be a republic.

A defeated Germany ousted her Kaiser. Her army was disbanded. Her munitions and the means of making them were obliterated. Her fleet was sunk. Her colonies were distributed. Her Allies, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, had their empires dismembered. Nothing was left to Germany with which, for many years, she could have attempted to renew a conflict with France or anybody else, nor has she made any such attempt.

Yet however peaceful a German Republic might be, however democratic the constitution, however helpless the nation, this neighbor must be crushed by the exaction of impossible reparations, never demanded of France herself after the Napoleonic conflicts, and far in excess of the comparatively trifling indemnity which France paid so easily after 1870. What President Wilson foresaw has thus come to pass. A Germany that elected Ebert as President has been driven back to Hindenburg, and from Hindenburg to Hitler. The Crown Prince is again in Berlin, and Germany has become, once more, a problem to be solved. It is not security.

Great Britain has buried nearly a million men on French soil. It did not occur to her, therefore, that France would treat so faithful an Ally and so generous a creditor as a potential enemy. Britain scrapped all save skeleton units of her air force. What was the retort of Paris? The very money that might have repaid some of the French debt to a terribly impoverished partner in heroism was spent on an air force across the Channel, so placed as to menace London, and France refused pointblank to agree to the abolition of submarines. This was all the rec-

ognition that was extended to the British Empire after four years of loyal comradeship with a France which otherwise would have perished, and the scarcely veiled threat of France that, if need be, she will bomb the Cenotaph in Whitehall does not add to security.

The United States lent France money. In so far as the loan was needed for the War, it was, in effect, canceled. But there was also money received by France for her internal reconstruction and development. The service of this debt was well within France's known capacity to pay without feeling the sacrifice. It is not easy to understand what France has gained, even in self-respect, by repudiating so reasonable an obligation, nor has the repudiation added to security.

NO COUNTRY can be secure as long as aggressive armaments are permitted. Contrariwise, if those armaments are abolished, no country can be insecure. Into the complicated tangle of covenants and protocols and conferences, why enter? The unescapable fact is that the reduction of naval armaments, over which France exercised no veto, was effected. But on land, the veto on disarmament, whatever form it has taken, is absolute and, to use the only adequate term, incorrigible. Germany, Russia and Italy have all been anxious that a result should be achieved. It is France and, in effect, France alone that has blocked the path. Nor has her *intransigence* added to security.

Possibly France is so strong in her friendships that she can afford to ignore the English-speaking nations. Has she not armed Poland and Czechoslovakia and Rumania to fight her battles? Is she not hobnobbing with a helpful Japan? What is the United States, what

is Great Britain compared with these?

There is also Russia, and that Great Britain, with her monarchy and her balanced budgets, should have been shy of Russia was, perhaps, to be expected. But why France? Russia followed in French footsteps. Both countries have had social revolutions. Both killed their sovereigns. Both desecrated churches. Both repudiated debts and currencies. The very word, communism, was coined in Paris. The Goddess of Reason as the only Deity was first enthroned in Notre Dame. Could any association of dramatic experiences have been more intimate? Jacobins and Bolsheviks were made to embrace.

In her agony of upheaval, Russia received from Woodrow Wilson a message of friendship. Doubtless, it was a mere gesture. Yet were not the Terrorists of Paris gratified when, under similar circumstances, the fulminations of Burke were mitigated by a similar message from George Washington? It was, after all, in the common cause that the Russian peasant had been hounded into the abysses of anarchy, and was it wholly sagacious to join with Churchillian diehards and Tsarist *émigrés* in invasions of Russia which would have been laughable, had not their consequences proved to be tragic? Russia, another ally of France, was added to her possible opponents—this in the interests of "security."

The idea that Poland and a very Little Entente would stand firm with France against Russia on the east and Germany on the west—both increasing in population—was from the first chimerical. It has passed into the long era of French illusions. Russia has her own arrangements with most or all of the French protégés. These youngsters have grown to years of discretion, and



have adopted Bismarck's policy of re-assurance.

Last, there was Italy. Who, among English-speaking Liberals, had a good word, at the outset, for Mussolini? He was mistrusted as a dictator and was reckoned among the liabilities against which there should be safeguards. But the Duce, while he can orate, also learns. He has not made the mistake of increasing without good reason the number of his opponents. In particular, he has avoided collisions with the English-speaking world. For some obscure reason, France has failed to retain Italy's friendship. Suppose that it is Italy's fault. Assume that, as a Treaty revisionist, Mussolini with his eye on Tunis, is annoying to the nerves. It does not make for security.

Into gold standards and the like—including French deficits and also the pedagogic analyses of British bankruptcy by French economists—with a

false statement in Paris of the failure of a very important bank—let us not enter. Accidents will happen.

Enough that we suggest a general conclusion. It is as simple as the French idioms themselves. France has been offered a great opportunity of leadership, not only in Europe but in the world as a whole. Everywhere deference was paid at once to her feelings and to her judgment. It has been with the greatest reluctance that, step by step, mankind has been compelled to decide that, on critical issues, France may have to be outvoted and left to go her own way. It is a pity.

If Britain retains her leadership, it is because she has known what to learn and when to yield. It is a humbling exercise of the nationalist soul. But it is salutary. Such humility would have saved many an empire from the dust in which antiquarians dig with such strange enthusiasm.



# A Hand for Radio

BY CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

*The cards dealt, or intended to be dealt, to other industries in the New Deal will not suffice for radio*

THERE are substantial grounds for doubting whether radio can survive a great deal longer unless it undergoes some fundamental changes.

At any other time than the present such a statement would be dismissed as scarcely less hare-brained than to question the survival of the automobile or plumbing; for, judged by usual standards, radio has earned almost as firmly established a place among the tools of contemporary living. But these days doubt and change are the twin watchwords. After four years of battering disillusionment there is a deep-seated disposition to make the continued existence of virtually every institution contingent on its being thoroughly overhauled to fit in with a new and better order.

Even so, radio seems to have grounds for pleading immunity to the current psychology of doubt and change.

Commercially, it can point to the feat of leaping from nothing to the billion-dollar aristocracy in the comparative twinkling of a decade. Socially, it can cite the tremendous usefulness of a nation-wide medium of instantaneous mass communication, comprising 17,000,000 receivers, served by 600

broadcasting stations. If, notwithstanding these accomplishments, it now finds itself in serious difficulties—and it does—that can plausibly be laid to an economic depression which has spared nobody. Seemingly, all that is needed to make this fair-haired child of science and industry thrive again is a general resumption of business activity.

But the matter is not as simple as that. Even in the golden age of 1928–29, radio was not prosperous, despite an air of Midas legerdemain. If boom prosperity were to return tomorrow, that would not solve its problems. So, like many another ailing enterprise, radio will have to undergo major changes—organic as well as functional—if its health is to be equal to playing a permanent part in the new order.

The simplest way to make this conclusion valid, as well as indicate the needed changes, is to examine the present and immediate past of the two industries loosely called radio.

There is a natural tendency to think of the receiver and broadcasting businesses as interdependent parts of a single enterprise. Obviously, the receiver market depends directly on the availability of broadcasting, since the



only reason for buying a receiver is to hear programmes. Just as clearly, the usefulness of broadcasting rests on the wide-spread distribution of receivers, for without an audience programmes would be pumped into a virtual vacuum. Yet, with inconsequential exceptions, receiver manufacture and broadcasting have set themselves up as separate industries, each ingenuously heedless of the other. (Not so much a division of labor, as taking the line of least resistance.) So, for diagnostical purposes, the two have to be scrutinized singly.

**O**WNERS of radio securities scarcely need to be reminded that the receiver industry betrayed an ominous lack of earnings even during the 1928-29 gold rush. Barely a handful of the myriad manufacturers showed a profit on what proved to be their best years. And with that situation at the apex of the distribution pyramid, the jobbers and dealers making up its base found themselves in a still more bewildered profitless prosperity.

The chief causes of such an anomaly fall under the familiar heading of insane overexploitation. For example, though the total receiver sales for 1929 were but 4,438,000 units, the industry had a capacity of 14,000,000 units. Considering that there are only 17,000,000 receivers now in use, the inevitable results of wild overbuilding should be clear without invoking detailed statistics.

Every year of the "big boom" saw this mad routine: design of a "new" model incorporating "revolutionary advances" calculated to cause the artificial obsolescence of the one just marketed; headlong production for a few months; dumping of staggering inventories without regard for "protected" outlets;

then another "new" model. In the brief space of three or four years a market was mined out—without profit—which should still be yielding substantial returns.

To be sure, radio was not the only industry pursuing a policy rationalized as the survival of the fittest. But it jet-tisoned ordinary judgment more completely than many of the others. It had within itself the means of orderly control, through patents; yet, far from using them to serve the common need of stability, it wasted its resources in a fratricidal war for their possession.

Came that pivotal date, October, 1929. The dizzy downward spiral began and has not been checked. From a total of 4,438,000 receivers with a value of \$592,068,000 in 1929, sales plunged to 2,620,000 units with a value of \$124,860,000 in 1932. Though this shrinkage seems no greater than that experienced by many other businesses, a differentiating factor must be reckoned with in appraising its pathological significance.

Under the emotional stresses incident to economic stagnation, people seek escape in entertainment. This instinctive urge for flight—or balance—should have made the depression an opportunity for radio to come into its own, rather than a blight. If nothing else, radio is a source of popular entertainment. Further, at an over-all cost of from one to two cents an hour for an entire family, it is one of the least expensive of diversions. Yet receiver sales have been slumping steadily. And so have tube sales.

As a pathological symptom, this last is even more significant. Tubes wear out after a few thousand hours of operation. Accordingly, their sales constitute the most accurate index of receiver

use. And here is the revealing record: 1929—69,000,000 units valued at \$172,500,000; 1932—44,300,000 units valued at \$48,730,000.

Even making liberal allowance for the probability that many tubes still in service should be discarded, this points to the unescapable conclusion that receivers are not being used as much as they were. And remembering that the need for escape is far greater, decreasing use can scarcely be explained away by the necessity to trim family budgets.

How have the receiver and tube makers met that grave threat? Chiefly by the methods which brought them profitless prosperity in the "big boom." True, there are fewer "revolutionary advances." Instead, plummeting unit prices are the vogue, in a desperate effort to capture the lower-purchasing-power market.

As a result, thousands of distribution outlets have been starved out, along with a number of manufacturers. The rest are locked in a death struggle from which the "fittest" have every chance to emerge seriously weakened. Stability is still far off, even on a technical score.

Grimly amusing evidence of that is found in the tube situation. As this is being written, there are no less than ninety types (only a few interchangeable) being made as "standard" receiver equipment. Imagine the automotive industry tolerating ninety "standard" sizes of tires.

HOWEVER, as for the basic matter of accounting for the public's growing apathy toward radio, the receiver industry can not be held solely or even chiefly responsible. The waning popular response must be charged to broadcasting, since programmes are the only reason for owning a radio.

In sharp contrast with the receiver industry, broadcasting—with notable exceptions—enjoyed almost a vulgar prosperity well into 1932. For example, during that otherwise distressful year the National Broadcasting Company grossed \$29,000,000. But since the middle of 1932 the pall of hard times has settled also over the stations; not, however, without signs which portended trouble long before.

Even in its heyday, the financial complexion of broadcasting was exceedingly spotty. It is estimated that only about a third of the 600 stations ever showed a profit. While some of these yielded bonanza earnings, the unlucky two-thirds were chronically—often deeply—in the red. If this situation seems not a great deal different from that found in other industries, it must be remembered that broadcasting is a regulated monopoly; hence, comparatively free from the evils of unrestricted competition.

Also, while its gross volume of around \$100,000,000 made broadcasting appear to flourish like the green bay tree, it betrayed the unhealthy symptom of a high advertiser turnover. A number of clients too large to be ignored has quit the air medium after thorough trial, and before the era of pared appropriations. Considering its characteristics, this is not surprising.

As an advertising medium, radio has inherent disadvantages from which the printed page is free: the necessity of being in a given place at a given time, the momentary life of copy, the interest dependence of advertising on "reading" matter and the demonstrated shortcomings of the ear in an eye-minded age. They make radio at best merely supplementary to print as a means of commercial promotion. And they have



been intensified rather than minimized by an anomalous relation between broadcasters and advertisers.

Concerning the direction of programme policy, the broadcasters would appear to be in much the same position as the publisher of a magazine or newspaper: that is, the determination of what shall be aired seems to rest with him. Such is not the case. Advertisers wield virtually dictatorial power over everything heard in the time they buy.

To be sure, this needs to be qualified by adding that most stations exercise a certain—albeit exceedingly tolerant—censorship over the advertising they accept. But as regards the choice and treatment of “reading” matter in sponsored programmes, the part played by the studios amounts to little more than what can charitably be called “coöperation.” For example, if a client decides on a dance band and a blues singer, that is the sort of programme that will be broadcast, though the station director may be in a position to know that a concert orchestra playing light classics is far more in keeping with the hour and the character of other material on the air.

This “yessing” surrender is even rationalized into a virtue by claiming that it has promoted the improvement of broadcasting by putting advertisers in competition for listener favor. Actually, of course, it is abject truckling to the business office. And, as is inevitable, such a “sell-out” has had several consequences definitely adverse to the public’s acceptance of broadcasting.

The most obvious is the inordinate amount and pile-driver finesse of advertising crammed into programmes. The evils of this short-sighted practice are too well-known to require elaboration. All that need be said here is that ram-

pant advertising has bred a defensive indifference, if not active hostility, which beyond doubt has contributed much to listener apathy.

A less obtrusive but equally serious consequence of advertiser domination is the heavy-footed emphasis on the popular note in programmes. Starting with the premise that radio is a “mass” medium, advertisers have set out in assiduous pursuit of that will-o’-the-wisp, “universal appeal.”

The futility of this should be manifest. Pleasing a majority of the hodge-podge audience is a fortuitous rarity. The best that can be hoped for is to interest a definitely limited minority. Yet the foredoomed quest of universality goes feverishly on, tooled with the naïve device of scaling programmes to the lowest common denominator of listener taste.

This explains many of the fantastic phenomena encountered on the air: the hopeless glut of “tin pan alley” tunes and “wise-cracking”; the much trumpeted importation of Broadway and Hollywood headliners; and a “build-up” system under which radio “stars” are synthesized for a brief effulgence. It accounts also for the fact that, in the main, broadcasters themselves must air programmes of good music and radio drama above the “sure-fire” bracket. To most advertisers, numbers are everything; the character of listeners nothing.

Such a situation has inexorably taken heavy toll of broadcasting’s public acceptance. Sedulous catering to popularity has alienated the multitude of listeners who demand something better than shallow amusement, at the same time—and ironically—failing to hold the “mass” audience whose favor is prized so highly, because this group

tires most quickly of what it thinks it wants. So commercial programmes have been driven through a desperate crescendo of "sensations," with the response dwindling to a jaded flicker.

Still another factor contributing to broadcasting's illness comes from without, though it is a repercussion of an internal condition: the hostility of the newspapers.

The reason for this should be plain. By financing itself through advertising, broadcasting has gone into competition with the newspapers. The broadcasters insist that such competition is negligible, since the two media are merely complementary. But the American Newspaper Publishers Association places the press's loss of advertising to radio at 25,000,000 lines for the year 1930. At any rate, a dominant section of the press has become definitely hostile to broadcasting and has put teeth into its antagonism by virtually banning radio from its columns.

This move is far more serious than might be supposed. Paradoxically, while setting itself up as a potent publicity medium, broadcasting depends peculiarly and directly on the publicizing aid of the printed word. To an extent only suggested by the theatre, it must have the widest distribution of published programme listings to let listeners know when and where to expect certain features. Also like the theatre, it needs the constant stimulus of news items and programme criticism to keep the interest of the audience whetted.

During the first six or eight years of broadcasting the newspapers supplied this invaluable service, generally and generously. In fact, they played a major part in popularizing radio. However, when broadcasting not only be-

came an aggressive advertising competitor, but began reporting spot news in a comprehensive way, the friendship of the press for radio underwent a rapid cooling. And when the depression precipitated a battle for dwindling advertising appropriations, the hostility of the press reached the stage of reprisal.

Now, with comparatively few exceptions (most of these papers associated with broadcasting stations), the important dailies have stopped carrying radio news items and criticism columns. Many have pared programme listings to a skeletonized form which makes them of scant value. The American Newspaper Publishers Association is even heading a movement to discard programme listings altogether unless they are paid for as advertising.

To meet this situation, a number of programme and "fan" magazines have sprung up. But their total circulation does not begin to equal that of the hostile newspapers. Considering the waning of listener interest clearly traceable to the lack of press support, it seems that broadcasting loosed a devastating boom-erang when it undertook to finance itself on such a lavish scale by means of advertising.

SO—BRIEFLY—the prospect confronting radio can be summarized thus: the return of general prosperity will not automatically remove any of the major difficulties which beset either the receiver or broadcasting industry.

With the point of practical (as against "market analysis") saturation already reached, the receiver industry must look chiefly to replacement sales; which means that its existence is bound up inextricably with the public's evaluation of broadcasting. And a sardonic commentary on that is the observation that



not a few people find police calls and short-wave chatter more interesting than prepared programmes.

What, then, is to be done? Must heedless opportunism exact its inexorable penalty? Will radio, after a meteoric decade, lapse into the virtual oblivion of the bicycle and phonograph?

No one who can glimpse its tremendous social potentialities will reply with an indifferent shrug. For the sake of what it can do, radio must indisputably be saved from the consequences of its own folly. And it can be saved, given the fearless application of remedies indicated by the nature of its ills.

As regards the receiver industry, the paramount need, now more than ever, is for something that will end destructive competition. And, as was suggested, a means is already at hand through control of essential patents.

The manufacture of a receiver involves literally thousands of patents. Most, but by no means all of these are vested in the Radio Corporation of America which, until late in 1932, was the storm centre of protracted anti-trust litigation. However, under the terms of a far-reaching Supreme Court decree, it is now able to take the lead in putting the industry on solid ground through constructive administration of its patents. Also, thanks to a new alignment, the Radio Manufacturers Association is in a position to do yeoman service by setting up machinery that will further make for order where chaos has ruled so long.

A closely knit trade association, patterned after the Swope plan, and exercising firm supervision over business practices as well as production, is the indicated ideal; moreover, one that is now legally possible of attainment through the operation of the Na-

tional Industrial Recovery Act. Certainly if industrial control has any possibilities, no more fertile field for its trial than the radio receiver industry could be found. And, regardless of the means, there is reason to hope that grim necessity may force an end of the game in which everybody loses.

A prescription that will heal the ills of the broadcasting industry is not as simple, nor is the patient's mind as prepared for treatment.

Beginning with organization, the imperative need of broadcasting is clearly for nation-wide unification. To certain sensitive nostrils this no doubt smells of "greedy monopoly," the crowning doom which already threatens broadcasting according to a widely publicized belief. Actually, there is no such thing as a monopoly of broadcasting, present or in prospect. But both broadcasting and the public it should serve would be far better off if there were a thorough-going monopoly, under intelligent Federal regulation.

It is not difficult to marshal evidence in support of this view, though it is so sharply at variance with the one widely held.

Radio broadcasting is a public service differing fundamentally from other utilities in that nature, through a fixed supply of wave-lengths, puts a practical limit on its facilities. While tracks and transmission lines can be multiplied almost indefinitely to expand railroad and electric services, American broadcasting has only about a hundred waves at its disposal. So the problem is one of making the most effective use of these. Which means that nation-wide unification is far more logical and imperative than for such a utility as the railroads.

The strongest argument for that is the service failure of the present com-

petitive system. A Federal Radio Commission survey reveals that only fifty per cent of the country has satisfactory service, despite the 600 stations which clutter the air. A station distribution map would give the reason.

Such populous centres as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles fairly bristle with antenna towers, while vast stretches of the West and South show virtually none. Not that more people require more stations. Area served is the decisive engineering factor in station distribution. But under a competitive system, financed by advertising, stations have swarmed around population centres like flies to molasses, because the larger the audience the larger are the prospective profits. And—the final fantastic touch—this senseless maldistribution has even been written into a law labeled “equalization” legislation.

No intelligent monopoly would tolerate such a situation because of the wasteful cost which duplication entails. It is safe to estimate that, given sane distribution of stations with adequate power, the broadcasting bill could be cut at least fifty per cent, with a handsome gain in quality of service.

The chief opposition to such a monopoly springs from doubt of the Government's ability to regulate. And, admittedly, the spotty record of the Federal Radio Commission provides grounds for misgivings. However, its poor showing is attributable not so much to shortcomings of personnel as to a set-up which puts a premium on “practical politics.”

Regardless of the system employed, some one must be entrusted with control. As things stand, the broadcasters are primarily responsible to advertisers and politicians: at best an unhealthy condition for an instrumentality which

ostensibly serves the “public interest, convenience and necessity.” Surely, if the Government can regulate such practical monopolies as transportation and banking, there seems no justifiable reason to doubt its ability to regulate a broadcasting monopoly. At least the British have proved that this is well within the realm of accomplishment, moreover, without taint of political interference.

FINANCIALLY, setting up such a monopoly should present no major difficulties. The actual value of stations is not large as capital investments go. Most of their market value is represented by licenses which, under a monopoly, would of course be worthless. And the problem of operating revenue could be solved by levying an assessment on receiver and tube sales.

Even those who go along with the monopoly idea may find this suggestion startling. But it has indisputable advantages which make it superior to any method of revenue-producing thus far tried or proposed.

Financing broadcasting by the sale of advertising is a failure, despite its show of glittering success. To mention again the two major defects, it has had the disastrous result of placing control of programme policy in the hands of advertisers, and laying radio open to the reprisals of the newspapers.

The plan of financing broadcasting by an assessment on receiver and tube sales would eliminate the latter fault at a stroke, thereby regaining the friendship of the press, so essential to radio's existence. Further, by putting the cost on the consumer it would shift the responsibility of the broadcasters to the public, where it belongs in all conscience. And, by including tubes in the



cost-bearing structure it would have the additional advantage of making the amount each listener pays proportional to his use of the service; something not true of the fixed receiver taxes so widely used to support European broadcasting.

Though conceding all these advantages, the broadcasters will no doubt object that, barring a prohibitive levy, an assessment on receiver and tube sales could not yield enough revenue to support broadcasting on its present scale. That is true. But it is also true that broadcasting has no right to be supported in the wasteful luxury to which it has become accustomed.

As has been pointed out, under an intelligently managed monopoly the cost of broadcasting could be cut to half the present figure (probably much less) with a clear improvement in service. The receiver industry should have no difficulty in negotiating this amount. Moreover, it has reason to regard such a levy as a boon rather than a burden, though the effect would be to raise the price of merchandise.

The central aim of the plan is to eliminate the several elements which have combined to undermine the public acceptance of radio. The receiving equipment manufacturers stand to profit most directly from the removal of these adverse factors, and could look forward—as they can not now—to a resumption of active buying. Further, the scheme offers the manufacturers an advantage they have not enjoyed since

the dawn of radio: the close coördination of manufacture and broadcasting, so essential to an orderly development of the receiver market.

The plan is, of course, predicated on the organization of the receiver industry along lines previously suggested. Were such an organization set up—as it should be, anyway—programme payments could be made an integral part of the patent-licensing machinery.

Admittedly, all this may seem a drastic—not to say desperate—prescription. But it must be remembered that the patient's condition is so grave that his recovery hinges on the decisive use of heroic measures.

True, there is much whistling in the dark about television as something that will presently put radio on the crest of another prosperity wave. However, when (more pertinently, if) television becomes commercially practical, it can be nothing better than a temporary stimulant, whereas the case clearly calls for major surgery and powerful germicides.

In short, the key question is this: after a youth of rare precocity, will its own folly be allowed to end radio's career at the very threshold of manhood? The answer can not be left to radio alone. For the sake of what it can do—and on occasion has already done—toward tooling a richer and fuller civilization, every one is concerned in seeing that radio is set on the road to permanent health.



# Economic Puritanism

BY GORHAM MUNSON

*Who, as an exponent of the "new economics," finds the chief resistance to Major Douglas's ideas in our moral attitude*

IT is singular that very few people have discovered the greatest stronghold of Puritanism. The Twentieth Century has witnessed a succession of forays against the survivors of a cult which in Milton achieved nobility, and these forays have generally been successful. But in what is now the most important part of a man's life, because it is the most obsessive, Puritanism is supreme and almost unquestioned. The victories have all been minor ones. Obnoxious book censors have been driven back and back, Prohibitionists are in retreat, manners have regained freedom, sex has lost its stigma; this has been the work of literary men, liberals in public life, scientists, reinforced by changing popular taste. But, with few exceptions, we are all Puritans in economics. Tribulation Wholesome can retire from field after field and yet gloat inwardly so long as he holds sway over men's industry, business and banking, and rule in these he does beyond a doubt. They constitute his key-position, and it has not been turned. Inasmuch as industry, business and banking control our lives, we are necessarily under Puritan domination.

It is now known that mankind has

the means to live very well indeed. The means have been given men in the resources and fruitfulness of their planet, and in their own resourcefulness (science) and fruitfulness (invention). Beyond wild dreams they are rich in real wealth; that is, they *can* exploit their planet and deliver goods and services to themselves at any reasonable rate they desire. They can, but they are restrained from doing so. Paradoxically, they live in want in the midst of potential abundance. That restraint—for men in general it is self-restraint—is Puritanical. It is amazing that it has seldom occurred to men to examine the ethical and psychological character of this restraint. What in us are its sanctions?

Puritanism is a complex subject and the term has been often illegitimately broadened and simplified. But there is a consensus that legalism is a dominant characteristic of the Puritan. He is a dry legislator by temperament. But behind this legislative dryness there is a passion, sometimes called the will-to-power but more accurately it is the will-to-govern. Live and let live is no part of the Puritan's creed. On the contrary, he is committed by his heart to a policy of



compulsion. The history of Puritanism is a record of attempts to compel others into narrow ways, and to prohibit them from "indulgences" frowned upon by the legalist. For it happens that this legalist is ascetic by temperament, and hence his ideas of indulgence are very wide indeed.

Most of us will fail to recognize ourselves in this description. We are in revolt against the multiplication of laws, we have developed tolerance, and we object to one-sided ethical codes, be they gross asceticism or gross Epicureanism. But in our economic views are we so balanced in judgment, so tolerant, so distrustful of goads and punishments as we are in our views on religion, philosophy, art and science?

It is claimed as a fact by one economic school of growing repute that an age of plenty and leisure for all can now be inaugurated. Think what that possibility means, and the issue should emerge with force. It means that within our old society of hard work and scarcity of rewards there is the seed of a new society in which work will be accomplished in semi-automatic fashion and goods and free time will be distributed lavishly to the population. It means the passing of economic whips and scorpions and the coming of absolute economic security for all. It means, to take a biological analogy, that collective man need no longer pay most attention to the functioning of his physical body but can enter on the life psychological; for in the social organism our industry, business and banking systems are in reality no more than the functions of metabolism and should not encroach on the cultural functions of the organism.

A claim which treads on the corns of a greater number of ingrained prejudices can hardly be imagined. Yet it is a

claim which has been soberly advanced by a man whose temperament is obviously conservative and whose training has been scientific, and it has not only been presented as a genuine possibility, but the instrumentation for converting it into actuality has been elaborately worked out. I shall not here go into the theory of Social Credit of which Major C. H. Douglas of London is the sponsor, or explain the technique by which it will operate. But the very interesting statement was made at Oxford last year by Professor Gustav Cassell that the psychological basis of the present world crisis is American Puritanism, and that statement from such a source should set us thinking on the possibility that economic progress is obstructed most by moral prejudice and narrowness. That is my theme, in any case, though I find the Douglas teachings the most convenient for displaying the theme. The Social Credit proposals smoke the Puritan out of the present economic edifices faster than any other challenge with which I am acquainted.

Here is a pretty instance of the Puritan smoked out. In the Glasgow *Evening Times* last year there was published Major Douglas's draft scheme for Scotland, and it aroused considerable comment. A Scottish banker wrote to the paper to say that "if after the hardships of the past few years people suddenly find themselves in affluence through this wonderful scheme, is there any reason to doubt that they would again follow the impulses already exhibited by most of us, and show a marked distaste for wise and cautious spending?" To this Major Douglas answered, "Would it not be possible to organize Missions to the Puritans?"

Another instance will clinch the contention that there is a definite Puritan-

freeman conflict involved in the progress of economics along the lines of an economy of plenty. A number of years ago Major Douglas and his lieutenant, the London editor, Mr. A. R. Orage, called on Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb to explain the Social Credit scheme of a retail price discount and dividends for all. Major Douglas refers to the interview in one of his writings, and says that the principal objection of the Webbs was to the object of the scheme: the granting of real economic liberty to every one. Mrs. Webb is reported to have exclaimed, "Why, under Social Credit the British workingmen will drink and debauch themselves to death!"

THERE is for many people a feeling of sinfulness in the spectacle of persons enjoying material plenty or in desiring it or in the thought that all may acquire material abundance, if a financial mechanism is devised to distribute our glut of goods. Tribulation Wholesome, who came to power in the Age of Scarcity before Watt harnessed solar energy for the benefit of man, still thinks that there is not enough to go round, that those who get a large share are hoggish, and that one's spirit goes to sleep with the acquirement of comforts, amenities and luxuries. He has the feeling that men should renounce riches, should work like horses and suffer deprivations, and should live in a state of artificial scarcity even if real scarcity has been abolished. But the sense of guilt about material possessions needs analysis.

Clearly, material possessions are innocent. Wine is not sottish, but the abuser of it is. The weaknesses of men are not the properties of things. To fear things, as Tribulation Wholesome does,

is giving them too much importance; it is truly putting things in the saddle. The world has changed from the days when Tribulation Wholesome was a young fellow. Then it was true that one had to climb over one's fellows to secure a high standard of living, and it was true then that the privileged existed at the expense of the great majority. Men had to work long hours extorting from an obdurate earth a bare sufficiency. What more natural than the rationalization, as psychoanalysts call it, of this state of affairs? Toil and self-denial were sanctified; leisure and rich living were denounced—with a heavy touch of envy. Work and save was the prudent order of the day. If you didn't work and save, you were guilty—of living on the backs of others, of heinous laziness, of unsocial behavior. You were going to the dogs in grand style or in rags.

But now there is agreement that the productive system can meet any reasonable demand on it by the community. In America it can gush forth goods and services to give every one a twenty thousand dollar a year standard of living. Things have, or rather should have, lost their scarcity-value and should now be available for their use-value alone. It becomes therefore possible to take up a variety of attitudes about things. One should have the choice of the simple life or the life of a Croesus or of any standard in between. That is a matter for each individual to decide according to his tastes and desires, plus his willingness to make certain sacrifices to attain the most extravagant standards. But wickedness has nothing to do with it. For the fact of actual scarcity has been supplanted by the fact of potential plenty and this has invalidated the Puritan's rationalizations about material wealth.



Furthermore, this real wealth, the raising of the rate at which goods and services can be delivered, has been accomplished by the new slaves, our non-human machines. Man-hours in productive industry can be cut down and cut down and again cut down, releasing man for other forms of work which flower from a condition of leisure. There are a multitude of wholesome tribulations in the world, but those concentrated in economic life can now be eliminated. They are the tribulations of sickness. The battle of man against psychological inertia can be transferred to other planes. But it will not be, so long as in the face of the machine and plenty, man distrusts both.

A generalization can be drawn from this. The economic Puritan distrusts deeply the pleasant and he glorifies the painful. Deprived by history of his old props, he is now an advocate of work for work's sake and of abstinence for abstinence's sake. This is so whether he is bourgeois or proletarian in point of view. Read the bourgeois exhortations in this time of crisis and then read the exhortations to revolution of the proletarian. It is the same note of distrust of the pleasant and glorification of the painful. We must sacrifice, we must be long-suffering, we must work very hard—to recover from the depression: that is what the bourgeois tells us. We must not expect any short-cuts, we must undergo a painful bloody revolution, we must fight our way inch by inch by methods of suppression and violent re-education, grimly says the class-conscious proletarian. Neither concedes that the wit of man might find an easier method of distributing our great cornucopia of real wealth than by protracted sacrifice or by civil war.

It took scientists a long time to

realize that they had a prejudice in favor of simplicity which reality might not share. The prejudice in economic thought is in favor of tremendous difficulties to conquer, whereas the solution to the economic problem might be ridiculously easy. Mark Twain wrote a story about a man who was imprisoned for twenty years and then walked out on the discovery that the jail door had never been locked. He had accepted the hypothesis that there were immense difficulties to escape: the imprisoned world today, thanks perhaps to its Puritan strain, accepts this hypothesis and will not admit that it might be we could just walk out into economic freedom. No, the road to that lies over mines and barbed wire and trenches.

All the same, there is more excuse for the attitude just described than for the prejudices against "getting something for nothing." People have been taught to take pride in earning their way, and this is a legitimate pride. It is also accepted that legacies do not conflict with this pride, for it is understood that legacies are the results of other persons' earning their way and abstaining from consumption so well that tidy sums are handed on to their survivors. But now let us consider the following proposition and we shall find that if it doesn't scare up an irrational resistance in ourselves toward "getting something for nothing," it will scare it up in other people. There is a still funnier objection that often arises, though seldom stated frankly; it is this: "It is all right for me to get something for nothing; I am a man of sense; but my neighbor, that good-for-nothing, it will be very bad for him to receive National Dividends." The proposition is National Dividends for every citizen. In abbreviated form, the argument for them runs like this:

Production exists for consumption. But consumption can not be financed by orthodox methods. It is necessary to add to the national income arising from engagement in production and this can best be done by the State's creating purchasing power and distributing it direct to the consumers in the form of national industrial dividends. These dividends will be calculated scientifically on the basis of the community's real credit, and they will not be inflationary because they will be coupled with price regulation. Now this seems like getting something for nothing. For the dividends are not a dole or a subsidy; nobody is taxed to make them up, they do not come from existing funds of purchasing power. They are newly created sums of money given to the members of the community. But they are not really something for nothing.

In 1827 Friedrich List, the honored German economist, was living in Reading, Pennsylvania, and was very active in the Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Manufactures and the Mechanical Arts. He wrote a number of letters on behalf of this society which were published and are now treasured as laying the foundations for economic nationalism. In attacking Adam Smith, List objected to the Scotsman's limited ideas of capital. There is, he said, significantly, a capital of the mind as well as of productive matter. The capital of the mind consisted of "the intelligence and social conditions of a nation." It comprised "a degree of industry, of instruction, of emulation, of enterprising spirit, of perseverance . . . a security of property, a market and consumption of necessities and comforts of life, and a freedom." This idea has strengthened with the advance of science and technology and is now familiar to students

as Veblen's "state of the industrial arts" and as Douglas's "common cultural inheritance." The point is that no one person owns this capital of the mind or can claim it. The capitalist can claim ownership of the tools of production, the workingman can claim ownership of his labor, and each is contributory to production. But who owns our inherited knowledge and techniques and processes which also enter into production? Only the community can claim this new factor of wealth-production, the capital of the mind, and to the community should go dividends based on its use. For the greatest factor in production nowadays is just this common cultural inheritance.

Thus, National Dividends are not at all something for nothing, but the reward to this generation for the abstinence of previous generations. Yet a great many people object to them on principle and grow violent when they think of their neighbors receiving a free grant of purchasing power from the State.

HERE, I think, we strike pretty close to the root-form of economic Puritanism, the form manifested by Mrs. Webb when she said the British workingman would go to hell under Social Credit and manifested likewise by Dr. Eisler, the monetary reformer, when he said he would not like to depend on any one's good will for his morning cup of coffee. The basic form is simply distrust of one's fellow men. One extreme is Rousseauistic optimism about men, the exaggerated belief in the natural goodness of man. It colored the early experiments in political democracy. It has been exploded. The other extreme is the Puritan distrust of man, the exaggerated belief in the natural



badness of man. It is entrenched in our economic system. It is high time to blast it out.

Puritan economists hold that men are so incorrigibly lazy they must always be goaded to work. Unless they are compelled to work, they won't. They hold that the industrial system should be an instrument of social coercion, a form of moral governance. They look on leisure as a wonderful opportunity for the Devil. Satan finds mischief for idle hands. They feel that men do not deserve freedom, and ought not to have it even if deserving. Hell would be let loose if men walked not in fear of destitution.

It is reasonable to suppose that the truth about man lies somewhere between the extremes of cruel Puritanical distrust and silly Rousseauistic credulity. No one would deny that unjust and debasing economic conditions make men bestial, but the conditions can be changed, eliminating a great amount of senseless strain and anxiety, relieving the need for drunkenness and crime, creating an environment favorable to the worthier impulses of men. Our experience of mankind is after all limited. Life is still an experiment, and the experiment of economic democracy has never been tried.

No, it has not been tried by the Communists. There is a capitalist Puritanism in economics, but there is a communistic Puritanism as well. Both capitalist and Communist are believers in a policy of compulsion. Capitalist Puritanism is based on the premise that men must work to gain purchasing power, work being defined as employment in the productive system. Excellent premise for other ages—but men have experienced rapidly the Age of the Machine and have now bewilderedly entered

into the Age of Power. They are willing to take jobs, but power has abolished the jobs, thus cutting men from access to productive work in the capitalistic sense. Why then is there not made by common consent and at once an adjustment in financial economics to the Power Age? The answer is, such adjustment is blocked by capitalistic Puritanism, a hang-over from the Age of Scarcity. A change in the financial system which would confer purchasing power on the community irrespective of employment threatens the system of rewards and punishment interwoven with the technique of producing and delivering goods and services. Industry has not the simple technical object of delivering the goods with maximum efficiency and minimum effort, but it must reward with riches and punish with poverty as well. Men are compelled to work by potent appeal to the motives of greed and fear, but in our new age they are driven in hordes against closed gates on which hang "No Help Wanted" placards. Inadequate income for all and the devil take the hindmost! Rewards for the strong, the cunning, the servile and the lucky; punishment, deserved or undeserved, for the rest. It is a crude and antiquated method of social control, and it can not last—though the change may be retrogressive and for the worst.

By Communist Puritanism is not meant simply the obvious sectarian religious element in communism on which so many have remarked, Berdyaev and A. J. Pentty most forcefully of all. Almost every one recognizes in the characteristic attitudes of the Communist today toward art, toward the free play of the mind, toward the amenities, toward leisure, the old Puritan hatred of the expression of human individual-

ity. Like the Puritan the Communist is a fanatical doctrinaire impatient with human nature as he finds it and determined to force it into a prescribed pattern. His solution, as Major Douglas noted over ten years ago, demands centralization of administration and a machinery by which individuals can be compelled to work, fight and so on. "The machine must be stronger than the man." The grim legalist to the fore again.

But all this is only the front of economic Puritanism. We must penetrate to the essence of the thing which is the refusal to admit that "the problem of unemployment" is really the problem of unpaid leisure. Paid leisure makes an economically free citizenry, and it is noteworthy that Communist propaganda emphasizes only the redistribution of existing income and employment for the unemployed and not, let us say, dividends for all and the steady enlargement of the leisured. Communism is dominated by a scarcity-complex, and while Marx did not forecast the first Communist revolution in an industrially backward nation, it is easy to see why the revolution should have occurred in a country like Russia rather than in England. For the Russian problem is Nineteenth Century and belongs to the recently ended Machine Age. It is the problem of bringing productive power up to consumption, the reverse of the problem of nations advanced into the Power Age who must equate consumption to tremendously enhanced production.

The modern mind must clear itself of inherited prejudices about work and leisure. Specifically, it must take pseudo-morals out of production, and it must apply real morals to distribution of the fruits of industry.

The great question of our era is, will the spirit of economic reformation triumph or will the new spirit of economic renaissance gather strength and overcome the class-spirit of reform? It seems proper to associate the reformation in its more extreme forms with the zeal of Fascist and Communist, though not with their worship of State authority, and to associate the renaissance with such economic libertarians as the Douglas school and in lesser degree the Belloc-Chesterton Distributist group. The forerunners of the new spirit of economic renaissance have, to begin with, grasped the fact of material plenty for everybody. They have grasped it emotionally and imaginatively; it is as vivid to them as is the fact to a poor man that by a legal struggle he can secure a fortune of, say, one hundred thousand dollars wrongfully withheld from him. The conviction of abundance for all lays the foundation for the mood of generosity and magnanimity. It opens new vistas for the development of the race. It is a sign that one great problem, the production-problem, has been solved.

Try to conceive what that means. It means that as great a step has been taken in social life as occurred in the first man whose body began to function semi-automatically, allowing his mind to fix on other than bodily concerns. It means that the problem is simply distribution, i.e., simply a money problem. This problem must be considered afresh; the discovery of new problems, the thrill of fresh approaches, the forging of new idea-keys—all these generate the excitement of a renaissance.

But the money-problem must be approached in the scientific spirit. Irrelevant emotion, moral presuppositions must be excluded. It must be looked at



in the Baconian way of regarding physical problems. This too is in the key of renaissance. It is exemplified today more by men like the Nobel prize-winner in chemistry, Frederick Soddy, and the engineer, C. H. Douglas, than by professional economists lost in a maze of abstractions severed from physical realities. It is on the money-front that the adventurous spirit is now most at home.

Associated with monetary revolution are the traditional renaissance values of liberty, leisure and culture. Given economic security now, an individual experiences a sense of freedom, he is able to initiate his own activities, his cultural interests rise to the surface. He is able to submerge his business life, his activities directed toward getting the means to exist; such activities become only one of his functions and are no longer completely engrossing. The aim of radical monetary reform is to give economic security to all, and to reproduce on the social scale the change in an individual who has inherited a fortune.

Some people will make a bad use of their new means for enjoying exist-

ence? Of course. The policy of inducement to work can't be trusted? There is good evidence it can. Things will go to pot? Possibly, but not probably. There is a risk. But the spirit of renaissance takes risks. To stand still is to decline. The world today is a gigantic demonstration that we can not stand still and that there are only two ways to move: along the direction indicated by economic Puritanism with its policy of constraint and its gospel of work or along the direction forecast by monetary libertarians with their first drafts of a policy of inducement and their cardinal tenet of the value of leisure. To the slogans of economic Puritans they oppose the cry, adequate purchasing power for all and the devil take the reckless! The technical devices for economic liberty are, as I have said, outside the scope of this article. But as a preliminary for studying them nothing can be better than to perceive to what an extent our thinking in economics is shot through with Puritan assumptions. Awareness of them will clear the mind for the cool technical consideration it must give to proposed changes.



# The Converts

BY GEORGE ALBEE

## *A Story*

THE worst sin of all, and the one which had provoked the Misses Pike and Caddo to the fiercest struggle, had been the dancing at night upon the dunes.

How many hundreds of years the young Arabs and their girls had danced there, nobody knew; the ceremony had been handed down in the tribe, not from old man to young man, but from boy to boy and from girl to girl. Against the mud walls of the village the great dunes rolled as had the white-cockaded, gray Atlantic combers against the sturdy sea-wall of the English coast town from which the two missionaries had come. They were as gently curved, standing there, as firm and smooth, as the tan cheeks of the Arab girls: when she had first seen them, twenty years ago, Miss Caddo had felt, absurdly, that she would love to rub her own cheek against them. No matter how often the ferocious Spahis climbed the dunes, reining their stallions to a plodding walk lest the sand exploding in puffs about their hooves should pull the tendons of their legs, a few moments later the breeze smoothed away the tracks; it was upon mounds of eternal purity that the boys and girls danced. There was a clump of palms in a cleft between two dunes, twenty slim-shafted

feather-dusters tilting in twenty directions, that served as a meeting-place. It was always a night on which there was no moon; one of the nights when, taking a stroll on the desert after dinner, you felt that you were floating in a glass bowl of dark blue perfume, faintly gilded by the starlight. The musicians sat cross-legged under the black palms, their shallow drums of taut hide clashing as faintly as the feathery fronds, their long bamboo flutes sighing as though it were the breeze that blew them. For perhaps an hour you could make out the dancers as white blurs whirling, and then the flutes wailed faster and the answering drums thudded hard, sounding like the hasty hoof-beats of the wild horses when they raced across the ashen plain to the south, the blurs disappeared as white woolen and white silk robes fell to the sand, and the bare dark bodies vanished as if they had been snatched up into Heaven.

Sometimes there came a short, sharp cry, then; whether of pain, or triumph, or joy, the two Englishwomen never fathomed. It made them shiver. It made them imagine perfectly horrible things, they had said in their letters home; for instance, that they had got off a train expecting Charing Cross and



found themselves suddenly strangers on the planet Mercury. Ah, yes, they had loathed the dancing!

"And I'm sure they're dancing at this moment. I feel it in my bones," said little Miss Pike.

She and Miss Caddo sat on their trunks beside the hard clay road now, in the chill vault of the dusk, listening to the yelping of the savage and hungry curs and the groaning of the sleepy dromedaries in the *fonduk*, and waited for the bus to come from Ghardaya. In a hand like a small dry leaf, Miss Pike held an electric torch, ready to wave it at the driver, who now and then forgot to stop at El Hamel.

"Oh, dear, why doesn't it come?" she asked, jumping to her feet and sitting down again. She was a fidgety woman; so small, so dry, that she appeared to have shrunk from a larger size, to be a mummy shocked by electricity into a jerky semblance of life. All of her motions were small. Her head twitched on her shriveled neck as though she expected at any moment to behold a grisly robber creeping up behind her with a knife and a club; and, when she walked, she skipped along, bent far forward, as though the robber were chasing her. She made aimless, quick little waves with her hands. She would be less nervous if she would eat more meat, said Miss Caddo, who worried over her friend's headaches.

Emily Caddo ate plenty of meat—what the Arabs called meat, at any rate; chicken and mutton. It was one of her jokes to state that the only part of England that she missed was the beef. She was a beefy woman, stalwart, with a pink, moist face, broad hips, and arms equipped to wrestle with the Devil. Her hands and feet were large, and so was her jaw, which jutted so far, and

looked so fierce, that she frightened everybody she met, although she was really an affectionate soul, unable to pass by the filthiest native baby without catching it up and half smothering it against her broad, deep breast. Her pale gray eyes looked fierce, too, behind their spectacles, which never sat quite straight upon her nose. Her spectacles were crooked, and so were her tweed skirts, and so were her old-fashioned hats, from beneath which strands of light, flossy hair leaked in disarray. She was a dowdy Amazon.

"I don't know that they're dancing, and I don't know why the bus doesn't come," Emily Caddo said tersely. "Do you think seeing you impatient will help the Lord to forgive us, Lucretia, when we've betrayed His trust for twenty years?"

IT DID not seem twenty years. At home there were new stones in the lush grass of the sunken graveyard, and new faces on the pews of the little, gray stone church, they knew; and there had been wars; and automobiles and airplanes had been invented by atheistic scientists; and they had traded their thirties for their fifties, and still they could not believe that they had been twenty years at El Hamel. Looking back, they remembered, rather, twenty days; the day Emily had been bitten by the sand-adder and had nearly died, the day wicked old Aaron had come to them asking to be baptised, the day they had discovered the sand-roses, crystal blossoms of sand melted to tan glass by the terrific sun of summer noons. . . . "Oh, Emily," cried Lucretia Pike, her near-sighted eyes searching the luminous gloom for the headlights of the bus, "it's really not such a long while. Couldn't we—?"

"We've discussed that, I believe."

"But, you often say yourself that they measure time differently from the way we do. Surely we might give ourselves a fair trial!"

"That"—Miss Caddo was positive—"is Satan tempting us to pardon ourselves. We've had our fair trial! No, my dear girl, we must face it. Our plain duty is to admit that we have failed in the Lord's labor; we are unfit to serve him further."

"Oh, dear, what will we tell them at home?"

So clearly they could recall that gray English morning when their mission had been announced in the little church! All the heads had bowed, and the prayer had gone up, and afterwards there had been handclaps and tears. With the whining organ doing its best to thunder for them, it had been a soaring out into the wilderness, in all the radiance of their dedicated maidenhood, to the salute of golden trumpets in the hands of angels. Soaring still, they had scarcely been aware of the Channel, of France, of Algiers as they had first seen it from the ship, a nosegay of pink and blue and yellow houses on the green hill above the harbor, of the Atlas Mountains, which they had crossed in a wagon. But their wings had melted under the desert sun when they had come to El Hamel. El Hamel was mud. You came, across a plain of baked mud as level as a pot of cocoa, to a spot where the flatness had been molded into bricks and piled in low walls. It was startling that a town should be so much of a piece with the stuff on which it stood; no more a town than the ring of pellets around an ant-hole. It was outrageous. The houses were mud boxes. If ever rain should fall, the missionaries had exclaimed, why, the

whole village would melt and stream away! They found that rain fell every winter, heavily, and exactly that took place. The natives built their boxes up again, mildly. When there were no more natives there would be no more El Hamel. The desert would take back its cherished flatness as though it had never lost it, and only the palms would be left to mark the trickle of the oasis—the palms, and the dunes; although the natives swore gravely that the dunes went roaming off across the desert now and then.

The dunes were every bit as shocking as the mud. It was difficult, it was impossible to believe that they were squatting where they were, for there was no other sand within fifty miles of them. Since they could not have been dumped whole from the sky, it was evident that a billion grains of pallid sand, rolling before the wind, had chanced to stop at the same place at the same moment! That could scarcely have happened in six million years; and Miss Pike and Miss Caddo knew that the world had only six thousand.

They knew that the world was six thousand years old, that Eve was fashioned of the rib of Adam, that the Lord was a jealous God, and that Jesus Christ died to save our sins. They were two devout young women from an English seacoast village, and the task they set for themselves was the conversion to their own religion of the continent of Africa. It would take several years. That they were ready to grant. Their plan was to convert North Africa first and go on to the south later. With the north in mind, they had called upon the Governor when their ship had docked at Algiers—which was not called Algiers at all, it turned out, but El Jay.



The Governor was a tall, thin Frenchman who looked sad, undoubtedly because he had led a sinful life. "We should prefer to go into virgin territory," they had told him. Bowing, he had made an unintelligible answer having to do with the raptures to be derived from such a practice, and then, growing sad again, he had said: "I suggest El Hamel. We have a cavalry post nearby, and our Spahis will see that you don't become martyrs, with knives where—that is to say, that you will be protected."

So they had come to El Hamel. With a brave laugh for the mud, Emily had said, "It's small, at any rate. When we've finished here we can go on to a prettier place." Miss Pike, squeezing her hand, had replied, "Let's take a vow, dear, never to leave until we have brought the Light to every poor soul here." They had wept in each other's arms, all of that first night, and in the morning they had swept the rubbish out of their box, the one at the end of the tumbledown row, rented at two shillings a month, and tacked to the chocolate bricks outside their door a sign reading, "Services Every Sunday."

The sign was printed in English. Afterwards they blushed, wondering how they could have been so stupid.

FROM the start they had agreed that their duty was threefold: to spread the Word, to combat sin and to do good works. The combating of sin appealed to them as their best beginning, because there were so many sins to combat. The Arabs had three and four wives apiece. They got drunk on anisette, despite the fact that their own religion forbade it. They smoked hemp, surely as dangerous a weed as tobacco. (How much more dangerous it was, the missionaries

did not know.) They went to shameless women, the Ouleds Nail, tattooed on cheeks and forehead, who were wild and dark-eyed in their dainty tinted slippers, puffed muslin sleeves, and tinsel headdresses. They gambled at horse-races and dominoes. They quarreled and cut each other with bone-handled knives whose blades, inlaid with lacquer, hung always over their shoulders in sheaths of blood-red leather. They let their little boys play naked in the dust except for red fezzes. Miss Pike and Miss Caddo, counseling themselves that they must remember that they were dealing, since "innocent" did not seem quite the word, with unenlightened children, informed them that these things were wrong. The natives stared at them between amusement and indifference, and did not even ask, "Why?"

"We have always done it," they said. What was done was good, or else it could not be done.

The missionaries' good works met with little more success. They petted the dogs, and got themselves bitten. The women ran from them in terror. After a time a few wives unbarred their doors and invited them in, but, although they were glad to gossip about prices, dresses and silver anklets, at the merest mention of religion they drew the cotton head-scarves with which they veiled their faces, so that only their dark, glowing eyes showed. Religion was not for them. Warriors would go to Heaven, one day, but wives would be left behind. The men were as impregnable as the women. Since the rivulet of the oasis trickled down its jungle-choked gorge for barely two hundred yards before it sank into hot sand, the grain fields along its banks were pitifully small, many of them scarcely

larger than a rug. As on dark green rugs the farmers sat, with their legs crossed and their conical white hoods drawn down over their faces, and dozed, waiting for the harvest.

"But you don't raise enough! You must grow more, so that you will have some to put by," the missionaries protested. "What if a crop fails? Then there will be no grain, no *kous-kous* to eat."

"When a crop fails," the farmers answered, "we die. Many of us die."

"Dig out the oasis. Lay pipes. Then there will be plenty of water, and you can have larger fields."

The farmers were horrified. If the oasis were tampered with it might become angry. Then it would run dry, and everybody would die.

Miss Pike and Miss Caddo turned to the houses that melted every time it rained. "Why do you do nothing about it?" they demanded. "One would think that you enjoyed crouching in the mud, with your rugs and your pots, while your walls run off into the oasis!"

"They melt. They have always melted," the Arabs explained.

"Plaster them."

"Plaster is French, not Arab."

"What of that?"

"It is dear."

"You might at least bake your bricks."

"We have never baked bricks."

"There's no law against making a beginning!" said Lucretia, crisply.

But there was a law, and a powerful law: "An oven needs fire. A fire needs wood. Wood is dear."

"Oh, I could slap them; I really could!" cried little Miss Pike.

"If you did, they would turn the other cheek. It is," said the young captain of cavalry, riding over from his

*caserne* on a visit, "a very peaceful tribe, fortunately."

The captain, a blond French boy, was a lamb, the missionaries affectionately decided. (He was twenty-two years old, he walked with a limp, he wore two medals on his trim tunic, and he kept a hundred hemp-crazed, knife-loving Spahis under his command without raising his voice.) The captain rode over to El Hamel, the first time, to learn whether the Englishwomen were pretty, and after that to learn whether they were still alive. Watching Miss Caddo snatch up a ragged baby and hug it, he took off his blue *kepi* and patted his forehead with his handkerchief. "*Im ch'Allah!*" he breathed. "But, my dear Madame, the evil eye—you do not comprehend—it is true that they are peaceful, as I say; but, even so, we unbelievers have the evil eye, *vous savez?* If that little one gets sick, now, his dear papa will stab you!"

"What rot!" boomed Emily, merrily.

The captain rode on to the house of the Ouleds Nail on his white stallion, swiftly, and ordered a girl and four bottles of beer.

FOR ALL their combating of sin, and for all their good works, however, the missionaries never permitted themselves to forget that their chief duty was the preaching of the Word. By the end of their first year they spoke servicable French. Rasping their throats on the gutturals, and belaboring their brains with conjugations in which the verb for "I go" had no connection with the verb for "You go," in two more years they learned only enough Arabic to enable them to discover that each nomad wandering in from the desert had his own dialect. But, where preach-



ing was concerned, language was their smaller difficulty; the greater was to get a congregation. Although the town crier, a twisted little cripple whose turban, burnoose and shoes alike were dirty rags, announced their services, nobody came to them. Their own word-of-mouth invitations were equally without result, and it was scarcely lady-like to run after a visiting Caïd and drag him into their house by the hem of his soft, silver-frogged crimson robe. They were forced to perceive, at length, that the market-place offered them their only hope of a crowd; but the market-place presented its own difficulty. The trouble was, on Sunday there was scarcely anybody there. Market-day was Monday.

The market was a bare square, its four corners marked by a café selling coffee and mint-tea, a steam-bath whose roof spouted a purple bougainvillea, a house swarming with the brightly-gowned Ouleds Nail, and the *fonduk* wherein a dozen hobbled dromedaries, floundering about on three legs, groaned and rolled their eyes girlishly in an endless attempt to convince their masters that they stood in need of food, freedom and love. On Mondays, the shepherds strode in from the burnt red hills. The gatherers of firewood followed them, trudging beside moving stocks of fragrant, rosy cedar sticks beneath which, somewhere, there were donkeys—soft little donkeys of patterned grey velvet, picking their way on hooves of carved ebony. Peddlers spread rugs and squatted on them to haggle over broken clocks, coils of wire, nondescript bits of rubber and tin, plated spoons and rusty clothing; all the waste of Europe, which the Arabs would put to purer uses. Fatty smoke rose from the braziers of the butchers,

selling scorched and sooty mutton-chops spiced with dust. Sheep, waiting for buyers, bleated miserably, standing in tight circles with their necks roped together. Sweating over ladles of liquid metal that trembled and flashed under a film of canary-yellow ash, hissing and sending up choking clouds of blue-and-yellow smoke when it was spilt, liquid lightning, into the molds, there were the silversmiths. Cobblers sat embroidering crimson leather slippers, chanting, "We make old shoes as good as new," as their needles lifted the glittering gold wire into the sunlight. And, flowing like the white nougat stirred in the pots of the candy-makers, a stream of white robes went round and round the square all day. In the market-place, on Mondays, there were plenty of ears to listen.

But, was it a sacrilege? The missionaries prayed long, asking the Lord to forgive them, explaining that they were doing it for Him, and held services in the market-place on Mondays.

The tribesmen listened to them as they listened to the story-teller who, with a little boy to beat his drum, told them tales of the ancient wars; as they listened to the flute of the gay and braggart snake-charmer, who shrieked and swore that his brass, flame-tongued cobras had bitten him. Market-day was a carnival, and the Englishwomen were one of its attractions. (There was hot debate as to whether they were women.) They preached by turns, while the Arabs gathered around them, nodding and murmuring in delighted recognition whenever Satan's name was mentioned. Him they knew well. His name was Shaitan. If you stepped across a mud-puddle without calling upon Allah, Shaitan reached up from underground and touched your heel

with his long, bony finger, and you fell sick and died. Rather less well, they knew Jesus, whom they thought a gifted comedian. Too, they had heard of Jehovah, the storm demon; but they did not connect him in their minds with God, and they urged the missionaries to skip Him and hasten on to the more exciting parts of the story—Elijah taunting the priests of Baal because their sacrifice of a bullock would not catch fire, or David pursuing the Amalekites and slaying all of them but the four hundred young men who fled on camels. When Miss Pike, making a great concession, explained that Allah and God were one, the loitering congregation shrugged and drifted off to the café. About Allah their *marabout* could tell them; for Mahomet's own blood was in his priests, the grandsons of his grandsons.

THE priest at El Hamel lived close by the oasis, in a whitewashed hut with a lopsided mud dome. A shaking old man with faded eyes and a dyed beard, he pretended that he was young, and the faithful, who loved him, pretended to be deceived. He was too feeble to walk the few yards into the village. He spent his days in his windowless hut, sitting cross-legged behind a faded, red cotton sheet. He was very poor, and those who wished to acquire merit waited at his low door and bought from him little packets of dust, holy because his feet had trodden it.

Regularly, once a year, he invited the Englishwomen to tea, offering them his treasures, a dozen crumbled, stony, greenish cakes, years old, which had come from Paris. The missionaries accepted, wondering why he asked them. Was he too old and stupid to understand that they were Christians,

that they meant to take his followers away from him? They never divined that it was the politeness of a nobleman for visitors of another race. Honored guests, they sat on a rug as radiant as a jewel, under leaning palms, surrounded by the awed little boys who were the old man's pupils, and wondered why he was not jealous of them. The entertainment, like the cakes, and like the *marabout* himself, was the same year after year. It was supplied by the young man, Aamed, who helped with the teaching of the boys. Aamed appeared hugging a double-barreled shot-gun, his eyes shining. Placing the gun very close to Miss Pike's small ear, that she should be robbed of no particle of joy, he reverently fired both barrels.

Miss Pike and Miss Caddo often spoke to the *marabout* about the dancing on the dunes. Each time, he flung up his gray, wrinkled old hands in amazement, and did nothing further: The other men in the village were as surprised as he was, and as inactive. As for the youths, they had heard that the orgies went on, but none of them danced. "The others dance, but not I. No, I do not know the names of the dancers," they said. It was of no use to go to the girls, for of course the respectable ones knew nothing of such matters, and to question the wanton Ouleds Nail was to receive a flood of curses from the doorway, a flood of laughter from the windows and a flood of slops from the roof. And still in the dark of the moon the flutes wailed. The dancing went on, and the missionaries returned to their preaching in the market-place.

They preached for fourteen years before they won their first convert.

At their door had appeared, one morning, Sellim, who trapped the little



red foxes of the Zahara and sold their pelts to the furriers of Paris. A round-faced, beardless boy with suspicious eyes, he was groaning. He stood on their door-sill, pressing his waist between his brown hands, and cried in anguish: "I want to be a Christian!"

"You do?" asked Miss Caddo. "Aren't you the boy that spit at me, when I told you not to spend your francs on that wicked Pearl of the Dawn?"

"For Heaven's sake, Emily!" interjected Lucretia Pike. "Come in, Sellim. Come quickly!"

Sellim came in at a trot, spied Miss Pike's bed, and jumped into it, drawing the bedclothing up over his fez. "I think I'm going to die. Hurry!" They baptized him between groans, while he urged them to greater speed, and then they knelt beside him in prayer. Miss Pike was weeping.

Sellim sat erect in bed. "Is it finished?" he enquired. "Am I a Christian now?"

Miss Pike rose from her knees to kiss his brown forehead. "Yes, my son."

He howled. "But I'm still sick!" Cursing, he threw off the blanket of rough wool, woven into wide stripes of black, lemon, magenta, scarlet and blue, and sped out the door. As he ran he leapt into the air now and then as his stomach-ache stabbed him. He kept on running until he came to the old priest's whitewashed hut, beside the oasis. The *marabout* wrote a verse from the Koran on a piece of tissue-paper, soaked the inked paper in a bowl of water, and commanded: "Drink!" Sellim drank. With holiness in his stomach to discomfört the evil there, he felt better immediately. By nightfall he was well. He never again was tempted. When he met one of the missionaries on the

street or in the marketplace he jeered, and spat.

THE Englishwomen did not know why they had never abandoned El Hamel for another village. Doggedness to them was a virtue; but the no-longer-young captain of cavalry, who as a brave man was not afraid to admit that he was a coward, sometimes chuckled, over his solitary dinner-table, and looked out of his high window at the desert. The desert lay beyond their window, too. At times the film-thin, blade-edged mountains which marked its end were the color of watered blood, and at other times they were darkest, sharpest violet, but their changeability only brought home the things about them that were not to be changed—one of which was that they could not be climbed, and another that they were eighty miles away. If the desert spoke a language of its own, as the nomads said it did, it was the language of contradiction. Looking out across its void, through air so clean of anything hard that it appeared to be as hard as a diamond, fools and prophets alike were made aware of infinite vastness infinitely minute, macrocosm and microcosm at one. The natives died of thirst in the summer and drowned in the winter cloudbursts. The burning light, which showed you a cobblestone a mile away, showed you also that the Zahara of the North, along with its chocolate mud, its sparse brambles, its roaming dunes and its juts of black and carmine lava, was made of hundreds of thousands of strewn cobbles. At noon El Hamel sparkled like crystal under sunlight which felled you if you stepped into it, while an hour later the graying dunes smoked and moaned, black warrior-clouds sailed down to mass and

charge—and, through the rain, you saw fair weather to the north, lightning in the dry east and to the south an idiot wind tossing whole countries of sand into the air, yellowing the sunny sky until it looked as though God, turned goldsmith, were firing his melt.

No—as the Misses Pike and Caddo sat beside the dark road, now, on their trunks, it was next to impossible for them to realize that they had stayed at El Hamel for twenty years. Neither of them could have told off-hand whether it was ten years ago that Sellim had come to their door, or three. Time, on the Zahara, seemed to swell and contract, like the bellows of an accordion. But it was scarcely a month since their second convert had been carried to his shallow grave, lying stiff along a plank on the shoulders of four eager runners, with a red tablecloth to cover him and a rusty kerosene-tin for his headstone. He was old Aaron, the horse-trader, who had been so dishonest that thieves, even, were reluctant to deal with him. A scrawny old man in dirty robes, Aaron was the only bachelor in the village, since wives cost money and he was a miser, who lived in the stable with his horses rather than pay for a house. The Arabs shrank from him, as people of all races shrink from a miser, and few were the stallions that he bought and sold. He came to the Englishwomen snivelling, drying his eyes on the hem of his *haik*, and in his high, quavering voice asked them to baptize him.

But within a fortnight of his baptism Aaron had lain down in an empty stall to die. The missionaries, watching beside him through the night, bringing him water and wrestling with him when he struggled to get up and find some hemp to smoke, in a way were happy that he was going. "At least," they said,

"he'll die a Christian." However, that triumph too was denied them, for old Aaron wanted a triumph as badly as they did. Towards the end he fought his way clear of his delirium, gave them a deliberate smile, and said, "You think that you baptized an Arab? I am not an Arab, I am a Jew. I turned Christian because I thought that it might help my business." His chuckle became wooden in his throat and, soon after, he threshed the straw with his thin, mud-scabbed legs, and died.

MISS PIKE and Miss Caddo waited beside the road, holding their coats shut at their throats. The dusk, stained blue, slipped into night, in which the stars, unlike the silvery English stars to which they were returning, were golden and so low-swung that, sighing, you feared to draw them down from Heaven with your breath. From the village there came faintly a clatter of talk, the groans of the dromedaries in the *fonduk* paying for their daytime meanness with bad dreams, and now and then a blink of orange lamp-light as a woollen door-hanging was drawn aside; but the sleeping desert had neither light nor noise. It was the hollow floor of space. There was no moon. There were only the sharp, dry cold and the crystalline stars. Then there was a hum, and the flank of a hill four kilometers to the south flared golden and disappeared again into blackness as the headlights of the bus first salved and afterwards swung around it, coming into dazzling view.

"At last!" exclaimed little Miss Pike. She jumped up and waved her flashlight.

"You might wait until he comes near enough to see it," suggested Emily.

The bus drew up, shortly, and they



climbed into it, the young Arab driver helping them with their luggage. Except for a pair of natives from Ghardaya, looking like sacks of flour as they sat asleep with their white hoods drawn down over their faces, they were the only passengers. It was an all-night drive to Algiers, and the Arabs did not like the bus, which made them sick at their stomachs with its jouncing. "*En voiture!*" shouted the driver, as if a large crowd stood in danger of being run down. "*En voiture!*" He slammed his door.

"Oh, dear," quavered Lucretia, as they began to move. She bent to the window and peered out into the darkness, touching the corners of her eyes quickly with her forefinger so that Emily would not see the tears. "If

some one had come down to see us off—"

"A pack of ungrateful savages? Nonsense! For all they care about us, we might never have been here!"

At the top of the rise the driver frugally shut off his motor. Coasting, it was quiet; so quiet that they could hear, as they rolled past the pallid glimmer of the dunes, the fine sand rustling; so quiet that the breeze brought to them the sound which they least of all hoped to hear. For in the black cleft between the dunes the reedy flutes were twining wistful filigrees, while the drums tapped daintily, tapped enquiringly, then, speeding, thudded with a panting urgency. On the silken, silver mounds the bare brown boys and girls were dancing.



# The World's Stake in Austria

BY DEVERE ALLEN

*Chancellor Dollfuss is fighting tooth and nail against the onslaught of Hitlerism; what does the world stand to lose if his effort fails?*

A LITTLE country about the size of the State of Maine, impoverished and well-nigh destitute, trustee of a decadent monarchist tradition and at the same time prophet of a new order, is destined to play during the next few months one of the most dramatic rôles in history.

Exactly one hundred years ago it was an Austrian reactionary diplomat, Metternich, who had penetrated by his sinister influence most of the chancelleries of the Continent, earning by wile as much as by capacity the sobriquet bestowed upon him by a recent biographer, "the Prime Minister of Europe." It was he whose repression of free speech, whose persecution of liberals, whose tyrannous advocacy of dictatorship, aroused fear and hatred among republicans and revolutionaries. Yet the wheel of time, which has dredged up many an anomaly before, has come round to a day when Metternich's homeland stands as the chief bulwark against the onward march of Hitlerism; to a critical time when a denuded Austria, because of cultural and geographical circumstance, may determine whether or not there is to be a Fascist belt from the Baltic straight down to the Mediter-

anean, splitting asunder the cluster of nations so assiduously built up by France into a unity since the War, shifting the balance of Continental power, and letting loose a new impetus of dictatorial force the future of which no man can possibly predict.

No sooner had the Nazi tide swept the Brown Shirts into power in Germany than the Austrian National Socialists began to swagger and take for granted their speedy conquest of the Austrian opposition. Adolf Hitler himself, it must be remembered, is by birth an Austrian; it was in the post-War ferment of Vienna that he nursed the ambition which has driven him upward. The growth of his movement in the larger land to the north has been paralleled, though not equalled, by the development of Hitlerite Fascism in the Austrian Republic. Hitler has made repeated return visits to look after his sentimental and practical interests in his fatherland; there is a Brown House in Vienna as well as in Munich; and thousands of young recruits have cast in their lot with the customary union of middle class sufferers and the monied barons of moribund business who are ready for the Nazi gospel.



Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, the little Napoleon of Christian Social fortitude, was warned openly last March by Fascist leaders that he would soon be out of control, and would be prudent to leave the seat of office at once. "You are playing not only with the last resources of our people," said the Nazi organ, the *Deutschoesterreichische Tageszeitung*, "but you are risking also your heads and your lives." Dollfuss replied by orders suppressing Nazi demonstrations and banning uniformed meetings of Nazi members; the Nazis merely took to white shirts and top hats as a symbol, jeering the stubborn Chancellor in the streets. Beset by increasing Nazi impudence, by a restless and powerful Socialist party—largest numerically in the state—and by still another type of Fascist movement in the *Heimwehr*, which, though Christian Social in general outlook, has taken on a dangerously self-willed character, Dollfuss managed to take advantage of a parliamentary technicality, dissolved the session of legislators, seized what is tantamount to absolute power, disarmed the Socialist *Schutzbund*, told the *Heimwehr* leaders that no interference would be tolerated, and squared away for a frank onslaught against every form of Nazi attack.

The Hitler forces pressed the struggle. While in true Nazi fashion, responsible leaders disclaimed all spontaneous outbreaks of violence, exhibitions of fury followed one another with incredible brutality. The foreign and Jewish students in the universities were alike pummeled and clubbed; bombs exploded outside Jewish shops; sporadic cases of assassination multiplied. The airplane visit of Dr. Frank, a Nazi emissary, was bluntly met by a snub on the part of the Austrian Gov-

ernment; the dismissal from the country of a Nazi press attaché for indisputably illegal conduct was followed by humiliating marching orders bestowed upon the Austrian press attaché at Berlin. Dollfuss at this very hour was in London making a successful effort to raise a \$40,000,000 loan and to persuade foreign governments that they had a deep responsibility for Austrian stability. He returned to be saluted by further bomb-throwing, open war by Nazis on the *Heimwehr* and everybody but Hitlerites, and a challenge to his new power which he met by a complete ban on all Nazi activity whatsoever. From over the border, the German Fascists despatched new warnings to the world that Austria would be spoiled for tourists; the fighting Chancellor replied with fresh assurances and some rather convincing evidence that tourists were already pouring into Austria with perfect safety. German radio stations sent forked lightnings in the shape of beligerent speeches over the sullen skies of Austria; Dollfuss retaliated by a complaint to the International Broadcasting Union and a threat that, if the German propaganda were not suppressed, he would at once frustrate it by establishing a blocking station to counter Fascist thunderbolts by invincible radio squeals. The hint of the repressed Austrian Nazis that they would not hesitate to adopt secret terrorism was answered by a laconic announcement that the death penalty, which was abolished by the republican constitution, might be revived for those falling under the clutch of martial law and receiving trials before military courts. The contest began to settle down, in late summer, to a grim process of attrition, the outcome of which will determine, perhaps by fall, the fate of Austrian Hitlerism.

A responsibility the other nations most certainly have. The newly constituted Republic came into being, in 1919, under the watchful influence of the Allied governments. When the effects of the War were shown to be too serious to permit Austrian reconstruction, the League of Nations stepped in and rehabilitated the country's financial structure; the various experts who served on the Committee of Control of the Guaranteeing States for the Austrian Loan, who were given authority by the Second Reconstruction Protocol of October 4, 1922, represented no fewer than ten countries—Italy, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Sweden, Great Britain, Holland and the United States. Thoughtful onlookers from afar will not readily forget that it was the collapse of the Austrian Creditanstalt in May, 1931, which precipitated a monetary crisis in Germany, an event which in turn played no inconsiderable share in driving Great Britain off the gold standard, with tremendous repercussions on the financial institutions of the entire globe.

Furthermore, in view of Hitlerism's anti-Jewish crusade, it is of no small moment that the Treaty of Saint Germain, under which Austria's post-War status was outlined, provides explicitly in Article 63 that religious liberty shall be maintained. Hence every time a Nazi Austrian shouts that soon all the Jews will fare as they have in Germany, he is branding himself a potential violator of a treaty in which the major nations allied during the War have expressed a definite concern over their official signatures. Be it noted, also, that the percentage of Jews in Austria is not one, as in Germany, but three.

How far the statesmen of supposedly neutral countries would go in a pinch

can scarcely be foretold; that they have already rebuffed the German Government is plain. Not only have the Nazis been stymied in Austria; the Great White Father of Fascism at Rome, Signor Mussolini, has appeared decidedly coy. Mr. Mussolini himself, back in 1926, shook the well-known sabre in the direction of Vienna and threatened to invade the country with his Black Shirts; in 1930, Fascists from Italy, Austria, Germany and possibly elsewhere gathered in fraternal conclave down on the border line where the Alps rear a natural barrier that has had no halting effect on Fascism, to drink elatedly together to that glorious day when Fascist minions would cement the governments of all nations into one vast empire from Pole to Pole; hardly had the ink dried on the first few billion pieces of official German Nazi propaganda put out by Goebbels in lieu of information, than planes were bearing Nazi spokesmen to Rome for their fatherly blessing. Why, then, the coolness of Mussolini? Very generally throughout the press of the world, it has been attributed in part to Il Duce's distaste for too open an alliance with Hitler, in part to his lack of enthusiasm over the prospect of a solid mass of German Brown Shirts stretching to his northern boundaries. Whatever be the truth of this analysis, there can be little doubt that, in addition, Mussolini has fears concerning the ability of German Fascism to stabilize itself. Further, not even Mussolini's worst enemy could think him foolish enough not to take into account the remarkable degree to which Germany, after approaching the point where the world with the exception of France looked upon her fraternally, has all but completely isolated herself and erected barriers of distrust.



But the problem, so far as Austria is concerned, remains to be resolved. By indubitably unconstitutional means, Dolfuss has fought off his most dangerous foe—the ballot; but it is hard to say how long he can avoid an election. Reliable correspondents testify that since the recent adhesion of the powerful Styrian *Heimwehr* to the Nazi banner, an election would almost certainly sweep the Nazis into office. Should that event occur, republican Austria would be remade. The vague economic programme, the malevolent race prejudice, the despotic brutality, the ebullient Know-Nothingism of the German Fascists would be clamped down upon Austrian civilization. In terms of international politics, the effects would be disastrous; protracted and bitter economic war, if not in fact the warfare of trench and bomb and gas, might not be long postponed. But even were so world-shaking an outcome avoided, the cultural loss to humanity would be incalculable.

AUSTRIA is one of the few places left in the world where the flavor of life still is strong and distinctive, where the passage of the hours not devoted to labor and sleep still is an art. Writers casually walking along the Ring and giving a lugubrious glance at the faded splendors of courts and kings, like Hergesheimer, have lingered chiefly to bemoan the death of bygone pomp and ceremony. The bright and glamorous dreams of youth these observers could never comprehend; yet youth and hope, zest and determination, had fused in Austria in the dozen years since the War to produce a mellow blend of gayety, *gemütlichkeit*, color, and—something missing in the golden days that were gilded externally though

dress within—a growing security for thousands of workers, the promise of release from slums and slavery.

One may be pardoned for thinking that Austria, essentially, is the city of Vienna. That is not, of course, strictly true; especially is it untrue politically, since Vienna is the world's only Socialist city, whereas the rest of the country is predominantly non-Socialist. Nevertheless, while the Socialist successes in Vienna have irked the outsiders within Austria, they themselves do not deny that their hearts have always been in the capital. Vienna is the centre of Austria's musical life, just as it is in its own unique way the musical centre of all the world. The city's population is almost one-third of that of the entire country.

At any rate, Socialists all around the world have looked with pride to Vienna, whose Socialist majorities rose in successive elections from fifty-four per cent in 1919 to sixty-one per cent in 1927. But it would be a fallacy to assume that partisan pride is the only thing that centres in this city by the celebrated Danube. Thousands of non-Socialists, professional men and women, social workers, educators, architects, legislators, have visited Vienna during the last ten years to study the unique progress that has been achieved by the city's administration in the midst of persistent depression.

The most conspicuous achievement, assuredly, is in the field of municipal housing. By taxing the landlords ruthlessly, the excuse being the indubitable degree to which they had profited previously while every one else was taking losses, and by decreeing that those renting dwelling places must accept depreciated currency, the city was able to erect in twelve years no fewer than 65,000

model tenements and homes—enough, be it noted, to house 200,000 people, or ten per cent of the entire municipal population! These housing developments, while approximated in many particulars by those in Liverpool, Birmingham, Rome, Frankfurt and other cities of the so-called Old World, are ranked first both in the stupendous magnitude of their conception and in the speed of their fulfilment. Imagine what it means to the humble worker fortunate enough to house his family in such a domicile! If he lives in one of the newer ones, he will be protected from radio blares and children's noise by sound-proof walls. He will, in any case, have a balcony. His wife will have a model, scientific kitchen, which, however, she must keep neat enough to satisfy the frequent inspections. She will also have regular access to a modern laundry, in which, besides rotary washers and dryers and electric mangles, she will have a small private room equipped with set tubs and hot and cold water, in which to do her family hand washing if she elects. The boys and girls of this family will have a magnificent outdoor playground, with a swimming or wading pool and gymnastic apparatus. They will have, besides, a dental clinic, bath houses and an excellent kindergarten. Their parents, too, will have a chance for relaxation amid beauty, for each great dwelling enterprise is built around enormous parks, with green grass, flowers, trees, settees and—to satisfy the inevitable Austrian yearning for art—a lovely piece of sculpture here and there. There will be, for general convenience, a post office, as well as coöperative, non-profit-making drug stores, barber shops, dry goods shops, meat markets and every normal establishment purveying the necessities of domestic activity. And

over the arched driveways leading into the courtyards of these homes, carven in red letters, one may read: "Karl Marx Hof" or "Ebert Hof," or, even, "George Washington Hof." For the privileges of life lived under these ensigns and conditions, the family will pay, perhaps, \$2.50 per month per dwelling—not a huge sum, even in Austria. And, so economically were these homes built and administered, graft-free and perquisite-free, that long before they crumble they will all be paid for, so that eventually there will be no cost to any inhabitant of the city.

The tax per head, at that, has not increased since 1913, so the Social-Democrats insist. Not only has one human being in ten been given a satisfying home; one after another, available pieces of land within the city limits have been transformed into children's playgrounds, or perhaps into sun-baths with nurses in attendance. Outside the city, several former royal palaces have been metamorphosed by the magic of social will into sanitary orphanages and public health centres. Hours of work have been legally stabilized, with the eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime. Fares to and from work have been decreased markedly on the subway and trolley cars, as also have fares of school children. The educational system has been entirely reconstructed until today there is not one in all the world, probably, that can approach it for modernity and the reliance upon scientific pedagogy. Yet, withal, there is here no "prettifying" or softening of life for the growing youngster that will have a harmful effect; instead, it would be hard to find a sturdier concept of education. Beneath the green branches of the Ring, the Burggarten and the Stadtpark roam in the late afternoon or early



evening bands of well-behaved, cheerful young men and women, clad informally in shorts and sleeveless shirts, brown and strong, free yet self-disciplined, the cause to many an alien observer of a consuming envy—the product of Austria's non-nationalistic, non-dictatorial, self-governing, free education, with the finest textbooks, in many departments of knowledge, ever assembled.

Vienna's medical prestige is worldwide; it has been augmented and not dimmed in the post-War decade. But along with it has grown up prestige in newer fields—the social sciences. The museum of social and economic statistics is unexcelled; more and more, as humanity becomes interlocking in its interests and procedures, will it be necessary to base social policies on reliable facts, graphically presented so that even the veriest layman can comprehend them; the savants who wish to find the soundest and at the same time the most vivid work in this new realm of thought, will have to sit at the feet of Dr. Otto Neurath.

**B**UT not these objective accomplishments alone stand in peril of a Nazi victory, which would either crush them out or pervert them to the cult of nationalism and militaristic fury. As in most revolutionary countries, not even the admitted poverty that abounds everywhere can dim the eagerness of the intellectual and working class leaders for a chance to go on with the experiment. There is a zest in Vienna's very atmosphere. The old urge for a mellifluous life at terms of intimate ease with art, dancing, music and friendly association has not staled. *The Beautiful Blue Danube*—which Johann Strauss saw, not in the bed of the brown stream

which is the river of fact but in the ardently patronized filtered baths which have been multiplied many times in recent years—still expresses the somewhat florid “good-time spirit” of the typical Austrian. But nevertheless that mood is perhaps less inclined toward indolence, more edged with aspiration.

The change could be seen unescapably two summers ago, when before the Greek-lined House of Parliament for five hours and a half 110,000 young men and women, celebrating a Workers' Olympiad, marched past, chanting the songs that the Brown Shirts have stilled in Germany, wearing the insignia of international solidarity which are outlawed beneath the stern heel of Hitlerism, flaunting the brilliant red pennons of the Social-Democracy that Nazi Germany indiscriminately lumps with communism as “Marxist” and which it has rigorously repressed. The pen of many a non-Socialist writer has sung in lyric praise of that display, with its non-military discipline, its pledge of a new generation not all won over to hatred and persecution, its great banners declaring in twenty-two tongues its determination to work against war and war-makers.

That change, too, speaks through the lips and acts of little children in a hundred ways. It is evident in the incredible cleanliness of the schools, such as the wood-workers' schoolhouse, which has not known fresh paint for eight years and yet which reveals not a single scratch. It must ring in the ears of the experienced traveler, who has wearied of the bands of beggar-children he encounters in France, Belgium, Spain, almost everywhere along the routes plied by the tourist buses. For here, in the great housing projects of Vienna, come the usual groups of youngsters, varying

from five to a dozen years in age. But these will not cry out, whiningly and with a shameless persistence the universal password of their juvenile craft in other places, "Money! Money!" Not they! They will, however, hound you; hound you with a great waving of kerchiefs and loud cries of "*Freundschaft! Freundschaft! Freundschaft!*" Friendship—that is the slogan of this imperiled Vienna, passed from adult to adult in greeting, impressed on the minds of growing youth, firing it with a self-respecting flair for the adventure of comradeship.

"*Freundschaft!*" Will it before long flee from Vienna and the rest of Austria, driven out by the lash of pride-

ful medievalism, bent on moving the whole world, by force if need be, backward, ever backward? Not because Austria's Vienna has become the symbol of achievement for one political point of view, but because it represents the last-ditch stand of progress which belongs to all the world, does the outcome of the pending struggle take on meaning everywhere. Austria, whose weaknesses are many, whose mistakes are humanly numerous, which is still far from an Eden, nevertheless has become a cultural investment in which every forward-looking person in the world holds a share. The crucial issue will soon be settled. Either Hitlerism or the world will win.





# The Securities Bill and Foreign Investments

BY W. THACHER WINSLOW

*What new protection have our investors in foreign bonds?*

OF THE approximately fifteen billion dollars of American foreign investments, some 800 millions are now in default. Congress was not unmindful of this fact in framing the Securities Act of 1933. Not only did it furnish protection for future investors in foreign securities (as well as domestic securities), but it also provided for the creation, upon declaration by the President, of a Corporation of Foreign Security Holders for "the purpose of protecting, conserving, and advancing the interests of the holders of foreign securities in default." Two vital questions should immediately be asked. First, how much protection is given to future investors in securities under this Act? And, second, to what extent will the new Corporation, if created, preserve, conserve and advance the interests of holders of foreign securities in default? In answering these questions it is necessary to bear in mind the nature of the difficulties and problems involved, how they have arisen and how they have been met by the Securities Act.

Under normal conditions in foreign financing, as in domestic financing, the

borrower of money seeks the lender. But when, in a wealthy nation, speculation is rife, and the urge to make money becomes almost a mania, a competition may ensue among the money lenders that is thoroughly bad. Such conditions were to be found in the United States throughout the greater part of the 'Twenties, after she had been thrust by the War into the rôle of the world's banker. As the United States had never, previous to the War, been a creditor nation, she had had little experience in the methods of foreign financing. Many inexperienced foreign lenders were thus gradually created, and the competition between them in making loans to foreign governments, municipalities and corporations became so keen that some houses were inevitably forced into a position where they were willing to lower legal and economic safeguards, in order that they might obtain the right to float the loan. According to one witness testifying before the Senate Finance Committee in 1932, "at one time in Colombia there were something like twenty-nine representatives" of various banks and investment houses—all looking for borrowers.

In 1927 the more experienced and conservative Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, in an address before the Pan American Conference, warned against this dangerous practice as follows:

Naturally it is a tempting thing for certain European governments to find a horde of American bankers sitting on their doorsteps offering them money. It is rather demoralizing for municipalities and corporations in the same country to have money pressed on them. That sort of competition tends to insecurity and unsound practice.

That the competition did lead to insecurity and unsound practice became obvious in 1931 when the budget estimates of some of the more unstable borrowing countries were published. Bolivia was seen to be in the poorest condition. Her debt service amounted to approximately fifty-nine per cent of her estimated revenues. Chile's debt service was about thirty-nine per cent of her expected revenues; Brazil's, thirty-seven per cent and Peru's thirty-five per cent. And, what was worse, almost the entire debt of each country was owed abroad. Other Latin-American countries were in as bad a financial condition—above all, Mexico. Defaults were numerous: and the value of many foreign securities fell enormously. In fact, during 1931, the prices of foreign bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange fell almost forty per cent.

At the same time the prospects of payment on the intergovernmental debts became so black that a year's moratorium was proclaimed by President Hoover. Pleas for the cancelation of these debts became stronger. A few prominent bankers such as Mr. Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank added their voices to this growing chorus. And public opinion was not slow to find another scapegoat for the depres-

sion—the international bankers. The latter were accused of impairing domestic credit by having shipped off billions of dollars of good American money to foreign countries, where much of it was irretrievably lost. They were accused of building up, with this money, foreign industries that competed with American industries and of making exorbitant profits through these transactions. Then, as if to commit all these iniquities were not enough, the international bankers began, it was said, to agitate for the cancelation of the War debts, because they realized that European governments could not pay both the War debts and the private debts: and, having large holdings of foreign securities, they naturally wanted the War debts to be sacrificed in order that the private debts might be paid. As the cancelation of the debts would mean a further burden upon the taxpayers of the United States, the issue was stated as: the people *versus* the international bankers. An investigation by the Senate Finance Committee was the inevitable result.

THE accusation that the bankers were urging the cancelation of the War debts because of their large foreign security holdings was quickly dismissed at the Senate hearings. It was not hard for the committee to believe that the bankers had "unloaded" their dubious securities upon an unsuspecting and gullible public, retaining for themselves insignificant quantities of the higher grades. Attention was therefore focused sharply upon questions relating to the necessity of foreign loans, the profits made therefrom and the methods used in floating these loans.

The arguments for the need of foreign loans, as developed at the Senate hearings, ran somewhat as follows: For-



eign creditor nations were impoverished by the War and not only were no longer able to lend to the more undeveloped nations but were themselves forced to borrow. The American bankers believed all these governments to be ultimately solvent. Since the United States had a capital surplus (and the fact that this country was overbuilt even though billions of dollars had been put into foreign loans was given as evidence of this surplus), the best way to utilize it was to increase foreign trade by creating foreign purchasing power through foreign loans, thereby providing a market for surplus American goods, a high yield on American investments and a substantial profit for American investment bankers.

That export trade was stimulated can not be denied—surpluses of cotton, copper, tobacco, kerosene, wheat and many manufactured articles were disposed of abroad. It has been estimated that, in 1928, 2,400,000 American families were dependent for a livelihood on the export market alone. As to American investments, there was, in the period 1919–29, an average yield on foreign bonds of 6.97 per cent, while the average yield on sixty high-grade domestic bonds was 4.97 per cent—that is, foreign bonds provided a yield that was nearly forty per cent higher than the best domestic bonds. This high yield was due to the greater risks involved and the necessity of overcoming a reluctance to purchase foreign bonds—particularly in the years immediately following the War. And, finally, with regard to the profits made by the banks and investment houses through floating and distributing these loans, it does not seem as if the figures revealed by the Senate hearings were as large as they were generally believed to be. The total

“spread” or gross profits on the loans ranged from one per cent to 16.28 per cent. R. R. Kuczynski, in his *Bankers’ Profits from German Loans*, estimates that the total spread for all 135 German loans exceeded \$70,000,000, but that the net profits amounted to \$50,000,000, or about four per cent on the \$1,280,000,000 of loans floated. It is to be doubted if the net profits on all foreign loans exceeded by very much four per cent of the total amount floated. As was the case with the yields on foreign bonds, the spread varied with risks, the scarcity of funds, the necessity of greater persuasion in the earlier years and the keenness of competition.

The Senate hearings placed the greatest emphasis upon the methods of negotiating, floating and distributing foreign securities, for in these operations lay the major explanation of the poor quality of many of the issues. In the first place, as has already been pointed out, competition and inexperience caused many of the banks and investment houses to seek borrowers, to whom they were willing to lend money on relatively easy terms. A promoter’s or introductory commission was often paid to the men who made possible the preliminary negotiations with a foreign government, municipality or corporation. After this contact was made, further negotiating was done directly between the borrower and the lender. Although, in many cases where there has been default (chiefly in Latin-American government bonds), specific revenues were assigned for the service of debts, the lenders failed to take account of possible decreases in trade and recessions in commodity prices.

Furthermore, despite advice from Washington to make loans for productive purposes only, loans were some-

times used for the payment of old debts, the purchase of arms and the support of ambitious programmes of public works which were not self-supporting. On the other hand, several witnesses at the hearings pointed out that attempts to supervise the expenditures of foreign governments were viewed as a usurpation of sovereignty. But only inexperience, or carelessness due to the press of competition, can explain why a loan should have been made in the first place to a country that was unstable enough to need continuous financial supervision.

When the negotiations for a loan were completed, the proposed financing was submitted to the State Department for its approval. But any protection against poor foreign securities provided by the State Department was merely incidental to other considerations. Although the Department, in March, 1922, requested that it be allowed to pass upon foreign loans in advance of issue "in view of the possible national interests involved," its approval of a loan was given in a negative manner, and it was usually added that "the Department of State does not pass upon the merits of foreign loans as business propositions nor assume any responsibility in connection with such transactions," also that "no reference to the attitude of this Government should be made in any prospectus or otherwise." Even though reports of the Department of Commerce strongly brought out the fact that certain Latin-American governments had overborrowed, the State Department held strictly to its rule of not exercising business judgment and simply gave its negative approval of loans to those countries.

Judgment as to the quality of the loans was thus left to the bankers and investors, both of whom might have

had access to the Department of Commerce reports.

After obtaining the permission of the State Department, the securities were floated and distributed. Methods used in this process, as revealed at the Senate hearings, frequently gave scant protection to the investors. Prospectuses which misrepresented the facts were sometimes sent out to prospective investors. And in not a few cases a "dodge clause" stating that "Although these statements are not guaranteed, they have been obtained from sources we believe to be reliable" was added to the prospectuses. In this manner the bankers tried to avoid their responsibilities towards the investors.

It is at these practices that the Securities Act is particularly aimed. It holds certain specified persons directly liable for the inclusion of any material untruth or the omission of any material fact in providing the investors with information concerning a loan.

THE immediate results of the hearings before the Senate Finance Committee appeared in two bills proposed by Senator Johnson. The first of these was "a bill requiring publicity of certain foreign loan transactions"; the second was "a bill to provide for the more effective supervision of foreign commercial transactions and other purposes." The Securities Act is more specific than either of these bills, which were intended only as general outlines for future legislation. The Act, however, includes everything given in the first bill with respect to publicity, and more. Senator Johnson's bill required that fairly complete information be filed with the Secretary of Commerce immediately upon the consummation of the transaction; while the Securities Act



requires that detailed information regarding purposes, amounts designated for these purposes, debts, twenty-year record as to defaults, present receipts and expenditures, profits, commissions and so on be furnished. This information, which is, according to A. A. Berle, Jr., "considerably less detailed, in fact, than the listing statement now required by the New York Stock Exchange," is to be filed with the Federal Trade Commission at least twenty days before the security is issued to the public. Not only will this so-called "twenty-day clause," or "cooling period," prevent the high-speed financing of past years, but it will also tend to prevent underwriters, who will have to wait for twenty days before selling, from accepting securities which they do not consider good enough for their own investment portfolios. The tendency has been for the underwriters to purchase security issues and then "unload" as soon as possible by virtually forcing them upon the distributors.

The Securities Act seeks to obtain the full benefit of publicity with regard to "the estimated net proceeds to be derived from the sale in the United States of the security," the "commissions paid or to be paid, directly or indirectly," and "the amount or estimated amounts, itemized in reasonable detail, of expenses, other than the commissions." The value of publicity in checking abuses in matters of this sort is generally acknowledged.

The Securities Act differs fundamentally from the first bill proposed by Senator Johnson in the penalties prescribed for selling, or offering to sell, public securities that have not been registered with the Federal Trade Commission and for furnishing the Commission (and the public) with any information that is not strictly accurate and

as complete as possible. It is, for obvious reasons, impossible for any one to give the investor the full details of any investment. Yet the term "full details," carefully interpreted, would hold a firm liable for not providing the investor with some small detail concerning his investment. For this reason, while the Federal Trade Commission was defining exactly how complete the information to be supplied should be, the sale of securities was, to some extent, curtailed. This difficulty was remedied by the Commission's text of regulations which state that:

The information set forth in the prospectus, including financial statements, except as to the latest balance sheet and the profit and loss statement for the last fiscal year, may be expressed in a condensed or summarized form and need not follow any numerical sequence of the items of information required in the registration statement, provided that such condensation and rearrangement shall not omit any item of information which may be material or may be necessary in order that the other statements contained in such prospectus shall not be misleading.

The penalty for unlawfully offering a security is a fine of not more than \$5,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years or both. But, as Mr. Berle explained in the *New York Times*, "Since criminal provisions are strictly construed, and since prosecutions at best can only touch a fraction of the problem, the real sanction is contained in the provision imposing a penalty," not only on the officers, executive and financial, who sign the registration statement, but also on the underwriters, engineers, accountants and others who have compiled or checked the information given to the Commission and to the public. There is no liability, however, if they can prove that they had reason to believe and did be-

lieve that the information furnished to the investor was reasonably complete and accurate.

Though the buyer, under common law, always has had the right to sue the banker or company that put out the security for misrepresentation as to its worth, it has been up to him to prove his case. Under the Securities Act the issuer, the directors and other designated responsible persons are directly liable and will have to prove that they were not negligent in their duties toward the investor. Engineers who make estimates as to the productivity of public works will therefore be more cautious in drawing up their reports. Financial experts will figure more conservatively in estimating the revenues of a given country in relation to its debt service. And bankers, in the future, if they have not done so in the past, will feel a strong obligation to use a reasonable amount of care in floating securities and in obtaining and publishing full and accurate information regarding them.

The Federal Trade Commission's regulations also require that the following statement, which has been somewhat abbreviated, be placed in a conspicuous part of the prospectus:

. . . Neither the fact that such registration statement has been filed with the commission, nor the issuance of this prospectus under the rules or regulations prescribed, shall be deemed a finding by the commission that this prospectus is true and accurate on its face, or omits to state a material fact, or to mean that the commission has in any way passed upon the merits of, or given approval to, such prospectus or the security mentioned therein.

The Act, in other words, does not prevent the offering for sale of the worst kind of securities. It only demands that the investor be truthfully informed that the investments which he is considering are of the worst kind. The investor can

thus invest in just as risky or just as conservative securities as ever before.

There is one criticism that should be made at this point. Misunderstandings are bound to arise as to whether or not the Federal Trade Commission passes upon the value and soundness of a security. We have seen how the State Department, when passing upon a foreign loan, added that it was in no way giving a judgment as to its merits as a business proposition. Yet, despite constant repetition of this statement, an impression was sometimes created that certain foreign loans must be sound because the State Department had approved them. This misunderstanding, which was probably due in part, if not wholly, to overeager salesmen mentioning the action of the State Department, has been so general that such financial authorities as John Foster Dulles and Professor James W. Angell have suggested that the Department cease requiring permission to pass upon foreign loans in advance of issue. Professor Angell believes that the State Department would, by this means, "be disembarassed of a moral responsibility, and of an implied exercise of business judgment, which it is not equipped to assume." The Federal Trade Commission may very possibly find itself in a similar position, although there is one fact that might guard against it. In the past it was the foreign loans only that received any sort of Government attention. Hereafter all securities will be registered with the Federal Trade Commission, and the opportunities for singling out one kind of security will be considerably less.

Senator Johnson's second proposed bill required the setting up of a Foreign Loan Board, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Commerce



and the governor of the Federal Reserve Board, which should approve or disapprove of virtually all foreign loans. But the Securities Act has eliminated the necessity for the creation of a Foreign Loan Board. The essence of the Act is to place the responsibilities, and therefore the liabilities, connected with the negotiating and floating of loans directly upon the issuer or underwriter and the experts who advise them. Anything that interferes with the direct fixing of responsibility weakens the Act. A Foreign Loan Board, by requiring that nearly all loans be submitted to it for approval or disapproval, would assume most of the responsibility for the flotation of foreign loans and, by doing so, would practically nullify the Act as far as it affected foreign securities. There is not room for both a Foreign Loan Board and the Securities Act in this field. As the Securities Act is shortly to take effect, the idea of a Foreign Loan Board should be abandoned.

THE second title of the Securities Act, which is in large measure the work of Senator Johnson, provides for the creation, by direction of the President, of a Corporation of Foreign Security Holders. Ever since the first default on a foreign bond, the need for an organization of this sort has become increasingly apparent. But, though the American bankers and investors had a sound precedent to follow in the long established British Corporation of Foreign Bondholders, there were so many delays that the Government itself was finally obliged to do something about the situation. Nearly a year ago discussions as to the establishment of an American Corporation were held between some of the more prominent bankers and the officials of the State

Department. About the same time Mr. Allen W. Dulles, formerly with the State Department, outlined the problem clearly and pointed to its logical solution. The problem centres around the bankers who, as brought out by Mr. Dulles, are not the best qualified to deal with the defaulted bonds, since they may have other interests in a foreign country which would make it embarrassing for them to act. Furthermore, the holders of defaulted bonds are readily critical and distrust the bankers. The bankers may also be *personae non gratae* with a new régime in a foreign country: and there may be competition between the banks in obtaining whatever foreign exchange is available. For these reasons many have thought that the bankers should have little or nothing to do with a bondholders' association. Rather should such an association be composed of upright, impartial men of some financial ability, who would be able to give at least part of their time to this work—a hard combination to get. But the principal reason why a bondholders' association has not yet been organized is financial. How is it to be supported? Should the bankers be allowed to contribute and thus open the association to the charge of bias and unfairness? For more than a year this problem has been discussed, and no solution has as yet been found. Perhaps, with the threat of a Government organization hanging over them, the investors and the investment bankers may come to a prompt decision and bring into being an effective organization to safeguard the interests of holders of defaulted foreign bonds.

The second title of the Securities Act seeks to solve the financial difficulty by providing for a loan of \$75,000 to the Corporation of Foreign Security Hold-

ers by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. After the Corporation of Foreign Security Holders has once started functioning, it is to be made self-supporting by a small assessment on the securities deposited with it. The Corporation, which has the power "to take over the functions of any fiscal or paying agents of any securities in default," is to be controlled by six directors, who have had, within five years, no direct or indirect interest "in any corporation, company, partnership, bank or association which has sold, or offered for sale, any foreign securities." Committees may be appointed from among the directors to represent the holders of any class or classes of foreign securities in default. The practice of the British Corporation in allowing the issuing bankers to be represented on such committees would seem to be wise and safe, because it allows the bankers to provide the background and essential information for the committees without exerting a decisive or prejudicial influence.

The American Corporation would have the power to obtain this information from the bankers without their being members of the committees, but this might mean inefficiency, delay and misunderstanding. It seems, therefore, to be going to the extreme of impartiality not to let the bank or investment house which was responsible for issuing the defaulted security contribute something toward the expense of getting back as much as possible of the sums invested—an expense which, in many cases, they are now fully and justly bearing themselves. Instead, the investors themselves, under the Act, will pay the expenses of negotiation and carrying out of arrangements with regard to the defaulted securities.

It is also required, by the second title of the Act, that any arrangements "for the resumption of payments due or in arrears," negotiated by the Corporation, will not be binding upon the depositors until "the consent of holders resident in the United States of sixty per cent of the securities deposited with the Corporation shall be obtained." After this consent has been obtained, the Corporation will superintend or take part in the collection and application of the funds derived as a result of these arrangements. Throughout the period that the securities are deposited with the Corporation, reports as to the conditions which exist and the progress that is being made will be sent to the owners of the securities. All these functions could readily be performed by a private bondholders' association. But the Corporation of Foreign Security Holders, in that it is a Government organization, is open to grave objection as far as the advisability of its negotiating and making funding arrangements is concerned. The Corporation may commit the Government to the carrying out of awkward and difficult arrangements from which a private organization could more gracefully retire. The fact that the Government might be obliged to back up the Corporation's plans would give added protection to foreign security holders; but, at the same time, it might involve the United States in foreign situations which would not be to the interests of the people as a whole.

TO SUM up, then, and to conclude. First of all, let us note what the Securities Act does *not* do:

(1) It offers no protection to future issues of foreign securities, except indirectly. Yet more certain and direct liability should make the officials of the



issuing houses, the underwriters, the accountants and the legal, financial and engineering experts more careful in what they state and in what they recommend.

(2) It does not provide greater protection from any governmental source. The Federal Trade Commission, like the State Department, does not pass upon the soundness or worth of a security. The worst sort of security may be floated in the future, as long as the whole truth, qualified to a reasonable extent, is told about them.

(3) It is not intended that the Federal Trade Commission shall search out cases where incomplete and untruthful information has been presented to the investor. Unlike the blue sky legislation, which depends for its enforcement upon administrative work, the Securities Act has its basis primarily in the civil liabilities which it creates.

(4) It does not affect the amount of yield on foreign securities. In fact, recently burnt fingers should mean that high rates of interest will be necessary in the future in order to induce the investor back again into this field.

These four points indicate that the foreign investor should not be lulled into a false sense of security as to the soundness of future issues of securities. The investor is still the judge as to how much risk he should take in investing his money.

Secondly, we should observe what the Securities Act *does* do:

(1) By creating new and direct liabilities it improves the prospectuses and other sources of information by means of which the investor makes his decisions.

(2) By the publicity required it should curtail the profits and the com-

missions of the promoters and underwriters.

(3) By means of the "twenty-day clause" it prevents high-speed financing and checks the underwriter from buying an issue of securities on the theory that he can "unload" it on the public within a few days.

(4) It provides for the creation of a Corporation of Foreign Security Holders, when the President deems this desirable, which will try to collect some of the money invested in defaulted foreign securities.

It has been recognized for some time that, if anything is to be collected on certain of the defaulted securities, new loans will be needed. Only in this way can these foreign governments, municipalities or corporations be put back on their feet. Furthermore, there has recently sprung up a demand for new foreign lending to stimulate foreign trade. Secretary of State Hull echoed this demand, while on his way to the Economic Conference, when he told newspaper correspondents that sound foreign loans by wealthy nations would be an important contribution to world recovery.

If there is to be new foreign lending in the near future, the investor in these new issues may feel fairly certain that they are safer than the general run of foreign securities in the past. In investing in either new or old foreign securities he can feel confident that he is not taking a greater risk than he intended. And, finally, if the investor is the holder of foreign securities in default, he should find hope in the fact that an impartial, centralized, Government organization may soon, at his own expense however, be actively promoting, conserving and protecting his interests in the defaulting countries.

# Relatives Unemployed

ANONYMOUS

*Does the man or woman lucky enough still to have a job accomplish any good by helping to support idle relatives?*

IF AND when a popular history of the depression is written, at least one chapter should be devoted to an economic group whose members have received no sympathy during the past three years but who have often been exploited cruelly.

I refer to the salaried workers in the thousands of professional, commercial and industrial enterprises which have survived the panic, executives and their assistants in banks, department stores, insurance corporations, publishing houses, libraries, colleges, universities and welfare institutions.

Throughout the depression they have been classed by the unthinking as the most secure and fortunate of persons in a chaotic financial world. On a certain day of each week or month, money, real money, has been placed in their hands to meet the demands of tax-collector or landlord, butcher and grocer. While rent-rolls have dwindled, stocks have fallen and dividends have been passed, the salaried worker has had an assured income. He has been lucky!

In reality his situation has often been desperate, beset by fears and uncertainties. The firm or corporation for which he worked might dissolve overnight. His salary was cut again and

again, and in spite of these cuts he was expected, yes, often obliged to contribute from his greatly reduced income to the quota pledged by his employers to this or that relief cause.

Last but by no means least, his salary has been preyed upon by less fortunate relatives and friends, until he can scarcely call it his own. In thousands of cases men and women who have shared not wisely but too generously now realize that they are rapidly reaching the point where they can not meet their own obligations to tradespeople or give themselves the medical, dental and other personal care which every wage-earner should have to be efficient. Undoubtedly this very general situation is largely responsible for the failure of "buy-it-now" drives and other organized efforts to revive retail trade. Those who have loaned their savings to importunate relatives and those who now set aside part of their weekly earnings to assist others, for whom they feel a financial obligation, have no money with which to take advantage of special sales in shops or the low cost of building material and labor.

Of equal social importance is the effect of these loans or gifts upon those who receive them. To one who has



studied conditions earnestly and carefully, they seem to be creating a large group of complacent unemployed, a polite pauperism which neither law nor commission can reach.

This appeal, protest or whatever it may be termed, is written anonymously because the men and women who figure in the incidents are real. Only their names are fictitious. It would be unfair to give the slightest clue to their identity. And it is not a petulant plaint of a discouraged worker who has given of her salary until it hurts. I happen to be one of those unfortunates from whose life time has swept most family obligations.

SO LET US consider the plight of Exhibit A—John Gay!

Four years ago a gallant figure. Comparatively young to be full professor in an Eastern university. His first book ranking as a best-seller in its class. His first royalties invested in a modest but attractive suburban home. His children enrolled in a progressive school. The world was John's oyster, and he was opening it with eager fingers.

At the end of the first year of the depression, John's wife wrote an incautious letter to his mother. Thanksgiving Day was approaching, and they could still give thanks! John's salary had not been cut—yet. His book was in its fifth printing. The entire family was in good health.

Practically by return mail came two desperate appeals for help. One was from John's favorite sister. She really did not see how she could manage. Payments on their home had lapsed, even though she had rented two bedrooms, thus crowding the children badly. The older daughter was working in the "Five and Ten" and frightfully hard

it was on the poor child, too. Her husband's business (a small manufacturing plant) was threatened because he could not meet a note for \$300 and the bank would not renew it. If only John would send her a check, well, say, for \$500, both the note and the overdue payments on the house could be met. They could then struggle along somehow until times became better. And she was quite sure that John with his big salary would be happy to relieve the anxiety of his "devoted sister, Ella."

John Gay, questioning the ability of his brother-in-law to manage a business successfully in good times or bad, with or without the aid of \$500 or ten times as much, wrote a kindly letter to his sister, promising to send her fifty dollars a month until times picked up. Optimistic John Gay, who really believed that prosperity was just round the corner!

The other appeal came from an elderly aunt and was warmly endorsed by John's mother. Aunt Minnie wrote that she and Uncle Ralph were in a sad way. They had lived thriftily for many years on interest from farm mortgages; but now farmers were not paying interest and it was useless to foreclose on farm properties which no one would buy. Their small savings were tied up in the defunct Fremont Bank, but as Uncle Ralph was blind she had succeeded in keeping him happily ignorant of their true situation. None other of their relatives could help them, but surely John with his fine salary from the university would not permit his flesh and blood to suffer.

Today John Gay is still sending fifty dollars to his sister each month and a like amount to his aunt. Subtract one hundred dollars from the slender salary of a professor, figure the decline in

book royalties, and you can see exactly what has happened to John Gay's income. Certain fixed charges he must meet—taxes, interest on the mortgage which seemed so easy to pay off when times were good, insurance premiums, gas, electricity and telephone service. And John must dress well. He must also belong to the Faculty Club and buy tickets for important dinners and lectures.

Fortunately, his wife is healthy, efficient and cheerful. She is doing her own work, dressing more plainly, entertaining only when it is essential to her husband's position. The children must go to public school now and Betty can not have her teeth straightened as the dentist suggested. John is feeling and showing the strain. He is trying to meet the financial deficit by writing articles for magazines and newspapers, but he is not maintaining the standard established in his books. His style is less spontaneous, less free. After the depression he may or may not come back as a writer and this is important not only to John Gay and his family, but to the reading world which would profit by his literary output if it were kept up to standard.

Question—will the reconstruction period on which the nation is entering so hopefully bring relief to John Gay? Will his weak and inefficient brother-in-law turn self-reliant and efficient under the New Deal? Or isn't he more likely to regard the monthly check from his wife's brother as the just due of a man who was crushed by the Great Depression, the obligation which a successful man owes to the man who has never had a real break?

Will John's aged uncle and aunt recover what they have lost during the past three years, interest on mortgages,

cash which vanished along with the defunct bank?

To whose shoulders can John Gay transfer the burden he has been carrying? Will the county or the State assume it? Or will the Federal Government pension victims of a Great Depression as it has pensioned victims of Great Wars?

“BUT,” you say, “John Gay is not typical. Both the demands made on him and his generosity are exceptional.”

That's what I thought, too, when I started to make the survey on which this article is based. But—well, consider:

Exhibit B—Louise Hayes—If you do not know a John Gay, you certainly know a Louise Hayes. You will find her counterpart in almost any large corporation office—respected, often admired, always liked. With an educational background of high school and business college, with no especial creative gifts, but with a rare talent for disposing of details and a perseverance amounting almost to genius, Louise had worked up to a position of responsibility and a salary of \$6,000 a year. During that upward climb she had supported and educated a younger sister.

When in October, 1929, the younger sister was married, Louise footed all the bills for trousseau, wedding and most of the fittings of a cosy little apartment. Then and not until then, did she feel free to realize the dream of her lifetime, a wee cottage within commuting distance of her office, a small car and a very large police dog!

The first cut in salary did not dampen her spirits. She merely canceled a contract with an interior decorator and hung her own wall paper; laid aside the charming plans of a landscape gardener



and planted flower seeds. After all, nothing could rob her of the peace and privacy which prevailed in her little cottage, nor the week-end walks and drives with her dog.

Almost immediately after she received her second salary cut, came a letter from her Aunt Sarah, who had raised her and the younger sister on the slender income left by their parents. Uncle Ed was out of work, and though Louise recalled that he had always held fairly lucrative positions, it seemed they had not been able to save anything. Even their home was heavily mortgaged. There was no work for young men in Silver City, so what chance had Uncle Ed with his sixty-two years, and his spells of rheumatism and indigestion?

Until things picked up, could Louise spare them a little money each month, enough to pay interest on the mortgage and Uncle Ed's insurance. They could squeeze through on sixty dollars a month, and what was sixty dollars to a girl like Louise, drawing a handsome salary in New York? After all Aunt Sarah had done for her, surely Louise would not begrudge her and Uncle Ed the bare necessities of life.

Most certainly Louise would not, even though the younger sister's husband had had a deep salary cut and there was a baby coming to boot. No one but Louise to help with these extra expenses, for the young people had not had time to lay away much money.

This spring Louise's cottage looks a bit shabby. The mortgage company has notified her that it must be painted. She is painting it with her own hands—on Sundays and holidays.

Question—what will the New Deal and national reconstruction plans do for Louise Hayes? Will it revive the energy of her aunt's husband, which had

begun to wane before the depression set in? Will he find the services of a man in his sixties in greater demand in 1934 than they were in 1930? Four years take their toll when you are past sixty. And probably he has yielded unprotestingly to inertia and dependence upon his wife's long-suffering niece. Supported idleness rarely develops character.

If you prefer figures and statistics to individual incidents, however typical, here they are:

When I first became interested in the plight of the salaried worker, I enlisted the interest of friends in all lines of business, executives some of them, personnel workers and superintendents of employes, observing men and women who enjoy the confidence of their workers. The returns on my questionnaires and inquiries are convincing.

In the offices of a well-known public utilities corporation, starting with chief executives and going down the scale to the youngest office boy, seventy-eight per cent of the employes are contributing not occasional gifts but regular weekly or monthly sums to the support of less fortunate members of their families or relatives to whom they feel obligated by ties of blood. In the offices of a great insurance company the percentage rises to eighty-three and in a nationally known department store it is eighty-one.

A compilation of figures secured from both large and small groups in twenty-three communities proves that the percentage of employes contributing regular sums to less fortunate relatives or old friends ranges from sixty-five to ninety-one, depending upon industrial conditions in the community and the age of contributors. Older workers give more than younger wage-earners.

These figures are supported by Gov-

ernment statistics. According to surveys made by the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor previous to the depression, 52.5 per cent of women gainfully employed in twenty communities contributed all of their earnings to their families; 38.7 per cent contributed part of their earnings and only 8.8 per cent contributed nothing to the support of others. Directors of labor bureaus, welfare workers, executives and personnel officers in industrial plants agree that the percentage of women making regular contributions to the support of others has increased greatly under the pressure of unemployment, and, naturally, a much larger percentage of men are supporting not only their own families but their parents and other relatives who have suffered during the deflation period.

**F**AR more interesting than survey figures is the attitude of those most directly concerned with these family dramas of depression.

Among those who contribute to the support of others there is a spirit of non-resistance which amounts almost to resignation. Helping others is merely one phase of a panic or depression. And the American is kindly by nature.

A typical expression of this mental attitude came from a typical man on the street. I asked him how things were going with him, and he answered cheerfully: "Fine! Fine! We've had some nice little orders this month and have taken on a few men. I think we've had our last cut. If so many of my relatives were not out of work I'd be sitting pretty."

Nothing could express more clearly the spirit of the average American toward the demands of those who need his help. The motive, however, is not al-

ways so clear. Many of the men and women with whom I have talked simply represent the old tradition—"blood is thicker than water." A family takes care of its own at such a time. A great many women said quite frankly that they were glad to help others through gratitude for good jobs and salaries. Said one girl: "Every night I thank God for my job. Why shouldn't I help my sister and brother?" Behind the allowance sent to a less fortunate relative may lie family pride or merely sportsmanship. And a few with whom I discussed the matter were obviously animated by fear of what "folks would say."

"Yes, I send my sister five dollars a week. If I didn't, all the neighbors would talk. They'd say I have a fine job in Philadelphia and am living high while my sister has nothing."

Taking care of one's people seems to be the natural, the only decent thing to do. But the attitude of those who receive help is a different matter. Far less exhilarating! It suggests financial conditions existing behind the closed doors and the drawn curtains of many American homes that spell danger for society and government.

Allowing for industrial and economic conditions which workers could not control, allowing for the terror which came with watching investments and savings swept away, banks closing, bread lines forming, it is still impossible for an investigator to close her eyes to certain unpleasant facts. In a nation which has made a fetish of work, many men and women have not been working regularly for years. In a country where thrift has been exalted by spoken and printed word, there are literally millions who save nothing year in and year out. Among people who have boasted of their independence, there are elderly



men and women by the hundred thousand who have made no preparations for supporting themselves in their old age, but have drifted on toward the day when their children or more prosperous relatives would assume their support.

Certain life insurance figures have prepared us for some of these discoveries. Every man who tries to sell you a policy can convince you that out of 100 men and women born on September 1, 1873, and living on September 1, 1933, only four will be even moderately successful and sixty will be entirely dependent upon others for their support.

But it takes a panic or a depression to expose the fundamental reasons for these conditions. They are based on character rather than education or training. They rest on weakness of will, lack of perseverance. They foster the belief that the world owes a man a living, that the "lucky" and successful should support the unlucky, the human failures. Prophetic and appalling were phrases which I found in certain letters that I was permitted to read. From John Gay's sister:

"I hate to mention such a trifle, John, but your check was three days late this month. It was most embarrassing for George. Naturally no one here knows that you are helping us to tide over the depression and George could not explain why he had no money to pay our few bills."

From Louise Hayes's Aunt Sarah:

"Even with food so cheap, it is pretty hard for me to make both ends meet on the sixty dollars you are sending me. And my clothes are beginning to give out. I'm afraid I'll have to let the insurance go next month and buy me a coat. Joe Slater says he'll carry the premium thirty days for us. Maybe by that time

you'll get a raise or can send us a little extra money."

Louise Hayes is beginning to look a little shabby herself, and a successful business woman is expected to dress her part. But she is more troubled by what runs between the lines of Aunt Sarah's letters. Aunt Sarah assumes that Louise will support her and Uncle Ed the rest of their days.

Another elderly relative wrote to a New York nephew:

"We are so grateful for your help. Now your Uncle Bert can hold up his head again. Last night he went to the lodge meeting for the first time in six months. You wouldn't believe how humiliating it was for him to go from one of his old friends after another, asking for work. With the forty dollars you are sending us every month we can live as usual until times are better."

Not a word about repaying the debt they were contracting. Or perhaps they do not think that a mere forty-dollar allowance sent by a hard-working, often rather harassed young business man is a debt that must be paid sometime!

IN SPITE of what I have written up to this point, I am no pessimist. I believe that the American people will weather this depression as they have weathered its predecessors; but we will make no worth while stride toward prosperity so long as we lean on the President of the United States, Congress and those whom we delight to term our industrial leaders. Commissions, committees, conferences and codes may serve a purpose in reviving confidence, but what the nation needs today is a fresh baptism of conscience and courage. These are qualities which we extol in our ancestors and in the founders of our country, but we are not so eager to

employ them in this, the fourth year of the depression.

Thousands of Americans who can read, write and figure, and who enjoy fairly good health do not want to do an honest day's work for an honest day's wage. They are looking for quick and easy ways of making money, not necessarily dishonest or unscrupulous methods, but effortless and painless methods. And there are thousands more who are confirmed loafers. They may say they want work, but what they really seek is temporary relief until times become better and they will not have to work. They have been transformed from steady workers into loafers by the unthinking generosity of rich neighbors, patrons and relatives who during periods of inflation flung money right and left.

If you question this statement, talk to the head of any relief agency. He will tell you that a large proportion of those who apply for relief during a depression have been dependent upon public or private charity for practically their entire lives. And their parents were dependents before them. Not individuals, mind you, but entire families!

A straight-thinking college graduate who has acted as investigator for the relief society in a fashionable Eastern suburb has just completed an amazing and convincing survey which proves that fifty-two per cent of the applicants for unemployment relief in her area have never had any regular employment. They have been supported in the easy, thriftless existence they were content to lead by private charity, supplemented in case of illness, death or other emergency by church or social agencies. As a rule, the wife and mother did a day's washing or extra cleaning in a well-to-do household; then appealed successfully to the mistress of the house with tales of

an invalid husband or a crippled child. The investigator unearthed a whole colony of shiftless blacks and whites whose menfolk, husbands and sons, had not had regular jobs for periods ranging from five to ten years.

When their wealthy neighbors withdrew support, these men and boys, having no trade, no line of work at which they were proficient, enrolled in the army of unemployed.

If you do not wish to take the word of trained investigators, try engaging a handy man of your own neighborhood to do odd jobs about your home, to tend your furnace and to clean your walks, to cut your lawn and to spray your roses. The man sent to you by relief agency or city employment bureau will tell you a sad tale of unemployment during the depression, but watch him work. How few of such applicants can perform the simplest tasks, like sweeping a cellar clean, or watering a lawn, or spraying rose bushes after you have given painstaking instructions.

Step up a rung in the ladder, to applicants of the white collar class. Do they appear interested in the qualifications and the service which your business demands? Or do they concentrate their questions on the salary you pay, the hours during which your store or office is open and the holidays on which it is closed?

Railroad companies are making desperate efforts to compete for business with bus lines. They are spending enormous sums to attract travelers. But what sort of treatment do you receive at the hands of the average ticket salesman in a railway station or midtown office—unless you happen to be a personal acquaintance in whose movements he is interested. As a rule you depart feeling that you are regarded as some sort of



public nuisance with your questions about routes and rates!

Many retail stores are on the verge of closing. Their owners or managers are cutting prices to raise cash. But if you happen to wear a shoe of an unusual last, or if your sleeve length happens to be above or below standard measurements, what effort does the average salesman make to meet your requirements? As a rule he is bored, even annoyed by your outrageous demand to be properly fitted. Why can't you slip into the shoe or suit of regulation proportions on which he can lay his hand without hunting through odd lots in the stock room?

Any reader of this magazine can duplicate these instances, yes, and multiply them. Business will not be better in any line until lazy or indifferent workers are weeded out and obstructionists are put on a diet of bread and water!

The unfortunate, the deficient, the subnormal, the old and the infirm must be helped by public or private agencies, but the lazy and the indifferent must be forced to work if work can be made for them. The salaried worker who extends aid to relative or friend who will not accept the work offered him—or her—because it is distasteful or humble or, for the time being, underpaid, is actually obstructing the revival of industry. What we need in this country today is less appeal to and dependence upon, a paternalistic Government, and more of that good, cold-blooded and rugged individualism which in the past decade has been decried and discredited.

We read much about old age and unemployment insurance too, but they will not solve the problem which confronts salaried workers like John Gay and Louise Hayes. They may serve the next generation of workers in future depres-

sions. But they will not protect John Gay, Louise Hayes and thousands of other wage-earners from the importunities of helpless or inefficient or lazy relatives and old friends.

Two obligations the honest and straight-thinking man must meet—the support of the parents who brought him into the world if they need financial aid, and the support of the children he brings into the world until such time as they are physically and mentally able to become self-supporting. When approached for help by other relatives, he should analyze the impulse to yield to their importunities.

Is the case hopeless? Is there no other way of solving the applicant's problem? Is it a case worthy of an old-age pension in a State where this is given? Should the applicant be too old or too ill to work, is he or she not rightfully a candidate for care in a State or private institution? Or is it merely a case of incompetence, laziness or sentiment?

Until salaried men and women can face these questions squarely and withhold help which is undeserved or futile, they will continue to swell the tide of polite paupers.

New theories notwithstanding, a country builds on the industry, the efficiency and the honesty of its individual citizens. Any custom or practice which weakens the individual weakens the nation. Let the salaried worker use his earnings first to meet his own obligations, to carry on his own tasks, and let his incompetent or unfortunate relatives and friends, with their specious arguments, fend for themselves. The necessity may develop energy, intelligence, purposefulness and honesty in men who have allowed such qualities to lie dormant, or to die within them, during a period of false prosperity.

# Farmocracy

BY ELMER LESLIE McDOWELL

*Some less discussed aspects of the agricultural problem*

**F**ARMOCRACY is the condition in which a nation finds itself, when, having exhausted its free land in a haphazard manner without any regard for future generations, it is faced with a rising population while at the same time the trend of ownership of the soil indicates a concentration in fewer and fewer hands; the result being the exclusion of the great body of the people from the tangible profession of agriculture, and their confinement to a rigorous and complex urban life in what amounts to virtually an industrial serfdom.

Unlike the long catalogue of social diseases so vividly described during the past few years, farmocracy is not a product of the Machine Age, however much its processes may be accelerated by the conditions brought on by mass production. The story may be read in the history of nearly every nation, ancient and modern.

Excellent roads, aqueducts, theatres, temples and other public works once literally covered Rome, nearly all the free gifts of wealthy citizens. From the same source many cities acquired enough property to pay from the revenue all their necessary expenses, without resort to taxation. In the midst of such wealth, such power, it seemed that the end

could never be. But all the time a pernicious land policy was undermining the top-heavy structure. Senators and knights bought up vast tracts of land, and the state was soon made up of the *latifundia*—broad estates—of the few. The peasant proprietors, unable to withstand the pressure of their arrogant neighbors, sold their small farms or were forcibly ejected. Coming into the cities, these country people soon exhausted their little competences, and, having nothing tangible to cling to, were rapidly reduced to misery and despair. Taking the only course left open to them, the few who remained on their farms made haste to give up their lands to powerful neighbors, on condition of receiving their protection—and thus feudalism began.

In more or less varied form, the record of nearly every modern European country furnishes the same instructive example; as in Ireland, where, before the migration, some eight million people were supported at a squalid level of existence. The only important difference between the ancient and modern examples is that in the latter, agrarian revolutions have resulted invariably in a more equitable distribution of the land, and forced governments to give as much attention to the needs of the rural



as to those of the urban population. For this reason, we find the agricultural economies of France, Germany, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries of an exceptionally high order.

It is impossible, of course, to state with geometrical precision the exact proportion which should obtain between the urban and rural population; that is, to set down the definite terms of economic balance. Nevertheless, the fact is sufficiently well known to state the general proposition, that the decline of every nation that has fallen is well marked from the time the majority of the people lost their grip on the soil.

The time of the transition from the old order to the new in the United States may be placed, for all practical purposes, in the year 1909. As far back as the 'Nineties discerning men might have read in the signs of the times an inauspicious augury. Take the disorder and violence of 1899, for example. Then some 115,000 persons gathered on the border of a reservation to be opened in Oklahoma Territory. When the opening day came, a crack of a Winchester, and lo! thousands of prospective settlers began a mad race on horseback, in wagons and on foot, fighting and struggling with one another for the desirable plots. But two out of three people did not get any kind of a plot. The end did not come, however, until the summer of 1909. At the opening of the Flathead, Cœur d'Alene and Spokane reservations in Montana, Idaho and Washington, not one in twenty-five applicants got a homestead. The old day was ended, and in the new no longer would men sing, "Uncle Sam has land enough, to give a farm to each of us." The inexhaustible West had become exhausted!

Henceforth, many new acres were to

be brought into cultivation, but at a cost not warranted by the economic development of the nation. These new acres were not of the strong virgin soil, which "if tickled with a hoe would laugh with harvest," without the use of fertilizers, but land brought in only by the application of the best engineering skill, through great reclamation projects. To farm such land requires an initial capital outlay of from twenty to fifty times the amount required by the original homesteader; and, because of the highly artificial means by which such "engineered" land is kept in cultivation, makes the two types of farming totally incomparable.

From 1910 to 1930, 107,972,691 acres were added to our farm lands. Normally, this vast amount of land might have been expected to have increased the number of our farms by about 700,000, and our farm population by about 2,800,000. The best evidence of the new order of things is contained in the statistical record of the period. The 1910 census revealed a total of 6,361,502 farms, with a population of 32,076,960. By 1930 the number of our farms had decreased to 6,288,648, while the farm population had dropped to 30,445,350, although there was a general increase in population for the nation as a whole during the period of 30,802,780. In other words, not only did prevailing conditions force thirty million new people to remain in cities, but took a million and a half from the original farm population as well.

In 1910 the average size of our farms was 138 acres; by 1930 the average had increased to 157 acres. And while in 1910 there were 50,135 farms of 1,000 acres or more, the census of 1930 showed 80,620 of these "knights," whose vast holdings—embracing in

many cases entire counties—aggregate 276,212,832 acres, or twenty-eight per cent of all our farm land.

AFTER the Revolution, Congress had at its disposal land amounting to 1,441,431,160 acres, formerly held by the British Crown or acquired from France. These acres constituted a tract of land forty-five times as large as the State of New York. Congress, never stingy, squandered the public lands in a manner unheard of before. Less than twenty per cent of the public lands were given in direct grants to homesteaders; the greater part went to corporations, on the grounds that, somehow or other, the benefits would trickle down to the public. The grants to railroads furnish a good illustration of the policy of Congress. The first grant to a railroad was made in 1850 to the Illinois Central. It received 2,595,133 acres. The Union Pacific, together with its various branches, got more than 32,000,000 acres. Later on, this policy of land grants became even more extravagant. There came the Southern Pacific, the Atlantic Pacific and the Northern Pacific Railroads. The last named, including branch lines, secured the free gift of 57,000,000 acres, a tract of land exceeding the combined areas of the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. On July 1, 1908, only 386,873,787 acres were left—Alaska excluded. This remainder contained all the great mountain ranges, deserts and barren lands. Only a very little part was naturally fitted for agriculture.

It is a peculiar fact that the first distinct warnings about the abuse of our national resources came, not from native Americans, but from foreign-born

citizens of the United States, as, for example, Carl Schurz, who as Senator, as well as Secretary of the Interior, pointed frequently to the grave dangers our nation was courting. The nation, living only in the present, smiled at men like Schurz and other "denudatics," who, seeing everything in black colors, made an unnecessary noise about the exhaustion of our natural resources. But the cries of alarm became more and more frequent. And then, instigated by Gifford Pinchot, came President Roosevelt's sensational calling of all the Governors of the United States to a conference at the White House, to consider the questions concerning the conservation and proper use of our resources. The conference, held in May, 1908, was opened by the President himself, when he described his subject as "the weightiest problem now before the nation."

This period marked the time when the social state of the American farmer first really engaged the public attention; and, although farm prices had been steadily rising for years so that they stood above parity with other commodities, the publicity given the subject afforded a sufficient pretext for the farm organization men and professional politicians to take hold. They did! By 1912 the farmer's plight had been made so acute that both the Republican and Democratic parties included planks in their platforms supporting a proposed mission to Europe, for studying the methods employed by progressive agricultural communities, while all three major parties paraded their zeal for the "down-trodden" farmer.

Legislative action came in May, 1914, when the Smith-Lever Act provided for coöperative extension in agricultural and home economics, followed



two years later by the Federal Farm Loan Board. But by the time the Board got under way, we were in the midst of the World War and Federal farm aid took a different direction. The War offered an unprecedented opportunity for putting the farmer "on top." Food supply and victory were linked. Minimum price guarantees were followed by increased acreage campaigns, "liberty wheat campaigns" and a dozen other campaigns. Unlimited funds were made available to the farmer, with absolutely no regard for what would happen when war demands ceased.

Many of our farmers tried to take a "short-cut" to easy wealth and began to pyramid. Making use of the easy credit which was now available, they reached out and grabbed all the land in sight, land which, having been purchased at boom figures, could only show a profit under the stimulation of inflated commodity prices. It was now that farm mortgages, fairly uniform up to this time, began to mount to dizzy heights, as will appear from the following table:

1910 .....	\$3,320,000,000
1917 .....	4,000,000,000
1920 .....	7,858,000,000
1925 .....	9,361,000,000
1928 .....	9,468,000,000

During the greater part of twenty years, from late 1899 through 1919, the "buying edge" was with the American farmer. Farm prices rose consistently during this period, and to such tremendous level that everywhere protests were heard against the high cost of living. The "buyers' strike" in early 1920, and the sharp curtailment of agricultural exports, punctured the farmer's happy dream and brought him back to earth again. But instead of using the favorable opportunity for normalizing the farmer's debts, the Federal

Government persisted in its usual asinine policy of helping to increase his indebtedness. The War Finance Corporation was revived to help the farmer, and a general refinancing of farm mortgages took place. How well the farmer was helped may be seen in the increase of mortgage debt between 1920 and 1925.

Since the organization of the "farm bloc" in May, 1921, nearly a hundred farm relief plans have been offered for public consideration. In general, these plans have been based on the principles contained in the measures known as the equalization-fee, debenture, domestic allotment and land-leasing plans. By taking the worst in all previous plans and merely adding dictatorship, the politicians succeeded in producing the present National Agricultural Adjustment Act.

A prominent economist has spoken of the farm bill as class legislation of a most dangerous type, contravening most of the fundamental canons of justice in taxation that are generally accepted by economists as the basic principles upon which all taxation should be founded. "The theory that the bonus paid to the farmers out of the proceeds of these taxes will be equitably diffused," wrote Professor Edwin W. Kemmerer of Princeton University, "through the farmers' increased prosperity, to all classes in the community may seem plausible, but it is superficial and unsound. It is the same old fallacy that we have so often heard advanced in support of bounties, high tariffs, the soldiers' bonus and similar special class measures. Obviously, the bonus paid to the farmers is taken, in the form of a shifted processing tax, from the entire public, including the farmer himself, who buys the commodities taxed. If

those who receive the bonus have more money with which to buy other goods than those who pay the tax have proportionately less."

If the farm legislation corrects none of the fundamental defects, nor has any sound economic meaning, it does have an important political meaning. It serves to "sew up" the farm vote, and is a fitting centenary of the inauguration of the "spoils system."

IN RECENT years, in the comparatively few times attention has been paid to the problems of land utilization, almost exclusive thought has been given to the question of production. The whole question of the trend of farming has been dismissed with the statement that our land will continue to furnish food products sufficient for the needs of the nation for generations to come. The error in this line of reasoning is too palpable to be ignored. Fortunately, the depression, if it has done nothing else, has brought home to us the fact that the great desideratum is not food production alone, but food distribution. With surplus stocks of farm products greater than at any time in our history, and with legislators turning hand-springs in their efforts to destroy the surplus, we have the anomalous condition of millions of our fellow-citizens who are the unfortunate objects of charity for the bare means of subsistence. So far as our unemployed and their dependents are concerned, our farm surplus might as well be on the planet Mars. Obviously, we must get beyond the narrow partisanship that looks only to garnering votes and to "rewarding the faithful," and consider this subject in its proper light: that of a great social problem. But because the public mind has become so perverted by

ingenious economic hyperbole as to be no longer capable of weighing national matters according to their true values, we will depart from the proper order, and largely consider the subject from the dollars-and-cents standpoint.

A few years ago, Secretary of Agriculture Jardine stated that eighty per cent of American manufactures depend upon agriculture. And only recently, a leading financial journal computed that our farmers consume on an average \$6,000,000,000 worth of manufactured goods a year. If industry has such a large interest in agriculture, then industry will be very much concerned with determining whether or not it is possible to broaden the agricultural base. Now one fact stands out clearly in connection with this question—industry's share grows smaller with the concentration of the land. It was shown in the last census that the 80,000 farms of 1,000 acres and over, which include twenty-eight per cent of all our farm land, possess only 6.5 per cent of the value of all farm implements and equipment. The value of the dwellings on these farms amounts to only 2.4 per cent of the total value of all farm dwellings. If we select from this group the very largest—those great empires within the nation, whose vastness overshadows many of the principalities of the Middle Ages—we find the disproportion even greater. The 4,033 tracts of 10,000 acres and over, the aggregate acreage of which amounts to 11.5 per cent of total acreage, are equipped with implements and machinery valued at only one-half of one per cent of the total value of such farm equipment; while the dwellings on these estates have the almost negligible value of one-fifth of one per cent of the total farm-dwelling value.



With such a large stake in American agriculture, what has industry been doing to develop the market? The answer is nothing. Industry has allowed itself to be driven to seek a market abroad—one that is predominantly agricultural—while a much better market declined at home. Only one man in industry has concerned himself with this vital problem. Henry Ford is not the first man in the United States who has attempted to reconcile industry with agriculture, but he is the first industrial leader who has tried. For his efforts, Mr. Ford has been ridiculed and derided by the "knowing ones"; yet, if he should even partially succeed in achieving his great purpose, his contribution to American life would be ten times more important than anything he ever did as a mere industrialist, and the whole of industry would reap an immediate reward.

BEFORE considering the means which are available to reinforce our rickety farm structure, it is necessary to point out that our *current* farm problem is in reality two problems—one general, the other specific. The first is part-and-parcel of the general economic situation, and has to do with stagnant trade, deflated price levels and rising taxation; while the other is almost exclusively a matter of overwhelming debt. Fortunately, the majority of our farmers are not in debt, and it is impossible to consider their plight as in any respect different from that of the rest of the nation. If the American farmer bemoans the 260 per cent increase in taxation over the pre-War period, pity the electric power industry with a 1,300 per cent increase. If the gross income from farm production fell to a terribly low level in 1932, we are forced to remember that while the average yearly return

to farmers for the years 1910 to 1914 was \$5,827,000,000, the average yearly return in the three depression years, 1930-32, was \$7,199,333,000. Let us leave the majority of the farmers in fairly comfortable circumstances and consider the other farm problem, that which is of primary interest to us—the debt-ridden farmers.

Of the 6,288,648 farms in the United States a little more than forty per cent are mortgaged. It is these approximately 2,600,000 farms that form the crux of our present problem. And regardless of how much our natural sympathies may extend to these distressed farmers, our candor compels us to state that the causes which have brought on the mortgaged farmer's predicament were chiefly of his own making: being largely due to greed, speculation and bad judgment. A peculiar attitude has developed in recent years regarding this group, which is directly the reverse of all previous thought on the subject. The prevailing attitude has been very well expressed by the authors of the *Internal Debt of the United States*, when, in considering the more involved portion of this group, they say, "For debtors . . . who are hopelessly insolvent a drastic scaling down of the principal amount of their debts is essential and machinery should be set up to facilitate these adjustments." Despite the fact that this *new* economic theory has already become a part of the legislative code of this country, we follow the first Mr. Roosevelt and proceed on the saner basis that leveling institutions, either of a just or of an unjust kind, may lower the heights of society, but they can not, of themselves, permanently raise its depths.

But what part may these mortgaged farms be made to play in our social

readjustment? Several points stand out prominently in connection with the mortgage-ridden farmers. In nearly all cases, these farmers have too much land. They have got beyond their depths in trying to become industrialists. In trying to run farm factories, they have ceased to be good farmers and have proven themselves to be poor business men. Instead of confining their efforts to themselves and their own immediate families, they have tried to operate large farms that required a personnel of "hired hands." In prosperous times it has been possible to do this, because the margin of profit is broad enough when commodity prices are high to take care of the extraordinary expenses incident to such operations. When commodity prices decline the case is entirely different. Unlike the small farmer, the farmer with large acreage finds it difficult to retrench, because his own efforts are not sufficient to produce enough to take care of his fixed charges. And when his bank begins to restrict credit and the farmer finds himself unable to finance his operations on the scale of a boom period, his situation becomes impossible. There are only two methods by which these farmers can be helped. One, by Government subsidies, which will permit them to "sit tight" until another boom period brings prices high enough to enable them to navigate. The other, by reducing their acreage to an amount which they can actually cultivate, contemplates a proportionate reduction of mortgage debt. In other words, if we can help the mortgaged farmer dispose of at least half of his land, the effect will be to cut his debts down from around his neck to somewhere about his knees.

It is estimated that several million of our unemployed would be willing

and anxious to reestablish themselves by acquiring farm holdings. Why should we not, then, make use of this opportunity partly to restore our economic balance by transferring this portion of our society to the country, to utilize the land which would become available by splitting each mortgaged farm into two or more parts?

The first objection this plan would have to meet with is that few of our unemployed have had any experience as farmers. What is needed, however, is not so much previous experience as character and moral responsibility. We have only to make sure that the applicants possess the requisite mental qualities: keen perceptions and alert habits of mind, full appreciation of the value of facts and hospitality to new ideas. Backed up by the resources we have available, no one need fail who is willing to knuckle down. There are about 28,000 employes in the Department of Agriculture. Nearly every county has an agricultural agent. Experiment stations are spread over the face of the land. Every State has agricultural colleges and departments, and many universities have divisions devoted to husbandry. This move would put these agencies to the test of justifying themselves.

Since the whole programme is predicated on the idea that each new farmer would take over a proportionate part of the existing mortgage debt, two preliminary steps are necessary. First, a revaluation of mortgaged farms; not for the purpose of "scaling down the debt," but to bring the debt in line with actualities. Theoretically, all farm loans are supposed to be based on the utilization of land, but as a practical matter, yield has always been ignored and the so-called market value used as the basis.



We know too well from experience how this method has worked out. Two farms, each having the same use-value but located in different districts, may have entirely different loan-values, although proximity to markets is the same. Local land booms, personal considerations, variation in the ability of loan officials and many other causes affect such loans, the majority of which have no proper place in the transactions. The Department of Agriculture has abundant means at its disposal for determining the yield we may expect from each mortgaged farm. Ignoring cost price, or current market value, we might arrive at the true value of each farm by the application of this method; which would only be equivalent to adopting a standardized and more scientific method of land valuation. As Federal officials have been the chief offenders in overmortgaging, the Government would be the only important loser in a reappraisal.

Next, such a survey would automatically turn up a considerable amount of sub-marginal and worn-out land. For such land there is no solution. Government is no more obligated to assume the burden of this land than it would be to assume the burden of obsolete factories and worn-out automobiles. So far as the land could be used for forestation or a similar purpose, something might be salvaged out of the wreck; but it should be closed to innocent purchasers. The present holder and his heirs should be the last for farm purposes.

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics has estimated that farm mortgages declined from their 1928 peak to about \$8,500,000,000 at the beginning of 1933. At least \$500,000,000 would be pared off by revaluation. If we took

4,000,000 of our unemployed and they assumed one-half of the mortgage debt, each would take over approximately \$1,000 of the debt. No general refinancing of mortgages would be necessary, but merely the rewriting to accord with the division of the mortgaged farms. It is not expected that any objection would arise on the part of lending agents, since the move would be equivalent to substituting two- or three-name paper, under a liquifying process, for the one-name "frozen" paper they now hold.

It is estimated that it would cost \$1,250 each to reestablish the 4,000,000 in farm life, or an aggregate of \$5,000,000,000. Of the \$5,000,000,000, approximately \$1,500,000,000 would be used to reimburse the present land-owners for their equities in the part transferred, which should largely go to clear up past-due indebtedness. The remaining \$3,500,000 would be used for acquiring livestock, farm implements, construction and sustenance.

As the total indebtedness of any individual would in no case exceed \$2,250, the loans could be amortized over a period of about ten years. It is not intended that the Government bear any direct expense, but merely arrange and finance part of it, until it could be transferred to private enterprise. But the indebtedness of every one of the 4,000,000 would not amount to \$2,250. Many are not entirely "broke," and some have relatives who could aid materially. Further than that, there is some obligation on the part of local communities and states to help the movement.

**I**MMEDIATE benefits would result to the entire nation. About one-third of our unemployed are receiving a meagre private charity; the others are squeezing out their savings by reducing their

food purchases to a minimum. If this purchasing power could be restored, or materially increased, the general farm situation would disappear, almost overnight. Since it would be necessary to maintain the new farm population for at least one season, the movement of agricultural surplus and livestock would produce that effect. A tremendous slack would be taken up in unemployment. By the purchases of farm implements and the materials necessary for building construction, nearly every industry would be stimulated; and the greater part of the remaining unemployed would find work in the revived industrial activities, as well as in the construction of farm improvements.

No appreciable change would occur in the permanent status of agricultural surplus. There has never been a general overproduction of farm commodities in this country, for there has never been a time when the nation could be called well fed. Even in the most prosperous periods, distress has been wide-spread. Thousands have starved in the midst of plenty, while millions were undernourished. Until the two conditions are reconciled there can be no general overproduction; it is simply a question of ineffective distribution and exchange. So far as overproduction of particular commodities is concerned, a remedy is available which doesn't involve Treasury-tapping. It would be a fairly simple matter for the Federal Government to allot definite acreage for particular commodities to each State, and furnish a guide for the subdivisions of the State, leaving it to State authorities to enforce such recommendations. It is unlikely that the people of any State would permit a disregard of a measure for the common good. In the past, the people have been unable to ascertain those

really responsible for the break-down. This method would immediately point out the refractory communities, and narrow the problem down to a workable unit, instead of the present indiscriminate bulking of good farmers with bad, which leads to the erroneous conclusion that the entire system has broken down.

The immediate profit flowing from the inauguration of this plan should prime industry for its most important task—the industrialization of agriculture. Its first goal should be a decentralization which would afford to farmers employment in their off-seasons, sufficient at least to cover their fixed and operating charges. For this, industry has every inducement. We know, for instance, that the surface of the farm market has been barely scratched. Only one out of every nine farms is served by the electric light and power industry; only one in ten farmers has a motor truck; less than one-third of the farm homes are equipped with radios; and very few have running water or the modern household appliances. Instead of \$6,000,000,000 a year, industry should be selling twice that much to the farmers and still be dissatisfied. If farm life has been hard, it is because the non-agricultural groups with services to sell haven't shown the farmer how to improve his lot.

About the turn of the century all a man needed to hew out a home for himself was an axe, a hoe and a blanket. Even so late as 1910, the Canadian Government was encouraging homesteaders with as little as \$250, or its equivalent. But by 1910 the average value of each of our farms was more than \$5,000; by 1920 more than \$10,000. It is evident that we need fewer \$10,000 farms and more self-sustaining farmers.



# Honeymoons Don't Wane

BY TRAVIS HOKE

*Who struggles with the problem of why every marriage, even in depression, must be celebrated with a journey*

THE Great Disillusionment has been teaching people that they can get along without a surprising number of things, from butter and movies to roast beef and divorce, but not, as yet, without honeymoons. The holy bonds may be forged in chapel rather than nave, devoid of smilax bower and the velvet rope, unabettèd by ushers and maids and the scared child in tight plush, shorn of every costly accessory to the fact, human or otherwise, but if there must be a choice between rose-point veil and going-away dress, the dress wins, and if it is nothing more than a day at Schutzenfest Grove, it is a wedding trip nevertheless. Probably the cost of honeymoons has lessened in the last three years, and there are always sturdy souls who let marriage interrupt their lives as little as may be, but resorts most popular for honeymooning report an increased percentage of newlyweds even when the total number of visitors has dropped. Evidently there is a universal urge, an urge weightier than rent money, to go somewhere immediately after getting married and stay as long as the purse will permit. Honeymoons there must be, though three rooms become two and the velours suite remains a dream.

Which is more than a little strange, because in its current form the honeymoon not only has no clear purpose or utility, but lacks the force of a long tradition behind it. The word is as old as the language—it will not get anywhere to murmur sagely: “Ah, yes, *lune de miel*”—but “honeymoon” did not imply a post-wedding pleasure jaunt until recent times.

Certainly it was a diversion which the persons who lived for history managed to get along without. Greeks and Romans made so little to-do about marriage, by modern standards, that their avoidance of wedding tours is hardly a case in point, but the French nobility under the various confusing Louis were gifted at making a fuss over the non-utilitarian, and even they did not consider it obligatory to post from Notre Dame to Deauville. The Chieftain to the Highlands Bound and Young Lochinvar went on wedding trips, it is true, but they also had in mind certain practical considerations such as their lives, and besides, the trips only cost, respectively, a silver pound and depreciation charges against the horse. English yeomen might take their brides to Brighton and English gentry theirs to Bath, but when they did it was as

husbands of such long standing that wedded bliss craved intrusion rather than seclusion.

Nor did American settlers go honeymooning, unless scuttling from stockade to stockade through woods full of Indians be called a wedding trip; aside from that, wedded Cabots and Brewsters and Adamses and Lowells, as well as Custises and Fairfaxes and Claibornes and Lees settled right down to establishing the Society of Colonial Dames with no intervening junkets to the Berkshires or Old Point Comfort, and John Alden, speaking for himself and no doubt saying, "Personally, I," did not offer so much as a ride to Revere Beach.

Nobody went on honeymoons, in fact, unless home happened to be distant from church, and then the trip was deemed neither fun nor fashionable, but just tough luck. They did not go on honeymoons, for one reason, because there wasn't any place much to go, and there wasn't any place much to go because getting there was so unpleasant that rest cures instead of romance loomed at the end. If the persons who get train sick in Pullmans and those who catch cold in the Ritz could lurch a few blocks in an ancient coach and shiver for an hour in a quaint old inn, they would be filled with a fine understanding of why their ancestors became their ancestors in a straight line from church to home, a straight line then as now being the shortest distance between two points.

Despite all this, weddings seemed too blunt, too business-like; they lacked something, but nobody quite knew what. It was not until some great minds had worked on the problem that the possibility of wedding trips appeared. Superficial persons may have thought

that Watt, Fulton *et al.*, were inventing the Industrial Age when they did things with steam; actually, they were becoming the fathers of the modern honeymoon.

Because of them, ways of going places improved to the point where it was no longer a hardship to stir from home, and then, of course, there had to be places to go. But it was a concept new to the world—traveling for pleasure—and one that the world was slow to grasp; for that reason places to go had to be pleasant to a degree never before imagined in order to lure travelers. They succeeded in being pleasant, and transportation kept on improving and breeding newer and better destinations, until at last supply exceeded demand and there were more places than goers.

Upon which, early in the Nineteenth Century, the custom of wedding trips burst upon a marrying world. It burst as a custom, and it burst full-fledged, with a complete outfit of rites, traditions and tabus—hoary and inviolable even, in its cradle. It was new, but it was accepted; it was never, like other new things, an underminer, a menace, a devil's spawn, nor even a way-pointer or a harbinger; it just was, from the beginning. There is no record of the first honeymooning couple, but without doubt they took their trip because everybody else did; it was the thing to do before anybody did it.

BY MID-CENTURY the custom was set in much its present form, except that the note of secrecy was sounded more loudly. It was an age of long skirts and low necks, of tender hearts and iron waists, of blushes and giggles and swoons and sensibilities—the Coy Age, in fact, when people went around



being arch—and so, though marriage ranked as achievement, and was therefore to be paraded, there had to be something furtive about it, something apologetic and secret, or it would not be genteel. Perhaps secrecy lent a synthetic flavor of the illicit, more likely it was just another thing to palaver about and so enhance the grandeur of the triumph—at any rate, only nine or ten best friends and parents were sworn to silence, all others pretended ignorance and any one who met honeymooners by accident played blind, like polite Brazilians stuck in Rio out of season.

As with most new things, the honeymoon at first was only for the rich. It was therefore a cachet of distinction to which all aspired, so that later, when travel cheapened, couples outside gilded circles let it be known that they were bound on wedding trips, and (since some destinations were more expensive than others) confided, for their further glory, the setting for love's first certified raptures, and made the most of it, and in time, announced it in the press. By now little secrecy remains to the honeymoon, and that little exists for funny stories and hotel clerks.

While destinations still were in theory secret, however, certain places grew favored above others as honeymoon resorts. If it was the Coy Age, it was also the age when people were even more flagrant than now in demanding moral justification for anything of pleasant savor. It will not come as a shock, then, to find that Niagara Falls and Washington were the first outstanding honeymoon resorts. Two hundred thousand cubic feet of water sliding over a cliff might not incite to legal passion, but a look at them, as at anything bizarre in Nature, was elevating. The United States Bureau of Printing and

Engraving was no Cupid's bower, but inspecting it, with gentlemanly guides, was improving; elevating and improving were shibboleths of that elegant day, and they lifted the curse from many an otherwise vulgar pursuit of fun for fun's sake. So thousands of brides felt that it was not too immodest to thrill at the thought of visiting these spots, and to whisper their names with due mantling of cheeks and downcasting of eyes; the topic was delicate but the spots were edifying.

Both spots were edifying, but there was perhaps more thrill at mention of the Falls, for Devil's Gorge, Cave of the Winds and Maid of the Mist sounded just a neat bit on the fast side—not too much, but a trifle fancy and unchaperoned. Besides, it was at most a few days' stop-over between other travels, and traveling itself was still daring, if not actually rakish. Washington held thrills too, but thrills more full-bosomed and sober, and in the whispering about it there was pretty pouting to emphasize dear Augustus's weighty absorption in those mean old public affairs, and casual revelation of the length of stay—Washington was no stop-over, but a several weeks' stand, what with drives to Mt. Vernon, calls on one's Congressman and awesome seats in the Members' Gallery from which to view the day's ponderous clowning. Niagara and the Capital, then, were names to stir the nuptial pulse, and swains used them in their pleadings, and brides made June the month for marriage because it was a good season for visiting either.

But while thousands of couples were spreading their fame for honeymoons, another resort was looming larger on the social horizon. It had long been known that any water of peculiar smell,

taste or temperature was a remedy for some, if not every human disease, and in Europe, ever since travel grew tolerable, such waters were found to possess prime efficacy against the more fashionable ailments, and the places where they exuded from the ground—Spa was the preferred word—became the special haunts of those who had gout or were rich enough to fear it. While fearing it, they also gambled, rode, danced, snubbed, ogled and otherwise had fun, and as a result, watering places were the gayest and most aristocratically wicked resorts in Europe. The United States had not got around to being openly gay; even the stylish lauded virtues other than the hydraulic; and only the really sick sought American spas, which were in no sense edifying. At last some logician evolved the theorem that if spas bettered health, spas were improving, whereupon spas became fit to enjoy and in no time at all improved social standing as well as health, and fashionable newlyweds often chose them for honeymoons.

All spas were fashionable, but the peerless, the last word, the ultra was Saratoga Springs. The truly splendid went there, the bejeweled dowagers and bewiskered fops, the heiresses and flirts and dandies, the people who lived on parade; and so fashionable were they, and so magnificent were their wardrobes that a special trunk was devised to hold them—the Saratoga, biggest of its time, with rounded top to fit a crinoline hoop on edge. Saratoga was exclusive but merry; it was dignified but gay; it was Aiken and Newport and the Hamptons in one; and some of its hotels charged as much as five dollars a day! To go honeymooning anywhere was a distinction, to go to Washington or Niagara brought fame, but a wedding

trip to Saratoga was something so glamorous that to speak of it was almost boasting *per se*.

But times changed, and now Saratoga's visitors are interested in what jockey clubs call improving the breed of horses, and Saratoga is no longer a word to conjure brides with. Times changed, traveling grew easier and cheaper, made rates and places for all, and when anybody could go honeymooning, to go no longer lent distinction but only saved face. Not to go, in fact, hinted somehow of a bride unimportant or little wanted, of the shotgun wedding, almost, so that only the socially unafraid dared refrain.

IT is like that now. The ribbonry cortège of satins and Tuxedos coming out of the photographer's is bound for a day at Coney Island; the junket is as essential as bouquet or ring—a witness to past virtue; to omit it would imply that marriage was mere punctuation and only a comma, at that. And so they hurtle about on roller coasters and spin balls at toys, and they take their friends along to testify that there was a marriage and that it did make a difference in a couple of lives. When the honeymoon is a week-end in a Sheepshead Bay shack called Kosie Knook the friends are there at least part of the time; it would look suspicious not to invite them. With inversely varying emphasis, the same sort of thing holds true higher up the social scale. As with secrecy and distinction, most of the seclusion has gone from the honeymoon.

Except for the very fashionable. Either their extra importance makes extra seclusion necessary, or it is all that remains to ennoble their participation in a common ritual. The very fashionable do not go even to very fashionable



places on their honeymoons, the trip itself does not figure large—they have been everywhere before marriage anyway—so they try for seclusion on a borrowed yacht or estate; their own would not be foreign territory, hence no proper spot for a honeymoon.

For the rest, the big mid-stratum of the honeymooning public still favors certain resorts. Washington is popular, especially for cheap overnight excursions, and Niagara still figures in honeymoon jokes. But for some time the most popular places for honeymooning—strangely, the Florida resorts do not specialize in it—have been Atlantic City and, of recent years, Bermuda. There are thousands of people who would feel disgraced if they could not take a wedding trip to one of these places, by the same token that Hollywood luminaries must honeymoon in Hawaii or lose caste.

Just when Atlantic City became a name to honeymooners is a matter of local dispute. It began its career as a resort with the opening of two railroads in 1854, and one school of historians asserts that a pair of newlyweds rode in on the cow-catcher of the first train, while the other and seemingly more plausible account is to the effect that in the beginning Atlantic City was more favored for definitely non-wedding trips, and that not until the 'Eighties, when the visiting population had increased sufficiently to dilute notoriety, and standards had shrunk a bit short of the prim, did brides begin to yearn for the Boardwalk in any great numbers.

However that may be, they distinctly yearn for it now. Of the annual twelve million visitors, the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce estimates that fifty thousand couples are honeymoon-

mooners are statistically sorted from the goats is not stated, but probably it is done by requiring the hotel clerks to count the number of women who blush when registered; none but the newlyweds blush, in Atlantic City, and since no doubt many of these are so out-of-practice as to escape identification, the estimate may indeed be conservative. Aside from the glamor of the name, Atlantic City's chief lure for honeymooners is the fact that they can enjoy all the benefits of an ocean trip with none of the discomforts: nothing is worse than to be lovesick and seasick at the same time.

No one will quarrel with this doctrine, but a great many evidently fail to consider it, for Bermuda, far younger for the purpose than Atlantic City, and only to be reached across the sick-making Gulf Stream, has already become a decidedly newlywed haven. It first became popular for tourists in 1919, and for honeymooners three years later. Its transient population is nowhere near as great as Atlantic City's, but according to one of the steamship lines serving it, of the 29,000 visitors to Bermuda, 2,000 couples are honeymooners—every seventh person, almost fourteen per cent; whereas the percentage for Atlantic City is only .0083. How well the old favorites stand the competition can only be guessed: either blushes are unknown in Washington or everybody blushes there, and the Chamber of Commerce of Niagara Falls, evidently quite sensitive about its place in song and story, remains silent in the matter of these most vital statistics. For the present, then, Bermuda is the most intensively honeymooned territory of them all.

It lends some measure of prestige to a honeymoon, too—the prestige of a

trip over water and of a foreign flag—but that is not to say that only the wealthy or the fashionable go there. Like all the pleasant places that transportation has made, there is a variety of prices for a variety of people, in addition to which, honeymooners notoriously spend all they can afford or more on a trip, and for its duration rub elbows never to be rubbed again. If travel broadens, it also levels, particularly as to honeymooners.

It levels the prestige of places, too, so that now there is little more kudos in the destination than in the going; anybody can go anywhere—and does, on honeymoons—and Saratoga is become Washington, and Miami Luna Park, and the whole custom of wedding trips means less honor in the observance than dishonor in the breach.

YET everybody honeymoons. Here is 'a custom, of brief existence, that lacks apparent utility, that, for most of its followers, is economically questionable, that has lost prestige—yet one that is so binding that it waxes in the leanest of years. Can it be the survival—the revival—of a long lost tradition? Is it the drive of an ancient urge, once an instinct, then a habit and a law, that now compels people to take wedding trips?

The word honeymoon seems to come from the Norse custom of drinking mead, a honey wine, for thirty days after a wedding feast (though the *Encyclopedia Britannica* cynically suggests: "As the moon commences to wane as soon as it is full, so does the mutual affection of the wedded pair") and honey, perhaps because bees sting, has to do with the fanfare of marriage in all sorts of lands, from Greece to Russia and China. But there is nothing

in marriage rites ancient or modern about a vacation trip for the wedded pair, though the trip and the secrecy and the seclusion, like the veiling of the bride, are sometimes held to be survivals of the custom of marriage by capture.

Of all the honeymooning couples, future, current and former, who were questioned for this treatise, however, not one would admit to drinking honey wine, though all displayed a suspicious interest, and neither they nor the parents involved were at all clear on the question of, capturing, being captured, or desire to recapture. If they were following a very old tradition they either didn't know it or they practised its rites in secret. Instead, when pressed to give the reasons, if any, for honeymoons, they advanced the following:

To get the bride an expensive wardrobe; enable the couple to become thoroughly acquainted; start marriage off (a) right, (b) by having fun, (c) with a bang.

All these reasons, at first sight, seem impressive, but will they wash? The first, emphasizing the expensive trousseau, was propounded by an obviously embittered male parent, who immediately wrecked his own argument by stating that any excuse would serve, when a woman wants clothes, and that therefore there was no sartorial reason for going on a wedding trip.

Nor does a journey seem essential for the bettering of acquaintanceship. Grant that the memory of legislators in action may silence future quarrels; what honeymooners ever admit the possibility of future quarrels, and does the Smithsonian promote better understanding of spouses? Niagara's ego-shrinking Falls and sinisterly named Goat Island—would not these and the



glittering distractions of Atlantic City and Bermuda divert any couple's attention from each other? A honeymoon in solitude almost certainly would bring about full and complete knowledge; if that knowledge is sought, why do honeymooners herd themselves into the most popular places?

Perhaps, after all, that is the real reason for honeymoons, whether honeymooners realize it or not—to keep from knowing each other for as long as possible. Otherwise, if married people must know each other, why not fly at once to the nest and stay there and start right in knowing each other? Nobody should be blamed for wanting to postpone knowledge of another member of his genus, so why not admit the truth—and besides, there is little left for revelation, these days, when a honeymoon begins.

And do honeymoons start marriage right? The divorce rate answers. As for starting marriage by having fun, do honeymooners have fun? Are they not all continually self-conscious and nerve-wracked, with the unease of the wild thing nearing the trap? That reason will not do unless it be conceded that the bride, having got her man, uses the honeymoon for resuming the rôle of the hunted—and who gets married for fun, anyhow? And finally, as for starting marriage with a bang—if the intention is to make marriage as lasting and painless as possible, what logic is there in starting at its highest peak, whence any course is down, beside which all else must seem flat and un-

profitable? There lies the explanation of the honeymoon joke—it is the laughter of the burnt child.

No, the reasons offered in their own behalf by those most directly implicated must, after careful weighing, be discarded. Instead, after considerable meditation, the following profound and scientific hypothesis is herewith advanced:

People go on honeymoons because they think they will like the trip and are ashamed not to go. Also, since it is an impractical, expensive and potentially disastrous venture, they, being people, persist in going no matter how ill they can afford it. This view of the matter is not likely to become widely accepted, for it does little to enhance the importance of the event which honeymooners in self-defense must justify as all-important, or stay home.

Is there no solution? Your critic, constructive as always, would make this modest suggestion: if there must be honeymoons, have two of them. Each couple should be forced to go away together *before* marrying. If after that there is still a wedding, they should stay away from each other for a month afterward, as a sequel-moon, let us call it.

That way lies good for all. For the travel bureaus, hotels, railroad and steamship companies, and trousseau-makers, a double shot at the profits. For the bride and groom, two months instead of one to remember all their lives. They will long for both, often.



# Training the Cutthroat Competitor

BY H. W. WHICKER

*Our economic war was lost on the playing fields of American colleges*

HISTORY is a racial drama written in terms of periodic social and economic catastrophe, its episodes of war and panic leading into each other as naturally as do those in any comedy or tragedy of human conduct. During the intervals between wars and panics, nations bury their dead, clear away the débris, and set hopefully about the task of reconstruction. New treaties are signed, new theories practised; mills hum, and the fields are green; and before the passing of a generation the inevitable crash comes or the big guns boom again. What motivates the drama? From whence arise its emotions of hate and fear, and of envy, avarice and greed? If we substitute reason for dogma, we shall find the answer in the competitive spirit; we shall also find that this spirit demoralizes business and industry; that it menaces such institutions as marriage, home and education; and finally, that it threatens the peace of the world in an age when the recurrence of another international butchery may mean the end of civilization itself.

The competitive spirit recognizes no

end other than *winning*, or *victory* regardless of means involved. While society must depend for permanency upon the degree to which it achieves the welfare of all, the competitive victory, in any field from sports and games to international relationships, comes at the cost of defeat. The success of one man connotes the failure of another, and so of nations; for every competitive blessing there is some competitive affliction; and at best but fifty per cent of those who compete in the game of life may hope to share in its spoils, for spoils they are. When we consider the tendency of competition, through chance as often as thought, to lavish its wealth and power upon the fortunate few, overcentralizing national and international resources to the point that the many of races and nations are often denied the actual necessities of living, we must admit that the competitive percentage of success is much smaller. Viewed in democratic perspective, the competitive spirit has been, and is now, a social monstrosity capable of making failure and futility of any governmental ideal.

As far back as history probes into



social organization, sports and games have their hold on human nature in their dramatization of the principles which underlie civilized progression; and it is in sports and games, accordingly, that the conflicting attitudes of life and living are most easily traced. Aside from their biological significance to the anatomical structure of the human body, sports and games fall naturally into two main divisions: those essentially competitive, or an outlet for predatory brute urges; and those embracing mental activity, friendship, sportsmanship and other ethical concepts applying to the equally universal urge toward æsthetic living. The ancient Greeks, for example, had their *pancratia*, and the Romans their gladiatorial combats, exciting the crowd's blood lust and satisfying its craving for the spectacular according to the extent that these elemental competitions endangered life and limb—just as today we have our prize-fights, wrestling matches, gridiron battles and other exhibitions of brutality. The Greeks and Romans also had their recreative sports and games which correspond, in their freedom from physical contact, to modern tennis, golf, chess and bridge; and it is not unlikely, when differences in equipment are discounted, that they hunted, fished and tramped in the outdoors much as we do today.

ALTHOUGH the brute is now less important in civilized survival than the mind, it is interesting to note that the institutions erected by modern society for the education of its youth, the refinement of the public mind and training in leadership, place their emphasis upon crude combat spectacles such as football, which are primarily for the brute rather than the mind. As the

competitive spirit runs riot in intercollegiate competitions, it is more than probable that the worst traits of human nature, fostered by the desire to win at any cost on the gridiron, become dominant later in business and industry, and in politics and international relationships. If, for instance, student and alumni patriotism believes the welfare of its Alma Mater dependent upon a championship football team, it is not difficult to understand why national patriotism should see in military and naval forces the only hope of security; and if football machines must clash for victory, it follows that armies and navies must also be used for aggression. Again, if wars have retarded civilized progress for generations, it is not unlikely that intercollegiate conflicts and the resources of body and spirit thrown into them are directly responsible for the failure of colleges and universities to fulfill their obligations to a society bewildered in the machine age.

Where the competitive spirit, bound by no law but the brute right of the stronger to rule the weaker through force, seeks victory in commercial rivalry and territorial aggrandizement on the international battlefield, it is as ruthless in its demand for victory in institutional advertising and gate receipts on the intercollegiate gridiron. If the nations of the world sacrificed millions of their youth for commercial rivalry and territorial aggrandizement from 1914 to 1918, our colleges and universities, since the inception of the intercollegiate competitive system, have sacrificed the health of thousands of their students for institutional advertising and gate receipts; they have subordinated every cultural objective to the point where physical superiority and material accumulation stand out over

intellectual achievement in the aspirations of their undergraduates and alumni alike. They shout the glory of conquest in the same terms and spirit. The plaudits of history are for victorious generals; the applause of the student body goes to its star athletes. Such names as Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon are to history as Thorpe, Coy and Grange to college and university life. College and university life offers its bounty, its honors and its distinctions, to a Joe Savoldi, a George Wilson and an Ernie Nevers; it would never scout for or hold out inducements to a frail youth with the budding genius of an Einstein; a hunchback with the inventive possibilities of a Steinmetz would be driven mad by neglect and the uproar and hysteria around him before the end of his freshman year.

When a university administrator justifies the present system of intercollegiate competition on grounds of institutional coöperation, sportsmanship and student moral and physical well-being, he merely carries into a highly commercialized racket the mean lip-service that hypocrisy gives ideals for expediency's sake. He is sincere in but one thought: *the team must win!* If the team does not win, the university name fades out of sport-sheet prominence and loses its appeal in false advertising, and the public no longer masses at the turnstile to pay the cost. If the university name passes into temporary oblivion, an hysterical public will pack its sons and daughters off to swell the enrolment of other institutions who boast conference football championships. Percentage of enrolment increase is a political card up the trick sleeve of the administrator in his gamble with State legislatures for public funds in the form of bigger building and maintenance budgets.

Most States, for example, support two or more colleges or universities. If the administrator of one is able to show an enrolment increase twenty per cent above that of another, he may logically demand the same percentage of increase in his budget, though his sister institutions be crippled by the arrangement and go begging. Far from promoting institutional coöperation in the education of the State's youth, this manner of dealing, based primarily upon the winning football team, leaves each college or university the mortal enemy of every other college or university; it accounts for the bitter institutional feuds which keep college life in a state of turmoil from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and it explains the student riots which annually follow important games in every section of America.

Honor among thieves at times approaches probability; but honor among universities in the matter of coaching contracts is a positive myth. Some years ago there was a coach on the Pacific Coast who won national recognition for the championship crews he led to Poughkeepsie. His ability to get the best out of a boy on the end of an oar and develop a rowing machine was in reality secondary to his influence upon the student body as a whole. To 7,000 college men and women he summed up everything good that youth idealizes in manhood. Shortly after his last championship at Poughkeepsie, he signed a contract for an annual salary of \$6,000 which bound him to his university for four years. Keenly appreciative of his publicity value, convinced that he possessed the coaching magic to bring its crew activities out of their doldrums, an Eastern university, knowing that he was under contract, sent representatives to solicit his services and to offer him



\$15,000 a year. Since this coach lived in a world where economic values take precedence over such abstract considerations as honor, and having a family to support, he could not refuse the offer. His word, pledged in black and white, meant nothing either to himself or to the institution which offered him the inducement to break a contract binding in any court of law. Incidentally, crew activities are still in the doldrums on the campus of the Eastern university, and the coach's name has lost its glamor in national rowing circles. It is not amiss to add that the university he had first represented went back, two years later, to the Big Ten Conference for the coach of a championship football team on exactly the same principle, or lack of it.

THESE examples are typical enough to sum up the actual history of the competitive spirit in promoting institutional coöperation; they are typical enough to warrant the conclusion that the competitive spirit regards all contracts as scraps of paper; typical enough to justify any means by the end, if the end be victory; and typical enough to leave in the minds of student masses a philosophy of expediency disastrous when applied to business, industrial and international relationships. The competitive spirit, in addition, has made such a shambles of university life that, though institutions of higher learning were erected by the public for the unfolding of the heart and mind, coaches of combat spectacles who foster the brute may command salaries far in excess of the salaries of professors, deans and others whose mission it is to lead youth into the learning of the ages, to refine the public mind, to train the leaders upon whom the future of the

race depends. The degeneracy into which the competitive spirit has plunged college and university life may be seen in the tragic fact that, at this day, when life has never been nearer chaos, and when civilization trembles in the balance as the machine launches us into a new age, American colleges and universities are known only for their winning football teams. They give us all-American line and backfield stars when the crying need of the nation is intellectual and spiritual leadership which will reestablish internationally the vital obligations of man to man. We would like to think of Notre Dame and Southern California as great American universities for reasons other than football; we would like to think that the millions of our youth now in halls of learning see and feel other values in life than brute—but what evidence have we in institutional advertising and publicity for such a hope?

Sportsmanship? *The Team Must Win!* If an opposing team's chances of victory rest with a star fullback, in the sacred name of institutional advertising and gate receipts batter and pummel that fullback into injury and exhaustion in order that there may be a headline spilling of the dope-bucket and a climb in the sport-sheet record of conference standings. Sportsmanship? My boy, as an institution of higher learning, we are interested in your body, not in your mind! Though a mongrel dog will run the half mile thrice as fast as you may hope to do, we will glorify you into a campus hero and a national celebrity for doing poorly what a mongrel dog does well. We recognize the physical superiority of the animal kingdom, and in that superiority, as you approach it to the limit of your ability, you may appreciate our hopes of your future. A

liberal viewpoint, is it not? Sportsmanship? Why does the crowd, in the heat of student patriotism, boo the referee whose decisions, right or wrong, diminish the home team's prospects of winning? Sportsmanship? Why an ethical concept which condones any breach of any rule, so long as the offender is not caught in the act, and so long as the violation contributes to victory?

Student moral well-being? Is the referee on the field not to the game as the court of justice to social and civil order? Is the student attitude toward the referee and the rules he interprets and applies not exactly that of crime toward the court of justice and the laws it represents? And is the gridiron spectacle, seething with the worst emotions of the crowd, not a schooling in lawlessness and other attitudes which have their place in social chaos?

Health? When gymnasium space, athletic equipment and coaching talent are monopolized by a few paid soldiers of fortune to the practical exclusion of the many who are students, is health not a lost consideration in the intercollegiate system? When the bodies of these few mercenaries are overdeveloped, broken and their organic vitality sapped by the rigors of training grinds and the shock of battles, can the term health be anything short of mockery in the propaganda with which the administrator, for he is the real sinner, blinds the public to the evils of the system?

Health? Within the memory of the present college generation, a university belonging to the Pacific Coast Conference had a quarterback whose name is still a byword in such things as punting, ball carrying and field generalship. During one conference engagement he came out of a pyramid of human flesh

with a broken vertebra in his neck. Without him, the team could not win. So, during the remainder of the season, at the risk of his life, he was sent into battle after battle with his neck in a plaster cast; and the publicity department of the university made capital of the fact that it had a warrior of spirit so indomitable that even a broken neck could not keep him off the field. A boy like that would drag his guts across No Man's Land to cut enemy barbed-wire entanglements for an infantry charge. The health consideration on the intercollegiate gridiron is exactly what it is on the international battlefield.

Far from giving us leadership during this period of national and international crisis, our colleges and universities, vitiated by the competitive spirit, have overpopulated our prizefight and wrestling rings with Joe Savoldis, George Wilsons and giants like the Munn brothers, both of whom are now dead from beatings received there. Far from refining the public mind and awakening us to ethical concepts which might lead to play in games, to living in business and to peace among nations, our colleges and universities have kept the brute alive in us and given us a taste for anything in the realm of sensation from flag-pole sitting to bunion derbies and marathon dances. Although this is the age of science and the machine, we are still so far behind science and the machine that a human fly can congest traffic by doing a handstand on the cornice of some temple of exchange forty stories above the pavement! Although everything good in thousands of years of racial history has moved us to the climax or crisis of our development in this age, we are still so primitive that we will herd a hundred thousand strong into a stadium to roar



for brute victory while twenty-two helmeted warriors batter away at each other in a combat that belongs to ancient epochs when savagery decided the fate of contending social groups. This, in the main, is the influence of the competitive spirit upon education in an era when the hope of civilization itself rests with the heart and mind.

THE menace of the competitive spirit in business and industry is exactly what it is in college and university life; and it is in business and industry, under the guise of Rugged American Individualism and other high sounding terms for practical piracy, that we find it reaching its ultimate conclusion in periodic disaster for society. For generations we have drugged ourselves into acceptance of a monstrous platitude which holds that competition is the life of trade, when in reality competition is the death of trade and everything related to trade; it is the spirit of panic, the spirit of war; and wherever it moves it leaves behind it the wreckage of lives, homes and enterprise—and battlefields strewn with the bodies of youth.

Competition is the natural outlet for the predatory brute urge; it allows neither for fellowship nor the repose of living in the various professions. Every grocer who sets out to *win* preys upon every other grocer who, in civilized perspective, should, more than any other man, be his friend; his success is directly proportionate to his ability, through any expedient, to attract trade from his competitors; and he rises as they fall, or they rise as he falls. One needs but glance at the overstatement and falsehood in modern advertising, or listen to it over the radio, to determine to what extent honor has been

driven from the struggle for survival and supremacy; one needs but consider the poisons in drugs, narcotics, prepared foods and other products to settle any doubt he may have as to whether or not our present system of business, industrial and professional competition has for its objectives the welfare of society. *The team must win! Business is business!*—which is an even more emphatic negative to the ages-old question, "*Am I my brother's keeper?*"

Competition the life of trade? Consider our banking situation during the past four years. For more than a generation, under the theory of unrestricted competition, banks were permitted to multiply in every community and State until, at the time of the stock crash in 1929, they had reached a total of more than 30,000; each, directly or indirectly, at war upon the other in the struggle for survival and supremacy. One of the weapons in this war was the raising of interest rates on savings deposits. In Seattle, a city of 500,000 population, for example, one savings and loan company offered five per cent at a time when reliable banking houses were having difficulty paying four per cent or less. Through high pressure salesmanship and radio advertising, the savings and loan company lured approximately 27,000 depositors from rival banks; and its president, caught in the hysteria of speculation, gambled his stockholders' money away in any wild venture from Oklahoma oil wells to Alaskan gold mines. Another savings and loan company in the same city adopted his policies. When the inevitable crashes came, the two companies carried the life savings of more than 42,000 people down with them, and in the meantime they had threatened the security of many conservative banks

around them. The savings and loan officials are now serving prison terms, but this fact scarcely compensates the stockholders for the loss of their homes and the time many of them have spent in municipal breadlines. Roughly, in one way or another, competition has taken a toll of more than 10,000 banks, or about one out of three, in spite of the vitality it is assumed to give trade.

What has the competitive spirit done to promote the life, the liberty and the pursuit of happiness of the nation's millions since the close of the World War, and through the panic years from 1929 to the present? What contribution has the competitive spirit made in business, industry, the professions and to the institutions of marriage and home? In its overcentralization of wealth and control of natural resources, the competitive spirit has raised the cost of necessities such as food, clothing and shelter to a point where marriage is folly for the average man or woman under thirty, since from college commencement to that age the average man can hardly hope to have made a business or professional start remunerative enough to support a family.

Having made such a start, if fortunate, he is swept along on a tide of relentless competition. He must *make good*, he must *win*, he must defend his place against others as predatory as himself; and if he relaxes, if he pauses for breath, he is left behind in the race by those who are stronger, swifter, shrewder, or luckier. He can not play in college games, for he must fight; he can not live in business and professional life, for he must also fight. He must prey upon others as they prey upon him. His only purpose in breathing is victory. If he breaks the law, the crowd will boo him for getting caught; if he is

not caught, and the violation brings him wealth and power, the crowd will applaud as readily, though he wreck the lives of millions and menace the peace of the world itself. Such a competitive system of preying upon society is a glorious scheme of legalized brigandage in which, ultimately, the super-business man, having destroyed everybody else, destroys himself. Such a competitive system at best, in the intervals between its wars and panics, leaves all but the idler wolfish and gray before the half century mark and denies us the consolations of living from youth to age.

To meet the demands of the competitive system, the American homemaker must give himself to the routine and regimen of business and industry. Day after day, week after week and year after year, he is a warrior in the field. During these years, he drags his worst and exhausted self home at night to feed it and put it to bed; he has neither the time nor the energy for those personal relationships which lead to companionship and happiness, and which make home a main foundation stone in any social structure. During these years, he is a stranger to his wife; he is a stranger to his sons and daughters, if he has any. It is in this manner that the competitive spirit drags so many of its victims into the divorce court by the age of forty or before, when they realize that life has given them nothing in common but the spoils or lack of spoils in victory or defeat.

The victors of competition are few and the vanquished many. Such victors are the all-Americans of the greater gridiron game; they are to national and international life as is the super-athlete to college life; they hold the same monopoly upon the material resources



of national and international life as the super-athlete holds upon the activities and honors and distinctions of college life, and to the same practical exclusion of the masses. Whatever its form, constitutional democracy or limited monarchy, the competitive spirit tolerates no other government than government of the few by the few and for the few.

WHEN the competitive spirit determines policy in international relationships, it makes each nation the prey of the other. The enrichment of one grows out of the losses of the other, as among individuals; each, knowing that competition is lawless, and that God is with the big battalions, looks upon the other with fear and hatred; and fear and hatred, in turn, lead to armaments, and finally to war. What are rules on the football field? What are laws among nations? It is the spirit that makes or breaks rules and laws. International wars are as inevitable, in the competitive spirit, as the feuds of educational institutions in their clash for public money.

Back in a forgotten day a Nazarine carpenter suggested that men were brothers, and that each should treat the other as he would have the other treat him; he also set forth in the Sermon on the Mount the principles upon which

men and nations may find peace and happiness, ignoring the competitive spirit for the gentler and more affectionate urges of the human heart. The competitive spirit and human brotherhood can not live in the same world; the one is the death of the other; the one the hope of civilization and its ultimate goal, the other the doom of civilization and its oblivion when the next international war comes.

Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the rightful heritage not only of the individual, but of races and nations; and in civilized living, they come from the heart and mind, not from the competitive superiority of the brute as it multiplies into teams and into armies for purposes of aggression.

It is time that society, in America and elsewhere, were taking stern measures to emphasize in the education of its youth those elements of the heart and mind which contribute to the life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness of individuals and races and nations. It would seem that if we are to live in business, industry, professions and in other social and international relationships, that we must first drive the competitive spirit from sports and games and look to those activities of the body which allow for the spirit of play, which is, after all, the spirit of living.



# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



H. G. WELLS once dreamed in print of a Utopia in which there were no passports; a happy world in which respectable citizens not actually convicted of a grave breach of the law could move about at will. The Landscaper, at this moment in a humid New York apartment instead of only a few hours out from Cherbourg, and only two days from San Sebastián, because of the temporary loss of one of these priceless documents, is of the opinion that there is much to be said for the Wellsian suggestion. Unfortunately, we seem to be farther away from anything of the kind than we were when Mr. Wells had the dream, which was several years ago, before any one had even conceived the notion of holding a World Economic Conference, and thereby intensifying the spirit of nationalism which seems to have flourished so well in the post-War atmosphere.

One could hardly ask for a more striking example of the importance of small things in the plans of human beings; for two hours the Landscaper chased up and down the dock, to and from the telephone, and around and around the *Bremen*, with "For want of a nail the shoe was lost" etc., running through his head. This form of exer-

cise has but little to recommend it, either, particularly on a steamy June evening, when everybody in Greater New York seemed to have come down to the steamer to see somebody else off on a journey. All this gayety and mirth—here and there a sad couple shedding a few tears over a separation

—and one mild-mannered bibliomaniac pursuing his wandering luggage about a very large ship. . . . Who would not, in these circumstances, join a Society for the Instant Abolition of Passports? Especially when the chase was in vain, and the *Bremen*, too fast to catch, sailed away with the luggage!

Then to have the missing paper turn up from its safe hiding place, underneath the cushion of a taxicab, just as a substitute arrived from Washington, the State Department having decided that the Landscaper's record was good enough to trust him with another passport, seemed almost too much. But, barring further accidents of this variety or other varieties—the world allows a marvelous range of choice—the *Columbus* sails today, and in six more days the Landscaper will have caught up with his luggage, and shortly thereafter, the Lord willing, will be on his way to Spain.



### *A Preview of Spain*

THIS piece was to have been about the Basque country, entered by way of Biarritz and Bayonne; perhaps there will be something said on the subject next month, by which time your correspondent hopes to have gone into the matter with some thoroughness. The Basques are like most unusual people in that pretty nearly everything written about them is not true; the Landscaper has never been one to admire *Saturday Evening Post* Basques. They belong too definitely to the romantic tradition, which clings to everything Spanish, and which is oddly out of place at the moment in a Republic that is doing its sturdy best to be realistic about everything.

Anyway, Spain was never the romantic country its French visitors made it out to be; what they seem to have overlooked altogether was the salty wisdom of the Spanish peasant, who is a realist of realists. Realism and mysticism abide side by side in Spanish character, but not much of Nineteenth Century romanticism. However, the lecture must not start before the Landscaper has even found himself safe on a steamer; both the new passports might be lost on the way, in which case there would be nothing to do but give up the journey and try it again in a more fortunate year.

### *Spain Under the Republic*

THIS Hispanophile has not been back to the beloved country of his adoption since the Republic came into being, and is naturally pretty well eaten up with curiosity to see what is happening, that is to say, what effect recent radical governmental changes, such as the decrees further limiting the power of the

church, have had upon the everyday life of the people. In the past, no government has interfered to any extent with the life of the Spaniard, who is not much disturbed by changes at Madrid unless there is an attempt to interfere with what he feels to be his personal prerogatives. What effect has the present régime had upon what the Spaniard himself loves to call "*nuestra anarquía*"? It is not easy to gather from the newspapers; one might as well try to find out what is happening in various sections of America from reading our own public press. The picture is always in the large, and official, but it is the human side that is of first importance. This is particularly true of Spain, where the human being—the individual—is of importance.

Of this, however, more later. . . . With us in the United States the New Deal moves swiftly forward to whatever end it is going to attain, and wise is the man who can see just what that is. Spending our way out of the depression is a simple formula; whether or not it will work depends upon so many unseen factors that any man rash enough to prophesy what this country will be saying about Franklin D. Roosevelt four years from now would deserve some sort of medal. One thing becomes increasingly obvious: without apparent intention he and the Democratic party are building up one of the most gigantic and powerful political machines this country has ever seen. The New Deal must have men to put it into effect, and where are these men to be found more easily than in the ranks of the Hungry Faithful? Thousands will be put on Government payrolls in one way or another, and in the past these appointees have been quite willing to work for the party that gave them the job. This is

not meant for derogatory criticism of either President Roosevelt or his famous plan; it is perhaps inevitable, but it ought not to be overlooked at the same time.

### *The Old and the New*

IN CERTAIN places, the New Deal begins to bear a very curious resemblance to the Old Deal, which is somewhat disquieting. The stock market goes up and up as the dear old dollar goes down and down, and the financial pages begin to fill once more with advertisements of tips on sure-things. Somebody discovers a stock called National Distillers, and as the States swing to the Wet column, National Distillers shows its skyrocket blood in a way that brings many a dollar in profits to the insiders, who are just as much interested now in the real worth of a stock as they were back in 1927-8-9. The pressure to get in is almost overwhelming; there's no way to lose, the tipsters say, and the suckers, many of them well-bitten in October, 1929, seem to have forgotten already. Proponents of the stock market insist that all this is an inevitable concomitant of a returning prosperity; all the howls that were heard in the years following the Big Crash about the sins of speculation have died down completely, or turned into loud bids for stocks that will not pay any dividends for several years to come, no matter how well the New Deal works out, but which promise to put plenty of easy money into the pockets of purchasers.

If this has somewhat of the tone of a Jeremiad, it is not meant to have. The Landscaper does not mind seeing the lambs fleeced, because the lambs ought to know better. But if this sort of thing was so bad when we were in the midst

of the depression, how does it suddenly become "one of the most encouraging signs of the economic future of the country"? Of course, nobody ought to ask such questions at a time like this, when everything possible is being done to persuade us all that before we know it, the picture will be rosy once more and we'll all own two cars apiece to run over each other with during our long, long hours of leisure. . . .

### *The Books Keep On*

IN THE meantime, books continue to be written about the situation, explaining it all in ABC terms, and making it seem so utterly simple that anybody with any intelligence at all knows they are bound to be wrong. Because if the human race is anything, it isn't simple. It doesn't move in straight lines, but in spirals, loop-the-loops, Immelmann turns, tail-spins, or any other figures you can think of. Therefore the economist who begins to present nice charts and graphs is dealing with tangible factors and omitting the imponderables, or, in other words, the most important part of the story. A good many months ago the Landscaper quoted with considerable approval a remark made by Mussolini, which was that while production is mechanical, consumption is human. This text was expanded upon at length, the purpose of the comment being to show that most of the so-called thinking done by our great industrialists during the boom left the consumer and his variable demands out of consideration. This, to be sure, came about partly because during the boom, it is a push-over to high-pressure the consumer into buying anything. It looked easier than it turned out to be a little later.

One of the soundest, calmest and sanest of recent volumes on our



troubles and the remedies therefor is *Common Sense About Machines and Unemployment* by Morris P. Taylor (John C. Winston, \$1.50). It is really a book full of common sense, with a careful and thoughtful consideration of all sides of the various questions involved, including Technocracy, and Mr. Taylor makes a good deal of the fact that one of our gravest dangers is the flexibility of consumptive power in a country with a relatively high living standard.

### *Mr. Chase Speaks Out*

STUART CHASE has had a good deal to say on the same subject. He has an essay in *Essay Annual*, edited by Erich A. Walter, of the faculty of the University of Michigan (Scott, Foresman) called "Column Left," from which this succinct paragraph is borrowed:

We have oversold ourselves on gadgets pumped by the instalment plan, enormously extending industrial plants for the production of luxuries and semi-luxuries which, in a crisis, people do not need to buy, and frequently, in the teeth of the advertiser's psychologist, will not buy. A recent commentator has estimated that the margin of "consumer capriciousness" in the present domestic market is at least twenty-five per cent. No former depression has known such a margin, and the current slump is rendered the more severe by virtue of a huge new element of overproduction in the sense of excessive capacity in the luxury trades. Where, for instance are the Tom Thumb golf courses of yesteryear?

In view of the New Deal this sounds somewhat *vieux jeu*, no doubt, but it remains to be thought of as we build our new prosperity. The point is, are we to build it upon any more solid foundation than the old? This, to be sure, is the answer that must be found by the gentlemen who are administering the Industrial Recovery Act. And Mr. Taylor's most striking conclusion is that, for

the future, profits to the business man and the manufacturer will be much smaller; in other words, that we are in for a more equitable distribution of wealth because great fortunes in a few hands are a menace in an industrial civilization. Why? Because it is the middle-class salaried man and the laborer who represent the large market for the products of our machines, men in search of a higher standard of living, and whose wants were a long way from being fully satisfied even in the boom period. Then there is the farmer, who will inevitably be made rich by the operations of the current relief measures, and who will become a huge market for everything from \$500 radios to electric milking machines with an alarm-clock attachment.

### *The Future of Invention*

IT is Mr. Taylor's opinion that not many new gadgets will come along any time soon to give a boost to prosperity such as it received from mechanical refrigerators and radios. Fundamental human wants are few, he says, and the means of satisfying them are at hand if some way can be found to pay for them, except in one instance, air-cooling and conditioning. He is at one with a number of observers on this point, the somewhat general belief being that all houses of the future will have cooling plants just as they now have heating plants. Several small devices have come into the market recently, most of them working on the principle of having an ordinary electric fan blow against wet cloth; this is merely an indication of the trend. But once satisfactory machines, large and small, are put into the market it will, as in the case of radio, very quickly reach the saturation point, and this is possible even under a planned

economy, such as Mr. Taylor discusses, meaning primarily that savings are to be kept out of plant enlargements, and large fortunes broken up into little ones. In short, the common man may finally get his because if he doesn't the Machine Age may turn out to be a fiasco.

Outside this country Mr. Taylor looks toward China and India as two great markets—two enormous and densely populated countries where a low standard of living prevails. But he is careful to point out that countries of this sort, as in the case of Japan, mechanize themselves very quickly—Russia is an even more striking example of how so-called backward nations are able to avail themselves in a very little while of all that the rest of us have learned about mass production and so on—and as soon as some of their own needs are satisfied, begin to use cheap labor to flood the rest of the world with the products of their machines. At any rate, foreign trade is out of the picture for the moment for a number of reasons, not the least our own game with the dollar, and our refusal to do anything about the tariff, although to do anything about it at this moment when we are moving heaven and earth to push up prices would be quite unreasonable, to put it mildly.

### *Against High-Pressure*

BUT TO return to Mr. Taylor's book, he agrees with Mr. Chase that instalment buying is exceedingly dangerous, and that high-pressure selling of any kind must be modified or dropped altogether. One supposes that he means to include dishonest advertising, of which there remains so much, after all this talk about purifying the profession and putting it on a high plane, that one

New York department store has adopted for its slogan "Tells the Truth"! The implications are not hard to find, and department store advertising in general is far superior in decency and honesty to most: at least it is generally free from the hateful fear-motive that runs through so much other advertising. This has been particularly noticeable lately: "Buy now because prices are certain to be higher in a few weeks." There may be more truth in this than in most advertising statements, but maybe prices will not be higher in a good many lines; the old consumer-demand might not be as great as calculated, and then would prices go up? Or if they did, might not the consumer return to his shell? A good many people have learned to do on less during the depression, and it will take a little time to reestablish buying habits on a more extravagant level. About public works, Mr. Taylor very sensibly says that money for such ventures should be accumulated during good times, very sensibly, except that public monies do not accumulate in a democracy. The politicians could not bear the sight of such an accumulation. . . . This running comment may or may not do justice to a thoroughly simple and sound book, which deserves its title. It touches upon a number of matters such as old-age insurance and so on; in fact, it covers within a reasonable scope the economic questions everybody is talking about at present.

### *Another Pleasant Dream*

ANOTHER book dealing with somewhat the same questions is Robert Segal's *Triopoly* (Duffield and Green, \$2). Mr. Segal defines the economic situation as a three-cornered war between consumer, capital and labor, and fore-



sees an eventual solution through co-ordination of world production. In other words, Mr. Segal has created another Utopia, which however sound it may be in principle, does not promise to come into being any time soon. Perhaps we may learn more about the possibilities of controlling world production when we see how our plans for controlling domestic production work out. Little enough encouragement for anything of this kind is to be derived from the proceedings of the World Economic Conference, out of which not much of importance would have emerged even if the American delegation had gone into it knowing exactly what it stood for. Mr. Segal is an internationalist, and people of his type of mind must have their dreams no matter how many solid realities they encounter head-on.

The pamphleteers are busy these days and many of their offerings are both interesting and valuable. There is, for example, *Work Camps for Americans: The German Experience and the American Opportunity* by Osgood Nicholas and Comstock Glaser (John Day, 25 cents), a sound analysis of the German handling of the problem President Roosevelt has tackled with his Conservation Camps. The Germans, apparently, went at the job with a good deal more thought and thoroughness; they even put men and women into the same camps, which these authors think highly desirable. They also provided for an abundance of wholesome recreation and educational activities. If we are to have work camps, the German plan seems sound and practical. Our own tentative steps in this direction have some quite obvious errors that will doubtless come to light when we learn just what goes on. That the problem of what to do with our young people who

leave college for a world in which they have no place is one of the gravest questions before the country can not be denied, and no matter how rapidly trade picks up, there are so many trained workers to be reabsorbed into business and industry, it is bound to be long months before we get around to the young. Unless, of course, we are willing to give them jobs and leave the older unemployed on the shelf, which would be a sorry enough solution. *The Truth About "Buy American"* is another pamphlet from Research Associates, Madison, Wisconsin, the authors being C. K. Alexander, Edwin M. Fitch and Haldor R. Mohat, a reasonable argument against one of the many idiotic campaigns started during the depression, this one with the backing of that sterling patriot, William Randolph Hearst.

### *The Kaiser's Come-Back?*

**A**DOLPH HITLER AND THE NAZIS by T. D. Kemp, Jr., is a pamphlet biography published by Robert C. Cook and selling for twenty-five cents. It is a readable summary of the German situation, concluding that the return of the Monarchy is inevitable, with the outlook none too good because the Kaiser's sons are such a set of weaklings. The causes back of the violent anti-Semitic campaign are clearly stated and credible. Hitler is painted as a great opportunist, with no real qualities of statesmanship, a man doomed to final and complete failure because, while he has every trick in the bag, he has neither the intelligence nor the character to run a government.

Arthur Newton Pack's years of work for forestry give him the authority to speak upon this subject which is just now so much to the fore because of Presi-

dent Roosevelt's keen interest in it, and the planned expenditure of millions upon it. Mr. Pack's book is called *Forestry: An Economic Challenge* (Macmillan, \$1.75), and is a clear setting forth of the many problems that face this country in trying to work out a satisfactory policy for the preservation of such forests as already exist and in planning for the future. Any one who comes fresh to the subject will find it far more complicated than it looks on the surface; it is of a piece with all our national problems because of the varying conditions of ownership of land, etc. Mr. Pack is not a propagandist in this book, but a sound thinker who knows his subject and has something important to say upon it.

### *A Dull Fiction Season*

THE mid-summer dullness has settled heavily upon most classes of publishing, but there is still some fiction that deserves consideration. For example, Hervey Allen's huge novel, some 1,200 pages, *Anthony Adverse* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3), which is a book club selection and which has been hailed with a shower of superlatives by the reviewers. It is the life story of a man, done in the picaresque tradition, with some touches of modern psychology in certain passages. It is not, perhaps, the masterpiece it has been called, but it is a highly readable and entertaining adventure story, with a certain amount of philosophical content. The style is upholstered, and at times tiresome, but whatever its faults its very size argues a power of creation on the part of its author that does not belong in the current tradition of the American novel. The scene shifts widely, all the way from Auvergne in France to the American Southwest; the time is from

1775 to 1825. The spirit of the times plays a large part, as the book goes from the dying flamboyancy of the Eighteenth Century aristocracy to the rise of Nineteenth Century individualism and the development of natural resources. It is not at all a book to be neglected in such a season, and most readers are certain to find it entertaining. Where it will stand ten years from now is, to be sure, another pair of gloves; reviewers are sometimes a little careless in their prophecies.

### *An Interesting Volume*

MRS. PEARL BUCK's volume of short stories on Chinese themes, *The First Wife and Other Stories* (John Day, \$2.50) is distinctly a realist's book about China, and should interest all the readers of this talented novelist's other works. The germ of *The Good Earth* is to be found in a sketch under the heading of "Revolutionaries." The underlying theme of the book, as far as it has a theme, is the tragedy that arises from the impact of Western ideas upon an ancient culture, of which Mrs. Buck is constantly aware. The stories differ in literary merit, but all are good reading, the work of a fine mind and a skilled hand.

### *Some Other Good Novels*

AS THE Landscaper looks back over the year's fiction to date, he is very much struck by the lack of outstanding novels. Mrs. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's *South Moon Under*, *As the Earth Turns* by Gladys Hasty Carroll, *Little Man, What Now?* by Hans Fallada are three of the best; and of the three Mrs. Rawlings's book is actually the most striking, although Miss Carroll's story of New England farm life deserves the success it is having. It has



been years, however, since the novels were generally so poor; perhaps the fall season will do something to atone for the dullness of the spring. One first-rate novel that is coming the Landscaper has had the good fortune to read in advance, Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*, which Holt's will be publishing sometime in September. This is, as its title might indicate, a retelling of the story of Heloise and Abelard, one of the perfect love stories of the world, done into magic prose by George Moore a number of years ago. Miss Waddell, who is a great medievalist, has chosen a different approach from her Irish fore-runner, in that she stresses the theological implications of Abelard's tragedy; actually he finally works out his formula upon the basis of his own passion and suffering, which may make a very fine book sound somewhat unattractive. But it isn't; the prose is beautiful, and the love story is there for those who do not care to go deeper. It is a sounder novel in its background than the poetical Moore work, and serious readers will make a mistake to miss it, a really distinguished piece of fiction in a world that offers all too few.

### *Good and Pretty Good*

SOME other recent novels that will bear investigating, although the Landscaper's enthusiasm, from the samples he has tasted, is not to be described as exactly overwhelming, are Robert Herrick's *Sometime* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), a story of another Utopia; *Carr* by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan, \$2), an earlier novel by the author of the successful *Inheritance*; *Count Your Blessings* by Rhys Davies (Covici Friede, \$2.50), a story of the Welsh mining country very much in the D. H. Lawrence tradition; and perhaps

the most engaging of this collection, Ishbel Ross's *Marriage in Gotham* (Harper, \$2). This last is a study in human relationships, intelligently handled and interesting to read, a bitter story, but one at least that has something quite definite to give the reader. Mr. Herrick's version of *Never-Never Land* is about as good as most stories of Utopia, a world created more or less in the image of the author. For this reviewer's part, a law could be passed against novels about Utopias.

Miss Bentley's book deals with the same part of the country as *Inheritance*, and while it is not so wide in its scope, it gives a good indication of her qualities, which, while they may not strike some of us as being of the greatest importance, are essentially sound and admirable. Mr. Davies began a brilliant literary career a half a dozen years ago, and allowed it to be broken into by a fanatical worship of Lawrence. Perhaps now that the Master has departed, the Pupil will strike out on his own again and go somewhere; Lawrence was an upsetting influence in exactly the same way as Proust, for both men were profoundly what they were in a literary way because of sickness. Their imitators, without the same sickness, were—and are—just imitators. This may be a somewhat dangerous theory to set forth, but the two men mentioned are extreme cases, and therefore all the more to be avoided as models by the young, not, God forbid, because of any moral considerations, but purely on æsthetic grounds.

### *A Plea for Peace*

TWO autobiographies of unusual interest are among the current offerings, one of them the work of a distinguished English novelist, Storm

Jameson, who calls her book *No Time Like the Present* (Knopf, \$2.50); the other by a physician and traveler, Halliday Sutherland, whose *Arches of the Years* (Morrow, \$2.75) has in it some of the qualities that made Axel Munthe's *San Michele* such a runaway best-seller. Miss Jameson's striking book is as much as anything else a story of her world, the world of the War generation. It is also a passionate plea that something be done to stop the war that is coming toward us as fast as it can, a plea based upon the tragedies and horrors of that other war. This is no ordinary pacifistic propaganda; it is the cry of a sensitive soul against what people had to go through in 1914-1918, against the brutality of the old phrases, including "I gave my son"—is there anything more genuinely sickening than the shiploads of Gold Star Mothers whose pictures appear in the newspapers at intervals holding small American flags and making the round trip at Government expense? Miss Jameson is not regretful that the civilian population will have to bear its share of the suffering in the next war, and neither is any one else who has ever witnessed the joy a large part of the civilian population gets out of war, women "war-workers" in particular. Miss Jameson's book is not to be recommended to people who wish to be amused or entertained by what they read; it is merely intended for people who can be stirred into action against another war. How many of these there are one hesitates to say. Perhaps the first move they should make would be to draw up a petition asking for a moratorium on international conferences.

Dr. Sutherland's book is, of course, something else again. A Scot of Scots, he has lived in many out-of-the-way

places, such as the remote isle of Harris-Lewis, where the tweeds come from. He writes well of many things, including bullfighting, which he even tried himself a little, twice with a cape in a *ganaderia*, the farm where the fighting bulls are bred. He also crawled down a whale's main artery, and in general proved himself to be the sort of person who wishes to see and do things for himself. His book is a rich book, with many facts and scores of observations; the result of an alert, inquisitive mind's contact with the world in many places. It is a safe enough recommendation for any intelligent reader, one of the most informative and entertaining books that the Landscaper has seen for months.

### *An Aristocratic Trader Horn*

ANOTHER book that ought not to be overlooked is of the Trader Horn school in that it resulted from the meeting of an old man with a woman novelist. There the resemblance ends. The old man was Count Nicholas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine, K.M., the woman novelist, Stella Benson, one of the keenest and cruelest people living. The Count, so Miss Benson says, wandered into her ken in the English village of Much Wenlock; long had he wandered, making his way about like a minstrel of old, telling tales for what he could get out of them. His language is in itself delicious, and Miss Benson has set it down as nearly as it sounded as possible. The title of the book, before we forget it in our excitement over the Count himself, is *Pull Devil, Pull Baker* (Harper, \$2.50), and it is a choice of one of the book clubs. The Count specialized in what he called "Loving Stories," and in these, he reveals the simple truth of masculine



vanity to a degree that is shocking, or should be. What delight Miss Benson had from this exposure one can imagine from a knowledge of her other books. . . . The Count himself is superb, and he fell into just the right hands; this book ranks a top-rating among the season's offerings.

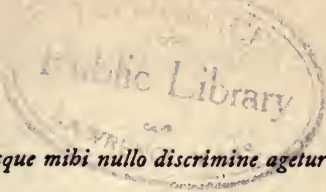
### *More on the Economic Situation*

**B**EFORE we get clear away from what bails us and what is to be done about it, another book needs to be mentioned. It is *The Internal Debts of the United States*, edited by Evans Clark, assisted by George B. Galloway (Macmillan, \$4.50), a complete study of the existing situation, compiled with the assistance of such research organizations as The Brookings Institute, Columbia University, the American Public Utilities Bureau and the National Transportation Committee. The picture is not exactly a pretty one, as can readily be imagined. Mr. Clark insists that no matter what measures are taken to work us out of the current situation, such as the expansion of public work and the increase in the volume of money—both dangerous expedients in the eyes of some—we shall find ourselves in the same fix again if we do not discover a method for check-

ing such sudden, sharp drops in income as accompanied the present depression. A number of remedies are offered, some of them too complicated for this simple-minded amateur economist to comprehend; as usual in such books, the remedies are less important than the presentation of the facts. In general, Mr. Clark and his friends are not alarmed at the existence of debt, which they consider the natural concomitant of capitalist economy; they object to the maladjustment of debt. One wonders, however, if the gigantic waste in national, State, county and municipal affairs that resulted in the overwhelming public debt of the present is a "natural concomitant of capitalist economy." Perhaps it is. . . .

Those who wish a little cheerful reading will find it in *We Have Recovered Before: A Comparison of the Present Depression With the Major Depressions of the Past Century, 1837, 1857, 1873, 1893* by Walter W. Price (Harper, \$1.50). Mr. Price is a believer in the business cycle, and he argues convincingly for its truth and accuracy, presenting brief, but clear and well-thought-out studies of the other great depressions, and showing the frames of mind that accompanied them.





*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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## Apéritif

### *For Throttlebottom*

A READER of the *New English Weekly* must sooner or later be brought up gangling by the thought of a certain consequence if Major Douglas's Social Credit plan were put into successful effect. This is the suddenness with which all of us would need to find other things than worrying about money to occupy our minds. A conservative estimate of the time spent on this process could surely be no less than a fifth of our waking hours—a tidy little sum for the United States of 449,315 years of worry every day, if children are included, as they well deserve to be in view of the fact that their parents worry twice as much as single people. Aside from contributing materially to the great mass of gray hair evident in the world today, this worrying constitutes an important part of our life, and it would be no light matter to deprive us of it as suddenly as the Douglasites propose.

Perhaps it would be as well to emphasize here that the problem touched upon is not to be confused with the what-to-do-with-more-leisure question which a committee designated by the

NRA has set out so courageously to solve. The difference can be appreciated by imagining a man who faces a four-foot putt which he needs to win a golf match, and upon which five dollars will be lost if he misses. Just as he has completed a careful analysis of the slope, the distance and the condition of the turf and has decided how to putt, he remembers that his insurance premium must be paid the next day. It also occurs to him that there is only enough money in his bank account to make the payment—not enough to do that and pay also the five dollars if he misses this putt. There is naturally very little chance by now for him to sink it.

Our point is, of course, that leisure, even if paternalism provides it with healthy diversions, can still be used for worrying about money. But an economy which had as its set purpose the assurance of sufficient universal purchasing power to buy all products, however vast in quantity, would do away with the grounds for worry and necessitate a quite new slant on things.

NOW and then, for instance, some one comes along and announces that the state of our productive capacity



is such that every citizen could be assured of things to the value of \$20,000 a year, if money and production were sensibly managed. The "economic Puritan" of Gorham Munson's unflattering description in the REVIEW last month goes limp at the suggestion, thinking how impossible highways would be all choked up with Rolls-Royces, or speakeasies with plumbers' assistants. But how would the plumber's assistant's wife adjust her mental processes to the idea that no bread was coming out of her children's mouths while champagne was going into their father's? How would a bank clerk keep from being horrified at the demolition of his painstaking budget when his wife was given so startling a chance as a Rolls-Royce to splurge on for once in her life? What would happen to the hours of bickering over the expense of a permanent wave as compared with lodge dues? How could housewives keep from scrimping who had always had to scrimp? How could men enjoy luncheon at the Ritz who had always had to eat in cafeterias?

It is all very well to criticize wealthy people who insist that it would be bad for the poorer classes to have too much money thrown in their laps, and to decry a philosophy of scarcity in an age of plenty, but for the sake of self-preservation most of us in the present order have had to acquire scarcity habits and they could hardly be any easier to discard overnight than believing in the intrinsic value of money—which latter habit, although it must be discarded before we get a chance to alter the others, according to the Douglasites, has hardly altered at all.

Similarly there are personal idiosyncrasies in the way of economy even more difficult to eradicate. Every one has

known a millionaire who stole postage stamps or insulted members of his family for owning an extra tube of toothpaste, when he would think little or nothing of buying them expensive cars or trips abroad. While the population was being reëducated, production estimates for maximum consumption would be constantly knocked awry: a half million Harvard graduates would spurn their quota of new hats, die-hard devotees of the Model T Ford would linger amazingly in this vale of multi-cylindered speedsters and toothbrushes would continue by the millions to be tortured long past their prime.

For most of us nowadays, going to the movies involves not only the degree of relaxation which hard seats and bumble-headed producers will allow us; it involves also readjustment of our budget for the week: beans instead of a pork chop for tomorrow's lunch, taking a subway instead of the Fifth Avenue bus, and all the rest of it. Even while we sit in the theatre half immersed in its too palpable fiction, part of our minds is engaged in working out some such budgetary problem, or worrying hopelessly about it. Consider the movies without such necessity for half-subconscious effort: with our attention undivided could we stand them at all? There is room for doubt. And there must be many other leisure-time pursuits which are only to be borne by half our consciousness. A poker game could hardly keep its devotees up all the night if it made no great difference to them whether they lost or not.

In somewhat similar fashion business itself would be altered by the assurance of sufficient income for all. There is a good deal of argument over the feasibility of the accounting system in the Douglas plan necessary to control

prices and the national dividend, but, if it did work, its burden on Government employes would be more than offset by the time saved business men in releasing them from haggling, from hours wasted in worrying over the financial consequences of a mistake in judgment. And this too would be part of the problem. What would they do with the shrewdness and cunning they have had to build up for the conduct of negotiations and the browbeating of employes? How could they change overnight their whole attitude to their daily work? What, in short, would they do with their business hours, let alone their leisure?

IT is, to repeat, more than the problem of filling extra leisure with harmless activities: it is the problem of preparing our minds to enjoy those activities, of achieving an unprecedented degree of placidity. Whether it has any significance at this time is highly debatable. Few people not converted to the Social Credit theory would think so, but practically all the people who are not converted to the Social Credit theory seem to wallow in a bottomless bog of uncertainty about everything, while the Douglasites themselves have a sublime assurance. They do not, it is true, assert the likelihood that their plans will be put into effect *in toto* overnight; on the contrary, they insist that the overwhelming portion of influential mankind is too stupid to see their point. But they do state unequivocally that if their plans are not acceded to, and soon,

catastrophes will occur the like of which our most lurid Sunday feature writers can not approach in imagination.

Meanwhile they point out that parts of their programme have been plagiarized in a left-handed fashion here and there, as in the Japanese export policy and our recent threat to sell wheat abroad under cost. They also give a good deal of attention to President Roosevelt on the theory that he is the only power in the world flexible enough mentally to give their programme a hearing, and perhaps a trial. Moreover, as "Cognosco" points out this month, our own monetary policy is now being decided upon, and it seems to be more likely than ever that it will contain radical features. Though there is not the slightest indication that it will go as far as Social Credit, the number of American converts to that philosophy does seem to be increasing rapidly and it is not in the least safe to predict any Hindenburg Line these days behind which the forces of conservatism can not be pushed.

Consequently, it may not be at all premature to begin selecting a committee, let us say, to study our problem. The chances are that by the time it reports its findings some very great change will have occurred in the world, whether in the direction of security for all or chaos. For the sake of economy its members ought, as far as possible, to be already on the public payroll. Our own nomination for its chairman is John Nance Garner. Where is he, anyhow?

W. A. D.



## Prologue for Autumn

BY FRANCES FROST

ALONG the hills the woolly throats  
shake gentle, tarnished bells, and bleat;  
the shadow of a mare's-tail floats  
where pause the little drifting feet.

Here, while noon slips down the stalks  
that tremble in the nudge of wind,  
and honeysuckle burns the rocks,  
the pale moon-yellow oats are binned.

So quietly does summer fail,  
so calmly does the sun descend,  
the hungers of the soul prevail  
upon foreknowledge of the end.

Although the winter weeds shall fold  
the heart till even dying cease,  
fearing disaster and the cold,  
my soul goes gravely and in peace.



# The Fief of Futility

BY J. M. NOLTE

*To insure his reëlection President Roosevelt will need to make great changes in the Middle West*

STUDENTS of American political history will probably agree that we are shortly to witness another episode in the perennial feud between President and Senate. This duel has come to have all the fascination of a radio serial, with its endless chain of embroglios and climaxes. The President, assuming his tribuneship of the people, periodically essays battle with the Senate over this and that, usually to his own ultimate discomfiture. The Senate, hitherto, has always succeeded in wearing down the protagonist of popular rights; but there have been periods when the President has taken several successive rounds. One might say that the gravity of the emergency confronting the nation bears a direct relationship to the ability of the President to stay in the ring. Lincoln and Wilson, our war leaders, thus fought the Senate on more than even terms while the emergency lasted; but Johnson, Lincoln's successor after the most serious days were past, was badly worsted; and the story of Wilson after peace removed the sanction of the Presidential war power is certainly the pathetic account of a people's champion out on his feet, "punch drunk" from the pommeling of a group of hard-hitting "wilful men" in the

political battle-royal to which he was subjected.

By this hypothesis, the present depression as a national emergency justifies the prediction that President Roosevelt will succeed in subduing the Senate from now until the bye-elections of 1934. His success beyond that time, and possibly his chance for another term will depend largely upon what he does for the territory roughly included in the Old Northwest—the area west of the Alleghenies, north of the Ohio, and east of the Rockies—with the central prairie farming states added. For continued political success, he must win to himself some one hundred and fifty electoral votes from this region. He can not defeat a Senate jealous of its prerogatives without these votes and the popular support they entail.

It would perhaps be more accurate to say that he must hold these votes, since technically he has of course already won them, but the President is an astute man and undoubtedly realizes that the latest election was merely true to formula, and explainable by the war-cry, "Turn the rascals out!" Since the Civil War, no party has lost control of Congress at the mid-term elections and won the ensuing Presidential contest.



Thus, the Republicans lost the House in the bye-elections of 1882, and Cleveland was elected in 1884. The Democrats lost the House in 1886, and Harrison was elected in 1888. The alliance of Populists and Democrats overturned the Republican Congress in 1890, and Cleveland went back to the White House in 1892. In 1894, the reaction against a party divided against itself changed the complexion of both House and Senate, and in 1896 McKinley was elected in spite of Populism, Bryan, bankruptcy, unemployment, low prices and all the other concomitants of the long slide of dollar values which really had begun in 1864 and had endured with only one brief reaction for thirty-two years. The Republicans then held the House until 1910, when a combined Insurgent and Democratic opposition captured it, and Wilson was elected in 1912. In 1918, the Democratic President issued a frantic last-minute appeal to the voters to uphold his hands by continuing in power the Democratic Congress, but to no avail. The Republicans won the House, and in 1920 they elected Harding. The downfall of Herbert Hoover was written when the Democrats took Congress from the Republican party in 1930. The first test of real popular favor Mr. Roosevelt will meet in 1934. The vote last November was an expression of hope; the mid-term election, if he wins it, will be a vote of confidence. If he loses this test, the Senate will probably harry him into compromise, defeat or abdication.

**A**SIDE from the fact that it is mostly Republican by tradition, the reason why the Middle West is the area more than another that President Roosevelt must win is that this area more than any other seems to have a

chronic grievance. Boom times and rapid reëmployment may hold the East for the Democrats, but the temper of the Mid-Western electorate is such that it will demand more permanent solutions of its many problems.

The troubles of the Middle West are psychopathic as well as economic. For fifty years the Middle West has felt itself misunderstood and maltreated. It demands sympathy as well as rehabilitation. To its inhabitants, the agricultural Middle West has been for two generations a fief of futility, an estate which should be allodial, but which has never been so in spite of the fiction of absolute tenure under American law. The Middle West has legally owned title to its land, but it has never had control of the usufruct. It has a distinct feeling of subjection to the East, a condition arising out of the accidents of American Colonial development, a feudal relationship which, it thinks, has been prolonged unnecessarily and in defiance of the spirit of the fundamental principles of our government. Middle Westerners have been nourished upon the prejudices which prompted Mrs. Lease in 1890 to shriek, "Wall Street owns the country. . . . Money rules. . . . Our laws are the output of a system that clothes rascals in robes and honesty in rags. The parties lie to us, and the political speakers mislead us. We were told . . . to go to work and raise a big crop and that was all we needed. We went to work and plowed and planted . . . and we raised the big crop they told us to; and what came of it? Eight-cent corn, ten-cent oats, two-cent beef, and no price at all for butter and eggs—that's what came of it. . . . We want money, land and transportation. We want the abolition of the National Banks, and we want the power

to make loans directly from the Government. We want the accursed foreclosure system wiped out. . . . The people are at bay, and the blood hounds of money who have dogged us thus far beware!" Middle Westerners have assimilated into their flesh and blood the conclusions expressed by the Populist manifesto of 1895, "As early as 1865-66 a conspiracy was entered into between the gold gamblers of Europe and America to accomplish the following purposes: to fasten upon the people of the United States the burdens of perpetual debt; to destroy the greenbacks which had safely brought us through the perils of war; to strike down silver as a money metal; to deny to the people the use of Federal paper and silver—the two independent sources of money guaranteed by the Constitution; to fasten upon the country the single gold standard of Britain, and to delegate to thousands of banking corporations, organized for private gain, the sovereign control, for all time, over the issue and volume of all the supplemental paper currency."

You can hear echoes of these sentiments in any gathering of Middle Westerners today. You may also detect similar echoes in some of the speeches of President Roosevelt—which helps to account for his present support from the agricultural states. Whether justified or not, this feeling of vassalage is a vitally real and important thing; and it is largely because the Republican party has never recognized or understood this imponderable element in politics that it has lost the Middle West.

**L**EST this assertion seem fanciful, it is well to study the sources of Middle Western discontent, and to reflect that, unlike the well springs of adversity

elsewhere, they have been flowing for a long, long time. There is not one important grievance voiced by the people of this West-North-Central agricultural region that has not endured in some form for more than a generation.

The first complaint, of course, is the continuously low level of "real" farm prices. The country has finally become aware of the gravity of this situation, but, from the point of view of the Middle West, it became aware only through the pocketbook, and not until the stagnation of farming deprived the remainder of the people of its most dependable market. The story of the farmer's grievance need be but briefly rehearsed. Every period of depression brings a rapid decline in primary prices of foodstuffs, incommensurate with the decline in other commodities. The farm price index at the recent low was about thirty-seven, having declined from 100 in 1923. On the same basis, the general index of the cost of living stood at its low point at about seventy-three. In other words, what the farmer had to sell was worth less than forty per cent of its 1923 price, and about half of its 1912 price. What the farmer had to buy was worth more than seventy per cent of its 1923 price, and practically as much as its 1912 price. There was really a greater disparity even than this, for the general index includes the farmer's produce. At the low point of the depression, manufactured goods and machinery were still worth about eighty per cent of their 1923 prices, and from ten per cent to twenty per cent more than their 1912 prices.

The complaint is not merely that this inequality in reaction exists, it is that it exists in every cycle. Each major depression takes away the substance and savings accumulated by the farmer in



periods of prosperity. Forty-six-cent wheat in 1933 is the echo of forty-nine-cent wheat in 1893; twenty-two-cent corn recalls twenty-one-cent corn in 1893. The Middle Western farmer can not understand why a price system can not be evolved which will reduce the values of his produce no more than in proportion to the values of the things for which he exchanges them.

This unfortunate price condition carries with it social consequences which have never received serious consideration. The nation has often been vexed by the behavior of the agricultural sections; it has received the outcries of the farmer with some amusement, and more scorn, and a good deal of indignation, much as adults often receive the manifestations of continual petulance in children. Science is daily teaching us, however, that behind the habitual surliness and whining of a child often lurks the spectre of impressive pathological derangement. Similarly, adversity has slowly compelled us to realize that the farmer remains sulky and plaintive because of a diseased condition of the community to which he belongs. The National Bureau of Economic Research, in its studies of the national income, has helped this recognition by reducing annual monetary farm income to a "real" basis, a basis comparable to that enjoyed in purchasing power by other working groups. The result shows that the grouching heard from farmers in some years of the highest farm produce prices was completely justified. We thought it rather picturesque of the farmer to complain when wheat was bringing nearly two dollars a bushel on the exchanges, and shrugged aside his wailing as the unreasonable outgiving of a naturally cantankerous and needlessly embittered skin-flint. Measured by the

yardstick of real income, however, we discover that the farming class sustained a net loss of at least three-tenths of one per cent for the entire decade *ending in 1929*—the period of Republican prosperity. And that decade, for the farmer, as for the rest of us, was merely a prelude to the real depression. The farmers' depression has not only been deeper than ours; it has been far longer.

One of the social consequences of this long-continued period during which the people as a whole have failed to understand his plight, and of other similar periods in the past, has been to plant in the farmer a cynicism that will be difficult to eradicate. This cynicism has shown itself in several outright third party movements in politics, and in a tendency to elect governmental representatives who do not mix readily with the partisans of the dominant national political groups. Whatever the occasions that brought them forth, Liberal Republicanism, the Granger movement, the Alliances, the Greenback party, Populism, the Non-Partisan League, the Farmer-Labor party and several others of lesser note are all manifestations of this slant-eyed view of society. Had the Republican East diagnosed the disease of the Middle West in the early Nineteen Hundreds, the central farming area could have become an impregnable citadel of political strength, being as it is a naturally rich territory, devoted to benevolently *laissez-faire* capitalism by its very economic structure. This capitalistic structure has kept the Middle West traditionally and nominally Republican, but it has been in spite of the Republican leadership.

**C**OUPLED with the Ishmaelite leanings of the farmer class, there is a malignant and destructive inferiority

complex. The Middle West ostentatiously disowns Sinclair Lewis, but it is precisely because his rowdy genius continually flecks it on the raw that it does so. And in a more subtle sense, whatever Mr. Lewis may say in disparagement of his bucolic Lares, about his scenes, culturally speaking, linger the odors of the creamery and the cow-barn, while hayseed and wheat straw stick out almost visibly from the pages of his most significant books. His deprecatory scorn of the æsthetic unloveliness of Gopher Prairie is the epitome of the Middle West's sense of its own inferiority.

The Middle West will enter the lists any time to dispute its title to cultural supremacy with the East, but that is all "to tell the neighbors." The Middle West well knows, it has had abundant experience in finding out, that in the long run cultural leadership depends upon a stable and secure economic environment—the one thing that it has never been able to achieve. When the sun of prosperity shines high over the central plains, vast programmes of public enlightenment are prepared; but always these programmes suffer curtailment when that sun suddenly and obscurely sets. Perhaps the fact that to a greater degree than elsewhere institutions of enlightenment in the Middle West are creatures of public taxation has an important bearing on this concertina-like expansion and contraction of the means of administering culture. At any rate, the towns that yesterday were adding gymnasiums and auditoriums and libraries to their schools are today seeing plaster fall and furnishings grow shabby. The universities and the high schools are full to overflowing, because there is no employment to tempt youth from its studies, but the possible expenditures per capita have shrunk un-

til many educational services will have to be discontinued. The "cultured" who make a profession of sneering at "boobosity" will perhaps take comfort from this decline in educational effort, tainted as it was no doubt bound to be by inferior talent. The important fact is not what the absolute gain or loss will be, but what the people of the Middle West think about it. It is typical of the periodical retrenchment in cultivation of the amenities that has been the depressing history of the agricultural area, and illustrates the sense of social inferiority and of hopelessness that is as rife today as when Oliver H. Kelley started the Grange in 1867.

This sense of inferiority has of course colored the views of the Middle West upon economic questions. The latter, moreover, have in themselves presented problems so difficult of comprehension and solution that they alone are enough to fasten upon a people the habit of hopelessness. Middle Westerners are for the most part entirely patient and full of forbearance. Farmers must be hard workers if they are to succeed. It can not fail to make a mockery of toil, however, when every item in the consumer's bill of expense for farm products carries with it a higher proportion of profit for the packer, transporter, commission merchant, wholesaler and retailer than for the producer. This condition, which has existed in the main for several generations, excluding times of peak farm prices, makes farming as a business in periods of adversity an impossibility. From the farmer's position, American business seems to have developed into nothing but a system of "buck-passing" by which prices to the consumer have been pyramided unconscionably. The whole long line of parasitic manipulators of the market and



handlers of his goods have added their living costs to the primary value of the farmer's products. In times of prosperity the habit could be overlooked. When world prices started their long descent, however, and the consumer could no longer carry the full load, the natural result was the attempt of each figure in the chain of distribution to insist upon lower prices from his source of supply. The accumulated "buck," so to speak, was passed to the farmer. He had no one to whom to pass it except his family, and they have taken it all.

OUR age measures social effects in terms of money, and one insistent plaint of the Middle West has been that it has never escaped from financial vassalage. It is perpetually in pawn to the East. This is of course only partly true, but the exact truth has been colored by the aura of prejudice that surrounds it because of the Middle West's sense of inferiority. After earlier panics had all but removed the taste of gall and wormwood left by exorbitant interest rates upon indebtednesses in pioneer territory, the West built up its own system of local banking, and formed its own banking habits. These habits differed somewhat from those of the populous centres. It became usual, for example, to regard whole farming empires as areas producing one profitable crop in three, four, or even five years. It became necessary, therefore, largely because of an ever changing and ever more expensive agricultural technique, to finance the farmer over exceedingly long terms. The farmer discounted his next good crop at the bank. The banker gambled on the date when the good crop would arrive. The bank came to be the farmer's own bank in the sense that most of the money invested in it came

from local, or nearly local, sources. Banking was thus a sort of coöperative insurance for the farmer against bad years. Whenever the good year came, the farmer paid his debts.

Unfortunately, however, the War boom in crop prices changed the whole scale of values upon which this system of banking depended. Farm lands notoriously follow closely in market price the capitalized yield from production. War produce prices naturally kited realty prices. Taxes rose in proportion. Decline of available man power accelerated the changes and raised the capital expense of farming technique. The banking structure prepared to care for additional financing on the assumption that things had stabilized on the new plane. Our economists were telling us that we could feed no more than 130 or 140 millions of persons on the existing stage of agricultural efficiency. A gigantic American surplus production of food was out of the question. Two dollar wheat was a permanent reality. The farmer did his banking as of old. Unused to investment, he put his War-year cash surpluses into more land, into farm improvements that cost more for yearly maintenance, into home furnishings that satisfied the wants accumulated in long years of denial but that also, and in geometrical proportion, bred new wants still to be satisfied.

Then came deflation.

Down went crop prices. Down went land values. But taxes could not be measurably lowered. Interest rates remained static. The notes at the bank had still to be met. Many farmers still feel that merciless deflation, with all its attendant evils, would in the long run have been more merciful than the prolonged misery that has followed the attempt to support a structure that

needed demolishing. In spite of State and Federal loans to help support the burden of land ownership, the standard of living contracted. Crop prices, themselves reacting to the individual necessities of the producers as well as to the disorganization of a glutted market, continued to fall, until there was apparently no bottom.

The agricultural population is grateful to the present Administration for arresting this decline, but it feels that a great part of the suffering could have been eliminated had it been possible to maintain the integrity of its own banking system. Unable to secure capital to continue the former habit of long term financing, the bankers of the Middle West put themselves in the hands of their creditors, and the latter saw no course open except liquidation. The local banks became outposts of the great central banks, and thus, during the ensuing speculative boom, participants in a gigantic stock selling campaign. Mergers removed the possibility of local control and local judgment; the emphasis changed from the borrower's character to his visible assets; the latter continued to shrink. The Middle Western farmer, with his history and his experience, can never be convinced that sound banking in agricultural areas can be conducted with an eye to the liquidity of visible assets. It isn't the assets that make the farm, it is the farmer; and when his banks, harried by all sorts of official and private pressure, became outlets for "security" selling organizations rather than appraisers of industry and integrity, the farmer felt himself betrayed.

TRANSPORTATION rates have also played a part in confirming the farmer in his cynicism. It seems to the

farmer that nothing will remove from his suffering flesh the poisonous thorn of transportation costs. Because for a time carriage by railroad was the only feasible method, he rightly looked upon railroads as monopolistic in character. The principle of public regulation was therefore manufactured to curb the tendency towards monopoly. Freight charges, where there is only one carrier, cease to be a commodity and become a public concern; railroads become public utilities, and the regulations of their practices and rates must be undertaken by the State. This logic, undoubtedly infallible in its time, was responsible for the Interstate Commerce Commission, the farmers' friend.

Yet the farmer regards even this friend with mixed feelings. He recalls, for example, that his first weapon against inequitable rates and practices was local regulation, and that his section long ago forged this weapon and prepared to use it, only to have its edge dulled by appeal to the Supreme Court, and finally to have it wrested out of hand and given to a well-intended and well-intentioned nation-wide commission too awesome and too distant to give him much satisfaction. The farmer feels, moreover, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has from the very day of its creation impawned the weapon of effective regulation to politics, or buried it in a mounting pile of agenda. He is willing to look upon the Commission as a potential friend of the Middle West, but he recalls that it took a generation for the friend to become at all effective; and he points out that even now the advantage before this body seems to lie with those who can afford the time and personnel to make an elaborate presentation. If he is to have relief from the economic malady that op-



presses him, he wants it now, in this, his own, generation; and he doesn't want it wrapped in red tape.

Then, too, the elements of the transportation problem have changed. The logic which made railroad regulation necessary no longer has the same force to the farmer. The possibility of shipping by truck has removed the fear of monopoly. With active competition always at hand, railroading is not the pure public service it used to be. The farmer can make a fairly good case for the theory that transportation has again become a commodity, and he now wants the railroads to be permitted to carry his wares at lower and even at competitive rates, as indeed many of the railroads are willing and anxious to do. The persistent attempt to hold up freight rates because of the sick condition of railroad finances looks to him like another attempt of "the interests" to hold up the farmer. The complexity of the transportation problem, tangled as it is with the question of governmental subsidy for the truckman in the form of roads, makes no enduring impression upon the agricultural mind. What the farmer sees is that low prices for his products bring the costs of getting his produce to the market into a grotesque foreshortening. The expense of moving his crop is often far greater than the value of the crop itself, so often that the story of the farmer who owed the railroad money after his produce had been delivered and sold and the proceeds applied on the freight bill is no longer a joke. Under such circumstances, it is hard for the farmer to see why devices should be manufactured to foster the interests of investors in railroad shares when the cost of relief must in part be taken from the possible profits of his farm.

There are doubtless some economic fallacies as well as psychological derangement involved in the attitude of the Middle West, yet, taken as a whole, that region can rightfully lay claim to a certain prescience in national affairs. From the earliest days of the Alliances and the Granges, the Middle West has espoused measures which, rightly or wrongly, have ultimately been assimilated by the American system. A national income tax, direct election of Senators, Federal farm loans, Government regulation of utilities, Government control of and participation in banking, restricted immigration, shorter hours for labor, expropriation of railroad lands, the initiative, referendum and recall, civil service reform: all of these were first militantly crusaded for by the Liberal Republicans, the Alliances, the Grange, the People's Party and the later Populists. One and all, they appeared as issues between 1872 and 1890, most of them long before the general population of the United States would admit that there could be virtue in them.

There are other ideas born of former times of depression in the Middle West that are even now being put into practice. It is likely that to the historian of a century hence this present movement in American politics will appear as part of the pattern woven laboriously into the national fabric by the aggrieved pioneers of the Nineteenth Century. Inflation as a cure for currency stringency, free coinage of silver, Government ownership of utilities, governmental mortgage relief, governmental crop loans, waterway improvement in times of adversity, restriction of dealing in commodity and stock futures, reform of the tax system: none of these is new. They were hotly contended for by the fore-

runners of the present "farm bloc" before this generation saw the light of day. Only now are many of them appearing upon the horizon of fact. It is hardly too much to say that the political origins of the entire present coercive movement to effect the salvation of the country may be found in the early programmes of Western parties.

In international affairs, also, the Middle West may justly say, "I told you so." From the first, the agricultural population has been parochial, not through disinterest or lack of humanity, or because it discredited the aspirations of those who desire the brotherhood of man and the parliament of nations, but because it felt that European nations as a whole are too soaked with nationalism to make their protestations of brotherhood anything but a pretense. To the Middle West, this is still the fact, let the *ideologues* and *philosophes* talk as much as they like. The people of the Middle West chuckled when Hitler punctured the bubble of President Roosevelt's grandiloquence about leading the world to peace and righteousness, by asking for the statistics of American leadership. They were relieved and glad when the London Conference compelled the President to perform a *volte face* and "go native." "This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile." To them, participation in European political affairs is contamination. From the very day of President Wilson's neutrality proclamation, the Middle West frowned upon any quixotic adventuring in Europe by the citizens or Government of the United States. It helped to reflect Wilson on the peace-cry, "He kept us out of war." And it helped to knife him when he endeavored to continue into the days of truce the war-bred illusion

of a resplendent Columbia leading the pure hosts of European chivalry towards the democratization and the reform of the world. It sympathized with Wilson's aims; but it saw, more clearly, it thinks, than the remainder of the country, that the aims were impossible of accomplishment because the European hosts were not pure but soiled with self-seeking.

This is not to say, of course, that the Middle West, thus personalized and given a homogeneous point of view, has been in all instances correct, either as to domestic policies or as to the principles of foreign diplomacy. The point is that the sequence of events, as things look to the inhabitants of the farming area today, has justified their attitude upon domestic and foreign issues. To have been, as they think themselves to have been, so uniformly and consistently right, and then to have to swallow the bitter dose of never-ending poor-relationship—this is the thing past endurance. They are solidly in support of the President today, because the general direction of his course seems to be that which they themselves have urged. But the revolt of the Middle West is suspended; it is by no means surely ended.

It thus appears that for the Democratic Administration to maintain itself in office it must not only create the impression of having led the country out of an economic slough of despond. It must also produce a balanced national economy by giving to the Middle West relief as to relative prices of farm products and other commodities. It must also undertake a thorough and substantial reform of the tax system, thus lightening the crushing load upon rural acreage. It must also solve the transportation problem in such a manner as to give the farmer an equal "break"



with the investor, granting the former lower freight rates. It must also rearrange the banking system so that there is freer play for local judgment and for local confidence in human values. These things must be done because they have a bearing upon a sectional psychology far more important than mere economic rehabilitation. The people of the Middle West must be restored to a position of equality within the Union; they must be brought to regard their territory as other than a fief of futility.

A few years ago, Professor Frederic Jackson Turner, our foremost authority upon the significance of the frontier in American development, predicted that we have not seen the last of sectionalism

in the United States. There is comfort in the thought that, by destroying its geographical isolation, the infiltration of manufacturing and food processing into the agricultural area is making militant sectionalism impossible. When, some months ago, a public official in the Dakotas gravely suggested that the farming area secede from the Union, there was laughter, even in the Middle West. But if the Middle West again has to endure the attritive torture of another prolonged depression, or if, in spite of its opportunity, the present Administration permits the continuation of this one, the suggestion may be made once more, and it may not be taken entirely as a joke.



# Signals!

BY COGNOSCO

*Quarterback Roosevelt starts the third quarter*

WASHINGTON

**B**EHIND locked doors and shrouded in secrecy, the board of strategy on money policy meets in New York and, as I write, the monetary programme begins to unfold itself. Cocky, competent but inconspicuous young Jim Warburg sits surrounded by Lew Douglas, Governor Harrison, Governor Black, Professor Rogers, Secretary Woodin, Under-Secretary Acheson and George Peek, as conservative a group, barring perhaps Professor Rogers, as has convened thus far on any matter pertaining to the New Deal. Their conservatism, however, is tempered by the realization that they must produce a programme satisfactory to the President and also their own conviction that the hypodermic needle of vigorous inflation must always be kept ready for an emergency—even though, as one member of the board puts it, “If we use it, the headache that we will have when we wake up will probably be worse than the one we had before we went to sleep.”

The major problem before them is to provide the necessary credit stimulants to perk up Nira whenever she shows signs of drooping, and to prepare for her, should she show indications of becoming lusty, the immense meal of

credit that will be required to satiate her Gargantuan appetite.

It has been pretty well established by now that, notwithstanding that the major effort has been directed at raising wages before prices, it will require some form of consumer credit to bring about a more healthy ratio between purchasing power and the cost of living. As I write, a proposition is before the President to permit the R.F.C. to aid NRA members to obtain credit to take care of their wage advances and additional employment. This, of course, indirectly amounts to granting credit to the consumer against his potential earning power. More direct methods of creating consumer credit are now under consideration, among them some form of credit unions—carrying the old idea of coöperative buying a step further to coöperative borrowing.

It is hoped in Administration circles that the mechanism for carrying out the policy of consumer credit will function as far as possible through the commercial banks and it is for this reason, among others, that open-market operations are now the preferred method of inflating credit. The President, so I am informed, believes that a return to the old-fashioned idea of “character banking” is desirable and that the signature



of an honest man is better collateral than much of the paper that has been sacred to Wall Street this past decade. His criticism during the campaign of the tendency of the last Administration to rely on the seeping of credit from the top to the bottom was not mere campaign oratory but represented a sincere conviction which will make itself apparent during the next three months.

OUR foreign policy now begins to crystallize and, as the London fog dissipates, sparkles in the effulgence of common sense. Montagu Norman confers in New York with our board of strategy on money policy. The pound and the dollar, to use a phrase of Walter Winchell, "are that way" about each other. John Bull Sterling and Marianne Franc contemplate Reno.

Cordell Hull turns his head toward the south where he will lead our forces. The issue will be Pan-America versus Ottawa—a Pan-American trade alliance being a major defense against the British Empire preferential trade pact. Here again we see evidence of Roosevelt's ability to plan far ahead. I learn on good authority that even prior to his nomination the President devoted much attention to studying the Cuban situation. Military intervention in Cuba would make more difficult a Pan-American economic accord and, as Cuba was and still is the most troublesome spot in the Americas, Roosevelt wanted to be prepared to tackle the problem as soon as he took office.

I am told, here in Washington, that the subject of Cuba came up in his first conversation with President Hoover early last winter and it is a matter of public record that in January "brain trustees" A. A. Berle, Jr., and Charles W. Taussig went directly from Havana

to Warm Springs to report on the Cuban situation to the President-elect. When the Cuban crisis came, the President was well prepared for it. (And history may now record another trio that measures up to the famous "Tinker to Evers to Chance" combination—Welles to Caffery to Roosevelt lacks only the necessary euphonism to supplant in American esteem that famous baseball trinity.)

Another important result of long-range planning is the wheat accord arrived at in London during the last week in August. This of course ties up closely with the Montevideo Conference and with our domestic programme. It was not fortuitous that Prime Minister Bennett of Canada backed up the American delegate, Frederick E. Murphy, to the limit. Last January President-elect Roosevelt secretly sent Henry Morgenthau, Jr., to Ottawa where preliminary discussions leading up to the wheat conference were held.

IT WAS indeed an adequate metaphor that the President used when he compared himself with a quarterback in a football game. "Have your plays planned, but don't decide on which one to use until you know where the ball lies." With words to this effect he described his own methods. Having just begun the third quarter of the new Administration's year, it might be well to pause a moment and see just where the ball is.

We have as background the emergency legislation giving to the Executive extraordinary powers to deal with credit, currency, industry, railroads, agriculture and labor. The President failed to secure (in fact did not ask for) powers to alter tariffs or deal with foreign debts, a limitation which may

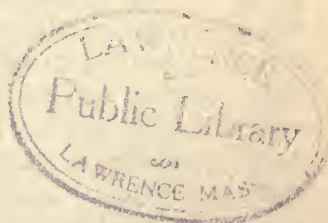
well prove to be a serious handicap in the reconstruction programme.

Those who have followed the President closely are aware of the amazing foresight with which he planned for his Administration, months before election. One day at Hyde Park, early last Fall, one of his advisers who had been preparing some data for a speech dealing with government reorganization, suggested that the Governor attack President Hoover's efforts at governmental economy on the ground that he had asked for a "blank cheque" to effect such economies, rather than fight it out with Congress. Governor Roosevelt cocked his head, looked at his friend with his characteristic quizzical smile and replied, "No, that won't do; perhaps I'll want a 'blank cheque' too."

By March 4 Roosevelt had more than a rough idea of every piece of legislation he would require in order to carry on, and, by the time Congress adjourned, he was well supplied with "blank cheques," excepting, of course, those two important ones in the field of foreign affairs.

As the whistle blows for the third quarter, we find two of the most important projects well under way—the plan for agriculture and the plan for industry. Not even in wartime has there been created in so short a period such organizations as the immense and complicated structures known as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the National Industrial Recovery Administration.

Two important factors in the President's plans differentiate this colossal economic experiment from any other heretofore attempted. The President has recognized the danger of playing with inflation with an unbalanced budget—budgetary inflation having been the reef that wrecked European attempts at this device in the early post-War period; and he has recognized the inevitable defeat that would result from the process of raising prices and letting wages lag. It is around this latter problem that the domestic play in the third quarter will be made. The monetary and credit "blank cheque" must be filled in during the next three months.





# The Fight Over Money

BY PAUL ERNEST ANDERSON

*A new and acute phase of this struggle between the banks and the people—old as our history—is now at hand*

IT HAS often been repeated that every American carries closest to his heart the conviction that some day he may become wealthy. Prosperity has always been a potent political as well as economic appeal. During the recent boom era, an extraordinary number of Americans fervently tried to achieve the status of millionaires. Even today much of the general faith in the New Deal derives its intensity from the fact that the average American still desires economic security above all, as well as a modicum of real economic freedom. And in our history, from the earliest times, few things have had a greater popular hold than continued prosperity, than the vivid, compelling belief that it was the inalienable right of every American, and that it could be obtained. Few American notions have persisted with such great tenacity. In the eyes of European observers, it is regarded as an American trait.

From Colonial times onward, Americans have observed that their prosperity is bound up with the monetary system. It was not sufficient for the colonist to get land, or for the pioneer later, but he had to have manufactures, pottery, cattle and supplies. Both the early colonists and the pioneers were accustomed

to a higher standard of living than the ordinary peasant. Owing to what Hildreth, in his *History of the United States*, termed "the constant tendency of coin to flow towards England," the North American settlements were constantly in debt to the mother country. "Hence," he adds, "for the convenience of domestic trade, it had been found necessary to establish some additional local currency." This tendency began with the "first commencement of the North American settlements."

In Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, tobacco, the chief exportable product, long served for that purpose (i.e., local currency); in New England, corn and cattle at certain rates, fixed from time to time, were the established medium for payment of taxes and the discharge of colonial contracts. The first innovation upon this primitive system was made in Massachusetts, in 1690, by the issue of government bills of treasury notes receivable in payment of taxes; and afterwards, to give them a greater currency and value, made a legal tender in payment of debts. . . . Such, however, was found, or thought to be, the convenience of these bills merely as a medium of trade, that a scheme had been hit upon for continuing their issue . . . and with the professed object of furnishing at once a currency for the people, a revenue for the government, and *a source whence capital might be borrowed by the enterprising.* (Italics, ours.)

The demand for new capital in new, expanding and growing countries is always great. The creation of new capital in a new country by the simple expedient of printing paper money and backing it up with the credit of the community (or the Government) very early became a definite part of American commercial and banking history, and maintained an unusual degree of local prosperity. Although much of this money finally depreciated, it must never be forgotten that it paid for a great many useful things, such as houses and improvements, land and education, thus creating values which did not disappear with time, as the money itself did. The use of paper money in Colonial times was in one case especially successful. That the colonists regarded it as one of the main causes for their prosperity may be seen from Pownall's statements in *The Administration of the Colonies* (1764, pps. 102-113); he recommended to Parliament that the Colonies be allowed to maintain and establish a "paper currency holding a value nearly equal to silver," because it would be the foundation of true Colonial prosperity.

I will venture to say, that there never was a wiser or a better measure, never one better calculated to serve the uses of an encreasing country, that there never was a measure more steadily pursued, or more faithfully executed, for forty years together, than the loan-office in Pennsylvania, formed and administered by the Assembly of that province. . . .

This loan-office issued paper money in the form of loans, and kept the amount of issue in due relationship with the growth of values in the province.

An encreasing country of settlers and traders must always have the balance of trade against them, for this very reason, because they are encreasing and improving, because they must be continually wanting further supplies which

their present circumstances will neither furnish nor pay for:—And for this reason also, they must labor under a decreasing silver currency, though their circumstances require an encreasing one. . . . But those very things applied to their improvements, will in return not only pay those debts, but create also a surplus to be still carried forward to further and further improvements. In a country under such circumstances, money lent upon interest to settlers, creates money. Paper money thus lent upon interest will create gold and silver in principle, *while the interest becomes a revenue that pays the charges of government.* (Italics, author's.)

Then he concludes with the prophetic statement: "This currency is the true Pactolian stream which converts all into gold that is washed by it."

Pownall understood that money based on the credit of the community was in the long run not only the foundation of the value of the money itself, but also the basis of all true prosperity. As improvements were made, and new values created, new production increased, the credit of any such community must rise in proportion. The money of such a community would become highly desirable because of its exchangeability, and because it reflected truly the state of the prosperity and wealth of the country. He was not theorizing. He was in fact making a report on the results of the forty-year experiment of the province of Pennsylvania with paper money; the loan-office of this Colony had demonstrated that money based on the wealth of the province, by causing an increase in assets, created greater prosperity, and added more resources. In time, any long continued prosperity of this kind would attract even the precious metals. As such a community became prosperous and settled, the precious metals would come in like any other commodities. Credit is due Pownall as the first Ameri-



can observer to point out the relationship between a money system based on communal wealth and prosperity. In the same recommendation, he expressly indicates that such money must never be issued in excess of the real wealth of the community, so that it will always have a *real value* in exchange.

Like List, a contemporary of Hamilton's, Pownall also saw that the power of creating wealth is far more important than wealth itself because it not only secures the possession and increase of property (or wealth) already acquired, but also replaces that which is lost. Indeed, Pownall grasped the fact that the final basis of any monetary system lies in the wealth of the community or nation, and that such increases in wealth as are made are due solely to the exertions and cultural standards of the people themselves. No one would seriously dispute the fact that modern bank credit, which is made by the banker in extending a loan, is finally based on the banker's belief in the ability of the nation to produce goods when and as desired. All loans are granted in anticipation of production and sale! The banker merely makes personal use of the credit of the community, and somewhat exactingly demands repayment in gold, insuring his control over the credit in this wise.

WORKING under the same pressure as the early colonists, the pioneers of the West, South and Southwest had also to invest their own respective local currencies. The continual flow of coin and Government bills to the East from pioneer communities in exchange for needed manufactures and imported goods brought about a steady dearth of specie in the pioneer towns. These communities discovered, as did

the colonists before them, that they must create their own local currency, basing it solely upon their known productive capacity. For this reason, they had recourse to bank notes, or circulating notes, issued by banks having State charters. These circulating notes bore no relationship whatever to deposits, because deposits were not then (as they are today) regarded as important. Pioneer banks did and could issue money almost up to any degree. With all its abuses—and these were many—it became a true ticket money system, founded upon a definite necessity for a medium of acceptable exchange, finally based on the collective ability to produce more and more wealth, as settlers took up land and improved it.

That this system laid the foundation of the prosperity of the United States, that it created much of the great wealth of the United States, can scarcely be denied. Albert Gallatin, writing in 1841 (*Suggestions on the Banks and Currency of the United States*), examined the State banking system and its so-called abuses of note circulation, and while offering several modifications, declared that they had been and were a prime necessity to the growth and prosperity of the United States. "A wilderness has within forty years been converted into the abode of six millions of civilized and industrious peoples." He pointed out that the West was unique in its way, that in many cases it had far more advanced improvements than agricultural centres in Europe. Because of this, ordinary economic rules did not apply to the West. And Gallatin was by no means in favor of State banking!

So closely did circulating note money, or paper money, lie to the hearts of

American pioneers that for more than seventy years up to the establishment of the national banking system itself, the people jealously insisted upon the privilege of State banks which issued notes. The money of the pioneer banks and communities did circulate widely, so widely that even Eastern banks had to deal in them. And when Eastern banks discounted these notes, resentment was generally felt because the people regarded it as an attempt to destroy the credit of their respective communities. Sending money back for redemption as was done generally by the Second Bank of the United States was resented with heat. The reasons were simple enough. When an Eastern banker demanded payment in specie, the pioneer community regarded the demand as destroying assets and property values; moreover, it did mean the wiping out of a portion of the small banker's working capital, which was indeed scarce enough. When redemption was refused, or was done periodically and irregularly by the pioneer banks, the pioneer bankers suffered from the heavy discounts of the Eastern banks. In the case of the Kentucky banks, for instance, discounts once went as high as seventy-five per cent! Yet during this same period, Kentucky was enjoying an unusual wave of prosperity and was the centre of a great river traffic along the Ohio and the Mississippi. The pioneers did not see why their ticket money, devised primarily as a medium of exchange, should have been treated as a value in itself by Eastern bankers who knew nothing of local needs and conditions. Nor did they see why Eastern bankers holding then as now most of the liquid capital of the country should question local circulating notes, or discriminate against them.

Gallatin speaks of the enormous capital required to settle the West up to the Mississippi, estimating it as almost as great as the total liquid capital of the commercial East.

It is no wonder that the people of the West supported Andrew Jackson's breaking of the Second United States Bank. Controlled in part by foreign capital, the West welcomed the issue, and brought about an economic revolution as far-reaching in its way as the War for Independence. The case of the West was clearly stated by President Martin Van Buren in his annual message of December 2, 1839:

The dependence of our whole banking system on the institutions in a few large cities is not found in the laws of their organization, but in those of trade and exchange. The banks at that center, to which currency flows and where it is required in payments for merchandise, hold the power of controlling those in regions whence it comes, while the latter possess no means of restraining them; so that the value of individual property and the prosperity of trade through the interior of the country are made to depend upon the good or bad management of the banking institutions of the great seats of trade on the seaboard.

But this chain of dependence does not stop here. It does not terminate at Philadelphia or New York. It reaches across the ocean and ends in London, the centre of the credit system. The same laws of trade which give to the banks in our principal cities power over the whole banking system of the United States subject the former, in their turn, to the money power in Great Britain.

. . . It is thus that an introduction of a new bank in the most distant village places the business of that village within the influence of the money power of England. . . .

If we substitute for these remarks the present money power of the great banks, both public and private, now located in New York City, which is also the credit centre of the world today, the plea of the Western farmers and busi-



ness men against Wall Street control could be framed almost in the identical words of this President of the United States.

THE history of the American people, in brief, shows that they have experimented widely with all kinds of banking schemes, that they have in truth believed in banks and in banking, and never been greatly in favor of nationalization of the banking system. The American people "have experimented with every known description of paper currency," as A. Barton Hepburn, a comptroller of the currency, and later President of the Chase National Bank, writes in his *History of the Coinage and Currency in the United States and the Perennial Contest for Sound Money*. He does not indicate clearly the causes for this experimentation, or see its true base as the foundation of much of the great wealth of the United States, but he does indicate with great clarity, unwittingly be it said, that the chief opponents of monetary experimentation in the United States have from the beginning been the bankers of the East, starting with the First United States Bank and continuing down to the establishment of the National Bank Act, and the Repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Clause. One thing is also apparent, that as fast as the bankers in the East opposed one experiment, the pioneers and their successors tried a new one. Nor were all these early and later experiments failures, notably the Indiana State Bank which for twenty-five years never failed to meet its obligations, or the Louisiana State Banks which for years headed the list as the strongest banks in the country.

From all that has been said, it is clear that like a red thread the history

of the United States contains a series of unique attitudes towards banking and finance, a definite conviction that money at bottom is primarily a ticket system, formed chiefly to aid and promote exchange of products, and based on the communal wealth and resources and cultural attainments. The issue recurs again and again. The silver campaign of the Great Commoner, aided and advised by no less an economist than Arthur Kitson of England, is but the later phase of the great struggle of the people against the banks and the concentration of capital in the East. The struggle is represented in the East by the desire of bankers to concentrate the banking system and its capital into a unified banking structure with a gold standard. The pioneers, the Westerners, the farmers, the monetary reformers want the banks to be primarily subservient to the needs of the people, subject to some measure of control and limitation of power. But since the end of the Nineteenth Century, modern banking has become more and more a credit mechanism, making money not by bank notes as formerly it did, but by a stroke of the banker's pen. This stroke of the pen creates a credit, or a deposit, against which the borrower can draw a cheque. If our past history means anything, the direction of the struggle over the control of money shall in the future take the form of a struggle over the control of credit.

Credit is the modern money, and it is the sole property of banks. Despite the vaunted success of the Federal Reserve System during the boom years and the War, it has lost face with a large number of people because it did not avert the crash, and really precipitated it. Nor did it nor the strength of Eastern banks save the gold standard, the

chief fetish of bankers here and elsewhere. The people have found that going off the gold standard produced no particular changes in their individual lives. They also discovered that the closing of all the banks of the country by edict of the President proved that the banks were none too capable, none too omniscient, none too public-spirited. They abused the bond and stock selling privileges; they have abused credit making powers; thousands of them have failed.

More and more it is becoming clear that when banks receive the repayment of their loans, the community is the loser by the amount of the loan because the banks do not give the community credit for the new wealth created by the use of the loan. In effect, as has been demonstrated many times over during the depression, the whole of the gigantic debt claim against the nation is truly a measure of the power of the banking system to levy a toll from the people.

BY ALL the signs, therefore, we are entering the stages of another combat with the banks, another attempt to adapt our monetary system, to promote the prosperity of the American people. But the problem today is different from the problem of 1837, or 1873, or even 1893. We were rich in those days, but we are staggeringly wealthy today. Our wealth reaches astronomical figures. We no longer suffer from the problem of scarcity, as we did in past crises. In those times, it may have been necessary for the people to stop, draw in their belts and make sacrifices of one or another kind. But today, whether in bad times or in good, our yearly rate of appreciation of wealth is over four billion dollars. We can not help getting richer by this amount year in and year

out because of the pace of our inventive genius and productive abilities as a nation.

Moreover, in former depressions, due to the scarcity of goods and money to pay for their creation, Americans could look forward to a time when all the unemployed would either be at work again, or living upon the unoccupied lands in the West. No longer are these facts applicable today. If all industry were to get back to the 1929 levels of productivity, little more than one-half of the unemployed would return to their old positions. So productive has our machinery of manufacturing goods become, so vast its expenditure of energy, that it does the labor of fifty times the working population of our country alone! Never before has America faced such a situation, and never before have we had to think seriously of what we are going to do about the growing numbers of our new-leisured classes, of our people without work, of our people no longer needed in our industrial processes.

The National Recovery Act would offer a remedy to the situation by causing two basic changes to bolster up the vanishing incomes of Americans. It would give work to additional unemployed; it would also shorten the hours of the present employed without cutting down their present incomes. Yet, gigantic as this undertaking is, unparalleled as the scope of this plan may be as a peace-time measure to rehabilitate industry, it can not succeed if it does not embody a fundamental step in monetary change.

It is a maxim of business and accountancy that all costs must finally appear in prices. If manufacturers and others increase wages and salaries, and if they also pay out additional incomes,



they are surely incurring additional costs; and these costs must appear in prices to the consumers. There will not be under the NRA, even as there is not now, nor has been in the past, sufficient money incomes in the hands of the consumers to take up the whole product of American industry. Of what use is it to stimulate production, to stimulate purchasing power, if we do not at the same time relate the two, so that it will be possible for all consumers to buy the total product of industry?

Under the present banking conditions, the granting of loans for production does not reflect the fact of our increasing wealth. The amount of new wealth created through the use of bank loans in industries does not result in giving the community or the nation an additional claim on that wealth by the creation of a corresponding addition of new money, of money based on that new wealth. On the contrary, the lending of money by banks to industries results in an increased indebtedness, in a definite diminution of purchasing power and incomes, finally bringing

about a period of "readjustment." The flaw then is inherent in the system of private money issues, private money issues without reference to the communal enterprise and growth and wealth. Bank money ignores these things, although it is indeed a fiat money scheme.

From the historical standpoint, the time has come when the American people must regain the full possession of their money powers, and create and use national money, based on the national wealth of these United States. Not alone does history speak for such a step forward, but also the events and conditions of the day. Mankind can not live in a psychology of scarcity when there is no scarcity without undergoing a great and vast degeneration of spirit and enterprise. Moreover, common sense dictates that money should reflect the facts of production and consumption, and there is only one agency which can bring that about in a safe, scientific manner: that is the national Government, the creature and instrument of the 123,000,000 consumers of this nation.



# Burying the Belittlers

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

*Expiring under the economic débris, our debunkers give way  
to a more generous, optimistic and fair-minded attitude*

AS A NATION, we Americans are generous, sentimental, conceited and above all optimistic. We are emotional rather than rational, ruled by our hearts a good deal more often than by our heads. Which is one of many reasons why we so frequently perplex Europeans. The very immensity of our country, its amazing natural phenomena and no less amazing natural resources have engendered in us not only a rather innocent and childlike vanity but an even more innocent and childlike—not childish—sense of dependence, a feeling that we have behind us a kind of great, beneficent, dependable power, which in the last resort can be trusted not to let us down.

This naïve faith of ours is partly responsible for the fact that the depression created in us an acute sense of injury. For some time we felt with hurt surprise that we were being unfairly treated, even positively abused; very like a child whose stick of candy is suddenly taken away from him. That foreign countries should suffer seemed to us more or less in the nature of things. Our normal and proper part was to help to mitigate that suffering, not to endure it ourselves. Other nations have accused us of being unsportsmanlike,

even of whining. They say we failed to stand up to adversity as England, for instance, has so splendidly done; instead of taking it on the chin we have shrunk back, protested, cried, made a good deal of fuss. What they have neglected to take into account is not only our emotionalism but our consciousness of grievance in being obliged to abandon our familiar Good Samaritan rôle, as well as in having doubt take the place of our old implicit belief that we had back of us in our country itself something upon which we, the people, could surely and unquestionably rely.

On the other hand, it is just because of this emotionalism and this tacit reliance of ours, which together do so much to make up our national optimism that the depression, so far at least as our mentality is concerned, has failed to be lastingly or entirely depressing. As a matter of fact, it has done more than a little to restore us to our natural selves, the selves which, in accordance with the fashions set by the so-called intelligentsia of other countries and to some extent by those of our own, we tried to abandon during those Jazz and Belittling Periods which intervened between the Great War and the Great Depression. With the ardor which



characterizes most of our doings, we set ourselves to follow these fashions, doing our very best to make ourselves accept ideas, beliefs and modes of thought which were in direct contradiction to our normal convictions, instincts and traditions.

Because of our characteristic fondness for rushing to extremes, we gave enthusiastic if temporary lip-service to the cause of those generally known as the Debunkers, but whom it might be more accurate to term the Belittlers. For their one general and concerted effort was to prove that the great were in truth extremely small. Heroes and heroines, ideas and ideals, historical events, national standards, individual aspirations and beliefs, all must be dragged down to the level of the mean or the ridiculous, must be rolled in the dirt, belittled, scoffed at and denied. The very words "nobility," "honor," "courage," "loyalty" became unmentionable save as adding a point to satire. More than all others was idealism considered contemptible. Yet all this was done in the name of a particular and very fine ideal: that of fearless truthfulness and absolute, uncompromising honesty. If there was one thing on which the Belittlers openly and admittedly prided themselves, it was their supposedly devastating frankness. Many of them, moreover, were or fancied themselves to be entirely sincere, believing firmly in the Great Illusion of their own complete disillusionment.

**S**UPPOSE we pause for a look at some few of the more notable efforts of these Belittlers, especially those manifested in prose. First, the biographers, who were among the earliest practitioners of the Belittling movement. Following the lead of the brilliant Lytton

Strachey, they proceeded to explain everything about the great men of the past—their greatness always excepted. The familiar story of Oliver Cromwell's insistence that the artist painting his portrait should show him precisely as he was, warts and all, may be considered the motto of this particular company of Belittlers.

But while honesty undoubtedly demands that warts be not neglected, their whole-hearted efforts to do full justice to these blemishes not infrequently caused the Belittlers to overlook such trifles as eyes, mouths and noses. Their portraits, if not composed exclusively of warts, at least showed these predominating to such an extent that they made all else appear quite insignificant. To show the warts was undoubtedly both honest and wise; but to give them such exaggerated importance did not result, to put it mildly, in a likeness any more exact than that older type wherein they were but lightly sketched if not entirely omitted.

Our belittling biographers flung themselves joyously into the work of exposing, to change the metaphor, those feet of clay on which stood certain of our popular idols. But so absorbed were they in their task of calling attention to these same feet that they either forgot all about, or else had but scant time left to devote to, showing the dignity and beauty of the heads. And heads, when you come right down to it, are often, not to say usually, of somewhat greater importance than feet.

Yet stressing the clay composition of those same feet speedily became accepted as indicative of an advanced degree of sophistication. During the first years of the World War hero-worship had been rife, and when in after days some of these once-revered heroes

made rather sorry spectacles of themselves, when the horrors of the trenches, of filth and rats and barbed wire and poison gas had stripped modern warfare of every last remaining bit of glamor, a reaction set in which caused the Belittlers' work to receive the warmest sort of welcome. Even when that work used for its material the greatest and best and most revered figures in our national life. Rupert Hughes's much acclaimed biography of George Washington, a marvel in its way of patience and of research, revealed everything about our first President except the qualities which caused him to be hailed as the Father of His Country, and left the reader rather puzzled as to why on earth men followed such a leader. And this is but one notable example out of very many. On the stage, Maxwell Anderson's highly praised study of *Elizabeth, The Queen*, showed us how vain Gloriana was, how she spat and swore; but nothing at all of those powers which made her a great ruler, her country's idol and victor in the long struggle with Spain. For through perseverance and determination account books may be deciphered and analyzed and contemporary records minutely scanned for evidence of unpleasant habits and manners and meannesses; the qualities which may make a man or woman the leader, perhaps the savior of a nation, an outstanding, beacon-like figure for future generations to wonder at, are less easily perceived and understood, a great deal less easily transcribed.

Success, represented by abundant applause as well as by monetary returns, caused the host and variety of the Belittlers to increase with very considerable rapidity, while their following multiplied yet more swiftly. Not to be of this following was to be old-fash-

ioned, and altogether out of the current of contemporary thought. Soon the beautiful old stories poets had loved and sung were cheapened and distorted to provide fresh sport. Helen of Troy was an early victim, and the legend of Galahad, the perfect knight, was travestied in a laborious attempt to make him a target for the laughter of the foolish. The national Government itself did not escape, and the highest officials in the land, scarcely covered by so much as a gossamer veil of fiction, were pelted with mud or turned to ridicule upon the stage.

But if individuals and institutions suffered and the splendid old tales were perverted in earnest if wearisome attempts at humor, it was ideas and standards which were the principal objects of attack. Men and women boasted themselves hard-boiled, proclaiming their utter lack of faith in God or man. "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," was acclaimed the only reasonable way of life, the only one truly "modern," regardless of the fact that it dated back to the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the several-thousand-years-old *Song of the Harper*. Those who ordered their lives or professed to order them otherwise than in accordance with this rule were merely hypocrites; or so the Belittlers declared. For since duty and fidelity, virtue and honor didn't exist, what could any devotion or appearance of devotion to them be save the most obvious, most contemptible kind of pretense? All men, if one were to judge of them from the fiction, biography and general literature belauded during the heyday of the Belittlers, were weak and vile, all women little less weak, and perhaps even viler, what the herd termed "goodness" being in fact only the despicable result of stupid-



ity or of fear. A few of the more intelligent, according to the novelists of the period, realized what contemptible creatures their fellow-beings and they themselves actually were; these usually spent most of their time trying to submerge their knowledge in whiskey or gin. Incidentally, they were almost invariably the protagonists of the novels wherein they figured, the nearest approach to the old-time "hero," these afforded. For though the term "hero" was still employed to indicate the most important of a book's masculine characters, this individual was usually removed as far from anything approaching the heroic as was humanly possible, being customarily endowed with the liquid-absorbing quality of a sponge, the morals of an alley-cat, the enterprise of a rabbit and the backbone of a jellyfish. The only gospel he understood, much less practised, was the gospel of futility and despair, his intensest admiration being reserved for his own unmitigated worthlessness. When the depression swept away those material values which were the only ones really appreciated and esteemed by the interpreters and leaders of the Belittlement Period, it seemed as if there might be nothing left save chaos, and speedy extermination prove the single surviving hope.

**B**UT all this was in fact only a passing phase, often only a passing pose, being of necessity quite alien to the spirit of a nation which began when a group of adventurers braved the wilderness. The pioneer, whether he crosses ocean or forest or prairie to journey into the unknown must as a matter of course possess not merely courage, but also abundant optimism. If he did not expect to succeed, he would most probably stay at home; if he were afraid of danger,

he would shun adventure; which is certainly not the American way.

The story of these United States, from the very beginning up to the present day, is almost exclusively a story of conquest; conquest of the wilderness, of man and of natural forces. We have made plenty of mistakes, we know that well enough; but those mistakes have not been made from lack of courage or of hopefulness. Even our unutterably foolish Prohibition experiment had in some of its aspects a certain gallant optimism, just as our sometimes hysterical laudation of rather tawdry idols has in it a reaching out towards something we are at least momentarily duped into believing bigger and finer than our admittedly insignificant selves. This readiness to acclaim, moreover, shows a certain largeness and generosity of disposition. "There is delight in praising," but only for those who themselves have in them something praiseworthy. The rest prefer to follow in the trail of the Belittlers.

Because this inherent generosity which finds delight in praising is more or less characteristic of the average American, because submission to the dictates of the Belittlers was to a very great extent an unworthy and merely temporary yielding to fashion and the power of the written word, you can fairly hear the general sigh of relief with which their doctrines are being abandoned. Yet to do them justice, these self-same Belittlers have accomplished certain extremely desirable results.

They have, for example, killed the old-fashioned, stuffed-shirt and stained-glass window types of biography. The successful new pen-portraits are better balanced, show a keener sense of justice and of human values, on account of

the spade work done by the Belittlers. In the old type, clay feet were ignored or, at least, discreetly veiled; in the Belittling Era, heads were too often neglected; today, warm welcome is accorded only to that work which gives a fair measure of importance to each. One of the best biographies of recent months, if not the very best, is Stefan Zweig's fascinating study of Marie Antoinette, which he describes as the "Portrait of an Average Woman." Here is a picture of the ill-fated Queen which shows her neither as the martyred saint she has sometimes been made to appear nor as the Messalina the Revolutionists professed to believe her, but as a woman who rose to her full stature only under stress of swift and almost incredible calamity. Hurried from palace to prison, she was never so much a Queen as when she sat rigidly upright in the cart, her hands bound behind her back, on her way to the guillotine. Here nothing is extenuated, nor aught set down in malice. It is easy enough to imagine what one of the Belittling Brigade might have done with those relations between Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI to which Mr. Zweig attributes so much of the Queen's often condemned frivolity, or with those which recent discoveries proved to have existed between that lovely lady and the gallant and devoted Count Axel Fersen, who certainly would have saved both the Queen and her husband had he possessed a quarter as much common sense as he had courage. The unspeakably hideous accusations brought by the poor little Dauphin against his mother, so pityingly analyzed by Stefan Zweig in the light of modern child-psychology, might have furnished endless delight for a certain type of mind. But in this biography a fact too often forgotten is

once more demonstrated: that it is possible to be entirely honest without being either abusive or nasty.

Yet another biography which impresses the reader as a model of fairness is Marquis James's notable account of *Andrew Jackson, The Border Captain*, a book less interesting than the *Marie Antoinette* only because its subject is less dramatic and less appealing. Here too human contradictions are admirably set forth, and Jackson's honesty is drawn as clearly as his ruthlessness. Another biography, and one which still better illustrates the contrast between the methods used by the biographer of today and those employed by the once popular school of the Belittlers, is H. E. Wortham's *Chinese Gordon*. Lytton Strachey asserted that Gordon was a secret gin-addict; Mr. Wortham collects, weighs and analyzes the evidence, with a resultant acquittal. That a man may distribute tracts, and not be secretly depraved, is the sort of thing the sophisticates of the Belittling Era found entirely incredible, yet it does sometimes happen, and the biographer of today does not deny its possibility. Even a tinge of hero-worship is occasionally discernible in present-day biography, as for instance, in Hamilton Basso's *Beauregard: The Great Creole*, though so far as that very interesting book is concerned, it is discreetly restrained.

Not only the attitude towards the great men and women of the past has altered; that towards ideas and standards has shifted yet more. In this connection it is interesting to note the points of view represented by some of the most enthusiastically welcomed among recent novels. For months scarcely a single best seller list appeared on which Gladys Hasty Carroll's *As the Earth*



*Turns* failed to occupy a prominent place, yet if ever a book set forth the old-fashioned, homely virtues of sobriety and thrift, honesty and chastity, it was this quiet chronicle of life on a New England farm. It even ventured to depict a father as genuinely loving, and being loved by, his children; a situation laughed to scorn throughout the entire Belittling Period. Quite as notable, perhaps even more notable in its indication of the changes which have recently taken place, is another and more recent success, Richard Aldington's *All Men Are Enemies*.

For the author of *The Death of a Hero* and *The Colonel's Daughter* can not be regarded as in the least degree old-fashioned. Rather is he a modernist among the modernists. Yet his hero who tries to discover a satisfying way of life, testing out, so to speak, patriotism and æstheticism, conservatism and communism, politics and business and social conformity, finds his solution at last in the enduring love of and for one woman, surely a most romantic and thoroughly Victorian conclusion. The price of that love he pays not only willingly but gladly, abandoning for its sake wealth and position, influence and prestige; this too in the best traditions of Victorianism. It is true that certain of his vicissitudes and experiments are described with abundant details of a kind which would not have been at all approved by that formerly influential dame, Mrs. Grundy, while its exaltation of the senses is an admitted return to the ideas of ancient Greece. But in its frank insistence upon the romantic viewpoint, its actually vehement denial of that doctrine so fervently espoused by the Belittlers that the love of man and woman is merely a biological urge which quickly dies once it has been grati-

fied, leaving boredom if not actual distaste behind, *All Men Are Enemies* is emphatically a part of the revolt against the Belittlers and all their efforts which is showing itself so clearly and in so many different ways.

IN NO manner or place is this revolt showing itself more plainly than in the change which has occurred in the broad field of our national life. The incoming of the new Administration resulted in a veritable transformation scene. From a half-cynical, half-despairing attitude of doubt and discouragement and disregard there was a sudden, startling alteration to one of almost mystical faith, almost fanatical obedience. As if released from long and irksome confinement by the swift touching of a hidden spring the characteristic national optimism leaped forth, ready not only to applaud but even to share in any experiment, however daring, however problematical, which was in agreement with its own inherent hopefulness; a hopefulness somewhat chastened, sometimes more than a little grim, but hopefulness nevertheless. If to some of the more experienced, the more thoughtful and analytical, certain of the expedients proposed have seemed actually dangerous, while others too closely resembled an effort to raise oneself by pulling on one's own boot-straps, to the nation at large they were and are welcome as showing an effort to do something which at least implied a belief that something could be done, an assertion of the doctrine so congenial to the American temperament that attack is the best possible form of defense. Not to mitigate the depression, but to annihilate it . . . if we can. And in the very bone and sinew of the typical American lies a profound belief in the

ability of America to do anything she chooses, and to do it better and more thoroughly than it could possibly be done by any other country on the face of the earth.

The depression which so quickly killed the Jazz Period has at length released us from the Belittlers; two achievements which may be set down to its credit, as against the vast amount of misery it has caused. The danger is, of course, the obvious one of going to the other extreme, of rushing from a position of cynicism, from the hard-boiled and "I'm from Missouri" point of view which developed after the disappointments of the World War into one of blind optimism and unbridled confidence. Stubborn standing still is no worse than dashing forward heedlessly, anyhow, anywhere, not knowing where we're going but determined to go somewhere, and quite possibly crashing into irremediable disaster. Whether the hand on the steering wheel will prove strong enough and wise enough to maintain the necessary degree of control remains to be seen. We can only hope; as all the nation is hoping.

This much at least is certain; there is a new and different spirit abroad in our land, a spirit far more in sympathy with our inheritance and traditions than the one we attempted to assume. The gospel of futility, long preached by the Russians, the so-called "debunking" which was so often nothing more than belittling, formed a type of mental attitude we tried to adopt, believing that we were thereby showing ourselves thoroughly modern and completely so-

phisticated. To this we gave lip-service, adopting a new style of hypocrisy which instead of being an homage paid by vice to virtue, as La Rochefoucauld called it, was an homage virtue paid to vice. Instead of pretending to be a good deal better than we were, we pretended to be a good deal worse than we were. Never were we less frank and more essentially dishonest than when we were most ardently and loudly proclaiming our frankness and our honesty, feeling it necessary to apologize shame-facedly if we chanced to be sober, debt-paying and decent, while marital fidelity or any symptom of an affectionate consideration for parents were crimes to be concealed at all and every cost.

As a nation, we have our faults; any number of them. But the desire to run down and if possible besmirch whatever is fine and high and noble does not predominate in us by nature. Nor have we any genuine, inherent preference for filth. The Era of the Belittlers, which opened ostensibly as a protest against sham, speedily developed worse and greater shams than any of those it professed to condemn. The process which brought it to an end, along with so much else, was and is an acutely painful one. But with much, very much matter for regret we still have some few causes for rejoicing, and one of these latter is to be found in our emancipation from those opinions and standards, for us so false and therefore so hypocritical, we temporarily assumed in mistaken obedience to the once mighty and imposing company of the Belittlers.





# Are Jews Internationalists?

BY FRANCIS J. OPPENHEIMER

*Hitlerites say they are, and act accordingly, but the facts prove something else*

“**W**HAT the world does not realize is that wherever Germans and Jews mix, Jewish blood dominates,” Dr. Otto Wagener, one of Chancellor Hitler’s most intimate advisers recently asserted by way of offering a more acute interpretation of the extraordinary anti-Semitic campaign still raging in the “newly-awakened Germany.” Boasting, too, that “Germanic blood triumphs over the Slavs,” the head of the Nazi Economic Bureau was forced to admit that the Germans are “unable to digest Jews.”

Had this naïve Nazi announced that the German Jew “digests” the German (psychologically speaking) altogether too easily—had he perceived for a moment that the German Jew, not the native, was altogether “too credulous” concerning the world-beating qualities of the German—he would have been throwing a little ray of light on his darkened Gothland where wrath has seldom been mute for long or fury dumb.

Childish as this political thinker’s thoughts appear in cold type, they nevertheless grow in significance as those other more complex, if equally shallow, explanations by the profes-

sional denouncers of the Nazis are examined. Unfortunately Dr. Wagener has himself mixed a psychological with a racial issue. He has, however, brought to the forefront of the consciousness of the world, if insensibly so, a most profound fact concerning the German Jew and nationalism. One that the professional defenders of the Jews have yet to discover, one of which the zealous Storm Troopers are blithely unconscious.

What really annoys a Nazi in a Prussian Jew is not his Semitic denationalism, but the Jew’s overnationalized Germanism. This profoundly irritates him. Every time a Brown Shirt looks at a German Jew he sees himself as others see him, he sees himself as the rest of the world sees him. In fact he sees himself twice, too much even for a thick-skinned Nazi. In the obtrusive mannerisms of the Berlin Jew a Nazi senses racial throwbacks that his own docile naturalism, with all its bad intentions, has been utterly unable to achieve. He shakes to his medieval roots with professional envy, has to gnash his teeth to keep on his Sam Browne belt. The atavistic mirror, which is the Jew’s nationalism in every land, reflects back to the blue-eyed Nazi so much concentrated

Germanism that he is thrown into the berserker rage that has made him pick up the torch dropped by Alaric.

By way of elucidating why there is no anti-Semitism either in Italy or in Great Britain the philosophizer of the Nazi "renaissance" innocently explains further that both the Italian and the Celtic blood are "more persistent than the German." The mental confusion of any Nazi office-holder can be sympathized with, but how an editorial writer of the *New York Times* can come to the conclusion that Goethe's lack of national-mindedness is attributable to the fact that he spent his boyhood in Jewish Frankfort is less easy of understanding.

THE German Jew, like every other Jew in every other nation, including our own, is a troublesome political unit for the very opposite reasons from those set forth by the muddled Nazis. Every country in which the Jew has made a community has been penalized by his characteristic indifference to truth that knows no political borders. His narrow, parochial nationalism marks the Jew in every country as a valiant defender of geographical values. Wherever there's a *marano* Jew or what the Hitlerites prosaically designate "a percentage Jew," there spreads the virus of nationalism.

Scratch any Jew and you will find an incorrigible nationalist, for if the German Jew is more German than the native, so is the Russian Jew more Russian than any Muscovite, and so is an English Jew more British than any Englishman. And the same holds true with the Irish, Portuguese and Scotch Jews. Despite the Nazis' noisy accusations that the Jews are "aliens" to nationalism, they are sharpening to

most vicious points the one-eyed psychologies of the various homelands in which they have found asylum. Everywhere in the world the Jew mirrors back to the native an almost maniacal nationalism.

Lock up a German Jew and a Russian Jew and an English Jew and an Irish Jew and a French Jew and an Italian Jew, an Indian and a Chinese and a Japanese Jew in a room and you will have segregated in one unhallowed spot all the bad blood of Europe and Asia! Wasn't it a Jew, Ernst Lissauer, who wrote the infamous *Hymn of Hate* that sent the Boche into battle?

If the "Jewish question" is "an international question," as the Zionist resolution addressed to the League of Nations asserts (and as Theodore Herzl always maintains), the Jewish citizen most certainly is not an internationalist in spirit, despite the Michigan Golem Ford created on an off day. And when to please their professional defenders Ford snuffed out his "international Jew," withdrew him from circulation, a greater harm was done them spiritually than Hitler has since done them economically, his "nationally deficient" Jew being as much a myth as Ford's stuffed monster. Ambassador Luther who senses that the Jews are not internationalists can not yet quite comprehend that they are nationalists, saying, "Anational movements which, only through a rather inexact way of expression, are called international."

In his instinctive dread of all denationalized thinking a Berlin Jew and a Nazi Brown Shirt are one. While the liberals of the world are trying to turn their backs on the hydra-headed dragon of race hatred and race distinctions, the Jew whole-heartedly continues stressing the very attributes of nationalism out



of which the "ruthless barbarians," Hitler's pet phrase for the Nazis, have conjured up their pet prejudices of Aryan supremacy. Unfortunately both for himself and his neighbors, the Jew never has been an alien to nationalism, although like Chancellor Hitler and Premier Goering (who styles himself a "fanatic") he has always been a complete and most absolute stranger to internationalized thought.

The loud-pedalings of the Berlin Jew are offensive to a Nazi because they are more theatrically Teutonic than anything he has yet been able to stage, with all his boy scout paraphernalia. Before the World War the German colonists in the Argentine bitterly complained in private that if they as much as used a Spanish word they were savagely attacked by the Jewish residents for their "anti-Vaterland" attitude. Those Jewish refugees who recently escaped into the Saar Basin have already begun an agitation for a postponement of the plebiscite for fear that Germany might lose out in the present state of public opinion there.

Despite Samuel Untermyer's belief that if the Germans had listened to the German Jews there would have been no war, the fact remains that Albert Ballin was always pouring the poison of nationalism into the small pink ear of the ex-Kaiser. That's why William invariably referred to this Jewish ship-builder as "Sir Oracle," and probably why Hitler's chief in this country, Herr Spanknoebel, recently returned to Germany on a liner bearing the name of this super-patriot. Then there was Dernburg, and in the late unlamented Republic Rathenau stood before the world the *ne plus ultra* in Germanism as Cremieux was the great exponent of La Belle France, as Sonnino outlasted

every Italian war cabinet and it was the Jewish-born Stahl who organized the Prussian House of Lords!

THE oft-repeated and generally accepted Nazi accusation anent the Jew's deficiency in national-mindedness seems like the weirdest kind of a paradox as soon as hard cold statistical facts are encountered. Although prior to the Hitler dispersion there were only five hundred thousand Jews in Germany, the majority of the twelve million Jews the world over speak either German or Yiddish, considered closer to the high German than the Bavarian dialect. These "non-Aryans" are responsible, too, for ramifying German culture "hundreds of miles away from Germany proper on German islands in alien territory." Two million Jews speak the classical German, those of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and the German parts of Prague. They are also the chief carriers of the German "bacillus" (to reverse the Nazi misuse of this word) in Riga, Libau, Czernowitz, Pressburg and other large cities on the Continent, according to Dr. Leon M. Herbert.

Refreshing our memories of facts which "the Germans ought to be aware of but which they are either blinded to or ignorant of," according to Herbert, the Yiddish speaking sections of Jewry, especially those of Galicia and Poland, have because of linguistic proximity been the chief consuming market of German culture and industry. This will explain the sympathy the Jews had the world over at the beginning of the World War for Germany (one pro-Ally Yiddish daily, *The Warheit*, was boycotted in New York City) and also their constant plea for justice and mercy for Germany after

the War. The last census of the Holy Land also indicates that over five thousand Jews speak the German dialect, one thousand high German, and those refugees now unpacking their belongings have already organized a Union of German Jews in the Holy Land (*B'rith Ole Germania*).

These "despoilers of the Aryan race" (Hitler), these "aliens to nationalism" (Goering), had one hundred thousand, one-fifth of their total population, goose-stepping during the World War, seventy thousand of whom were wounded on the field of battle, twelve thousand of whom died shouting, "*Deutschland Über Alles*." They also gave Germany a General Staff officer who was wounded at the front, a stiff-necked martinet that none of the French Commissioners could bend to their demands. Colonel Duesterberg, too, was the most obdurate member of the German Armistice Commission, fighting every conciliatory move of Matthias Erzberger and he resigned from the army before the ink was dry on the peace treaty. Only last year he gave Hindenburg a fierce battle for the Presidency of the Republic as the candidate of the National Party. When he was forced out of his post as second in command of the *Stahlhelm*, the League of German War Veterans, he besought his old comrades in arms "to remain faithful to the national cause, and unreservedly submit to the leadership of Chancellor Hitler."

Those thousands of refugees in Holland, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Denmark are suffering a nostalgia for the *Vaterland* so keen they hardly heed the friendly words of comfort spoken to them by the welfare workers of the Jewish Agency who can not with all

their coaxing get them to cast a glance eastward toward Palestine. The thought of Zionism only stirs these homesick Jews with fond recollections of Germany. And the recent resolution of their Polish co-religionists addressed to Geneva, asking that immigration restrictions be lifted so they could be rushed through Palestine, hurt the pride of these unhappy Jews more than the cowardly indignities inflicted on them by the Nazi sadists.

Einstein spends bitter days in Belgium peering eastward toward the Germany that has expelled him, gets no thrill glancing westward to the Spain that can hardly hold its breath awaiting his arrival. Emil Ludwig in Locarno spends his days writing about the excellent qualities of the Germans. The urbane Hamburg Jews do not yet understand what "all the shooting is about" in foreign countries, the Berlin Jews seize the microphone to broadcast overseas the overwhelming contentment that has engulfed them, the Munich rabbis who have had their venerable beards torn from their roots by young hooligans cable their friends that Germany has been maligned by the foreign press and Professor Franck, Nobel Prize winner and holder of the Iron Cross, first class, heatedly declares that "he has no intention of settling abroad."

Dr. Max Naumann, President of the Union of National German Jews has proclaimed, "In my capacity as a German, as a Jew, and as the leader of the National Union, I deny that there has been any mistreatment whatsoever of the Jews." Dr. Naumann believes the Nazis are absolutely entitled to confiscate the property of those "Eastern Jews" driven out of Germany. And *The Prussian Zeitung*, referring re-



cently to a sycophantic article this mad nationalist sent it, declared that Dr. Naumann had "the impudence to send this article without any one asking for it." Dr. Naumann yet believes that the German Jews should fight to the last ditch for the *Vaterland* even if citizenship in it should be denied them.

Cable reports from Berlin announce the formation of the Actions Committee of "Jewish Germans" (the phrase invariably used by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency) under the leadership of the Union of National Jews, with the co-operation of the Federation of Jewish ex-Soldiers at the Front and a number of youth organizations. The Actions Committee and the groups of "Jewish Germans" standing behind it, to quote the news dispatch, declare themselves with the utmost decisiveness for a strong national Germany, being prepared to collaborate in the building of the new German Reich with all their power, and they also repudiate vigorously every attempt at foreign intervention in internal German affairs.

None in the old Reichstag was a keener nationalist than those Jewish-born deputies. The only points of the Nazi programme which have run counter to the aspirations of the German Jews are those assailing them. To a man they have been behind Hitler in every denunciation of the Versailles Treaty and it's altogether questionable whether the Chancellor would be the force he is today had he lacked their support. Many German Jews were ardent advocates of the German Nationalists, among them the banker Edward Wassermann and a Jewish Agency leader. Countless German Jews tried to join the Nazis, some resorting even to "smuggling" tactics, so keen

they were to pin the swastika button on their lapels.

The German Jew's devotion to his *Vaterland* never once wavered throughout the degrading outrages of the Hitlerite Gehenna. "Our country is Germany and our fate is bound up with that of Germany. If evil days come we will bear the evil as we did the good," so the London correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency reports a close-up of the average German Jew. "If Germany wants our blood now, we shall give it, even if we are immolated on the altar. This time amid cries of execration and not approbation as in the War. It is not what will happen to the German Jew that matters but what will happen to Germany."

"They whine they are Germans, Germans. . . . The terrible *Centralverin* whines, 'With dignity and courage we shall know how to bear upon the soul of our homeland the measures inflicted by Germans upon Germans,' " Ludwig Lewisohn writes in *The Nation*, proving his own contention that "Group psychology is ill understood." Like the Nazis he denounces, the champion also confuses psychological with religious issues in much the same way as Goebbels mixes up psychology and geography, explaining to an English interviewer that England has Western Jews but "Germany has the riff-raff of Eastern Judaism." Mr. Lewisohn indignantly assails the German Jew's lack of "courage" and "dignity," but he is as gentle as a dove regarding their hysterical nationalism. He has no doubt that this "cold pogrom" might have been averted if the German Jews had been more Jewish, and Ludendorff complaining every day against "the Jewification of the German people." Their real "taint"

is their excess Germanism which not only put them on the spot for the "S.A." sharp-shooters but also forced these "Hitler Zionists" to seek protection from the Polish Jews they despise and to beg black bread from the "Eastern Jews" for whom they have nothing but contempt, to employ a phrase of Dr. Naumann. This is the bitterest irony of it all.

THE greatest salesman for everything else, the Jew is everywhere discovered buying nationalism. And he always pays a terrific freight bill for it, exaggerating the customs of the natives of the jungle and the dwellers of the wild, just as in America he out-Babbitts Babbitt. Nor was there any need, not to mention wit, for the creation of "torture chambers" in Germany to force the German Jews to sing, "*Deutschland Über Alles*." Who ever was able to stop Josephus singing the praises of Rome? He even annoyed Titus with the bombastic whitewashing he gave him, absolutely denying what every one else in Rome knew: that this tyrant had destroyed Herod's Temple.

Moses Cohen heads the Chinese Nationalists!

Ben Altheimer inaugurated Flag Day. Haym Solomon underwrote the American Revolution for over half a million dollars, Madison when a Congressman writing, "I am a pensioner of his bounty."

The first to enlist in the World War was one of these mythical internationalists—one of these mythical denationalized Jews. American Jews are constantly campaigning for the post of Commander, American Legion, always shouting in Congress for a bigger navy, the president of the National Security League during the World War being a

Jew. A Jew headed the movement to restore the home of Thomas Jefferson in Monticello, a Jew headed the recent George Washington Bicentennial Celebration. And who but a Jewess could or would coin a name like Sadie American?

Disraeli, a Jew, gave England Empire. Sir Rufus Isaacs, a Jew, administered it, and Sir John Simon, another Jew, recently defied the Kremlin to knock the British chip off his stiffened shoulder. What Englishman was more English than the late Lord Melchett, who had to fight his way back on his death bed to a faint knowledge that he was a Jew?

*The Jewish Forum* is forced to explain, "That the Jewish consciousness has not been obliterated from the minds and hearts of our French brethren is largely attested to by the numerous social and philanthropic enterprises which they maintain outside of France." And the Grand Rabbi I. Levi says, "We assimilate the French language, the French culture, French political ideals, etc."

It was the hundred-percentism of Ernest Nathan that kept this Jew mayor of the Eternal City eternally, not the questionable fact that "the Italian has more persistent blood than the German," to quote again the hot-brained Dr. Wagener. What native of sunny Italy was more Italian than Baron Sonnino, Ottolenghi or Luzzatti? And Mussolini has named the Jew Della Sata as the leading authority on prehistoric Italy. "The Jews of Rome are more Italian than the Hebrew," according to an Italian correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency who says in *The Jewish Daily Bulletin*, "It is almost impossible to recognize them as Jews even with a practised Jewish eye. To an American the Jews of Rome seem



more recognizably Italian than one sees in the Via Nazionale. It is in the Jewish Ghetto that one finds the types that are exemplified by the class of immigrants most frequently seen in America. The women are uncorsetted and wear black cotton dresses; they alone are adorned with golden earrings drawn through pierced ears; the men look like New York fruit peddlers."

The Old Testament is the Bible of racial exclusiveness, a fact Hitler should become acquainted with before he rips it out of the binding. The very terminology of the ancient Jews testifies to their militant nationalism. What was in the clannish minds of their Prophets is crystallized in the contemporary slogan, "Jewry for Jews." Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Rust and even Dr. Wagener have yet to take up the narrow claims of country against God as did Jonah who refused to obey Jehovah's instructions to interest himself in the neighboring Assyrians. To punish Jonah for his callow indifference to these "aliens" Jehovah, so the Bible story goes, smuggled Jonah into Nineveh in the belly of a whale.

Saul of Tarsus had already become the Paul of the world, psychologically, when he announced, "There is no distinction between Jew and Greek," a fact of which you could never have convinced the Greeks. These most enlightened of all the ancients viewed with suspicion all those whose language they could not understand, proving how superior one always is by reason of his own ignorance. Had the learned Greeks some notions of comparative philology the whole complexion of Greek prejudices would have been changed. But the Nazis have their Bohn library, or have they burned it? Plato and Aristotle never considered the Hindu mystics—

the original Sanskrit Aryans—other than "barbarians," as the Hitlerites see nothing in the Jew but "Mediterranean scum." Good translations were not in vogue in those glorious days gone by and many Attic notions have come down to us unrevised. No Greek ever understood and every Nazi has yet to learn (and from a despised Slav) that any man who thinks himself superior to another is like a mathematical fraction which, the more you multiply the less it becomes, to paraphrase Tolstoy.

Upon what do the proud unbending Portuguese Jews base their superiority to their English co-religionists? The English to the German Jews? The German Jews to the Russian Jews? The Russian Jew, in turn, feels most superior to the Galician Jew, calls him "*Galician Chazar*," and the German Jews used to sneer at the Polish Jews as "*wasser Pollaks*." The Georgian Jew feels superior to the Khazar Jew, the Morocco Jew to the Berber Jew. The Russian Jew has all but got an incurable inferiority complex from the German Jew who can not help patronizing him even during these dark days of trial when he is timidly tapping at his door for protection. The recent vogue in the United States for everything Russian from drama to movies was stimulated by none other than Russian Jews.

Among all the three hundred million inhabitants of India, are any more Indian in appearance, manner or speech than those twenty thousand Bene Israel Jews? The same holds true for Japan and its Jews, China and its Jews. When recently a representative of some Chinese Jews was asked by a representative of some American Jews what his co-religionists desired most, he replied in perfect Chinese, "A school for our children that they may learn who they are."

Even among the eight thousand Bombay Jews those emigrants from England "put on the dog" to those with a German accent and the Turkish Jew from Bagdad, lazy as he is, feels ever so much more important than the shy Bene Israel native Jew.

These Bagdad Jews have made their filthy ghetto at the very other end of Bombay, far as they can get from the native Jews, though both are equally interested in Zionism. The Turkish Jew who wears a still dirtier red fez than the native will have nothing to do with the Bene Israel who, dressed in characteristic Indian rags, will not eat of cow's flesh. Nor will the Bene Israel permit any intermarriage between members of their squalid community and those of their co-religionists of still darker skin. They spurn them as "Black Jews" as they themselves are spurned by the Turkish Jews. These illiterate, underfed Jews luxuriate in a sense of racial superiority to the "Black Jews" (dark as the Abyssinian Jews, Falashas) seeming to be as partial to blond values in matters of skin as the Berlin Brown Shirts.

**C**URIOUS that the thorough-going Nazis who have overlooked nothing in their "purification" processes, from religion to prize-fighting, are absolutely without any inner urge to revise any of their own confused thoughts. They still continue to confound psychological, religious and geographical issues, so that no one yet knows the real motives why that Jewish Professor of Indo-Germanic Philology committed suicide. One witless ukase follows another that has no place outside venom. If they don't stop the wheels of their moronic industry they will soon convince the world at large, even if they don't the natives, of their need for "ster-

ilizing the mentally unfit." It's gone so far that even Hitler is constantly complaining about "the inertia of the mind," just as the *Berliner Tageblatt* has to save its editorial face by announcing in brutal Gothic, "There may not be any room for wit these days of political strife."

No wonder. One day it features a Nazi proclamation for the Jews to get out of Germany, the next it tells them to try to get out. One day it runs a poster accusing the Jews of being "anational" and the next day threatens them if they speak or write in German. One day it announces that they are "aliens," the next it gives the news of a law depriving them of citizenship. The recently appointed Reich expert on Aryanism, Dr. Achim Gercke, will be able to maintain his enthusiasm for his post in direct ratio as he succeeds in shutting himself out from the devastating knowledge that he and his fellow Nazis are as Asiatic-minded as are those black Bene Israel Jews who never heard of the blond Storm Troopers.

"Racially, it would seem they [Aryans and Semites] had a remote common origin," Wells comments in his *Outline of History*, wherein the Nazi blood expert will find, though it break his heart, that it was Gautama, not Hitler, who originated the Aryan Way, the Aryan Path and the Aryan Truth. Intending to cheer up those hungry office-seekers everywhere trailing the elusive Chancellor, Dr. Gercke does throw a left-handed compliment to the blue-eyed races outside Germany, explaining, "While all Germans are Aryans, all Aryans are not Germans."

"The whole spirit of the Nazi movement is Oriental in its remote origins and far more antagonistic to what Mr. Hitler calls the 'Aryan' spirit than any-



thing that the German Jews could discover for him in the Law and the Prophets," says the New York *Herald-Tribune* editorial writer, pinning the Nazi to the board with a little denationalized thinking. "The Nazi appeal is clearly to a proto-Teutonism that has not dominated Germany for fifteen centuries. It is the kind of appeal which no one would have rejected more swiftly and forcibly than the ancient Teuton. . . . The military despotism over mind, body and soul which settled upon Rome in its decadence was clearly recognized by Tacitus and the other historians of the Empire as an Oriental blight which was destroying their ancient 'Aryan' liberties."

The deliberated nationalism of the German Jew has done more to harm Zionism than all the bitter speeches leveled at the movement by the British Lords or all the savage attacks of the Palestinian Arabs at the Wailing Wall. Zionism has never meant much more to the average German Jew than just another scheme of Russian Jews and as such they have relentlessly opposed it. "The German Jew always considered Zionism a mad caprice of 'Ost Juden,' the Jews of Eastern Europe," the Jerusalem correspondent of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency comments on the arrival of the refugees from Germany who seem bewildered in the Holy Land. "For years they looked upon Zionism as something queer, somewhat disreputable." Zionism itself is a nationalist movement, a wish-fulfilment of those disinherited Jews who have been unable to make a little niche for themselves in the countries of their adoption.

If the southern Russian Jew has cruder manners than a Khazar, the

Prussian Jew has always been more obtrusive in manner than any native swash-buckler. The fiercest nationalists the White Army ever encountered were those Derbend Jews whose ferocity made the Cossacks seem like wooden soldiers. Long before Hitler made a racket out of national hatred, one of the major prophets, Ezekiel, complained to his brethren that they had "done after the ordinances of the nations round about you."

This national impurity of thought—not their mythical internationalism—is the real "Jewish menace" to the continued peace of a world that still dreams of brotherhood. Nor will sanity descend upon the bewildered Reich when its German Student group (*Deutsche Studentenschaft*) "achieves the will and the ability to overcome Jewish intellectuality," but when the German Jew himself purges his thought from its narrow nationalism. And the same applies to every other Jewish national.

It might then somehow dawn on the minds of these incorrigible nationalists that their exclusive thought contains all the vicious features, in embryo, of all exclusive thinking which has one black goal—war.

The day the German Jew resolutely begins to "threaten the racial integrity of the Germans," that very day will he rescue his own psychological integrity—that day will he take his place with the progressive spirits of the world who want their thought pure—that day will he turn aside from the temptation to cooperate in the restoration of Thor and Odin and those other pagan gods who smiled down on their Vandal devotees drinking human blood out of the skulls of their fallen enemies.

# Sniper's Gold

BY TOM WHITE

*One of the depression's queerest phenomena is the horde of gold-seekers in our Western hills*

WEATHER-BEATEN signs bearing the legend "No Help Wanted" have done some curious things to this country, not the least of which is the violent dislodgment of millions from their accustomed grooves. After this comes the disturbing process of reclassification—a dazed interlude while eager, inefficient hands and minds grow used to alien tasks, if they have found any.

An outstanding example of occupational regrouping, resulting in a rearrangement that is at once picturesque and possessed of a dynamic appeal to the imagination, is that of gold sniping. Considering the unknown thousands so engaged, sniping has taken on the proportions of a major movement; and in the wake of this movement, which is plainly a direct result of acute industrial dislocation, there has sprung up a new sort of philosophical outlook. Highly elemental by reason of environment, cosmopolitan for the best of economic reasons, a distinctly piquant flavor is imparted to the new outlook with the addition of that compelling force known as luck.

Like an egg, luck is either good or bad: there is no middle ground in this new philosophy. The sniper's luck is

uniformly bad, but deep-hidden behind a sweat-soaked brow there lingers the pale shadow of a hope that he may be blessed with the other kind. While there is nothing new in that thought, there is something new and heartening in the knowledge that while hoping—and working—he is at least earning beans and jeans. Strictly speaking, he has a job, and though the return is meagre, his eyes and hands are busy; he is occupied. Endless miles of city pavement have become alien ground; his domain of today is a far different sort of place from that of yesterday.

Accustomed to the office, the shop and the store, and this followed by three years of idleness, the sniper has fitted into the primitive life of the hills with singular adaptability. The fact that names smacking of recent contact with Ellis Island are conspicuously absent from the ranks of the peripatetic gold miners is in itself significant. Martin, De Witt, Saylor, Hensley—such names are eloquent proof of pioneer qualities honestly inherited.

During the past summer sniping or river mining drew more heavily from the ranks of the unemployed than at any time during the depression. It is estimated that approximately 50,000



persons busied themselves at washing gulch gold in the States of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Inasmuch as California is known to embrace the most extensive gold fields in North America, and that her placers yielded vast fortunes in the days of the golden era, it is natural that approximately one-half of the snipers were drawn to the ravines and rivers whose headwaters spring from the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas.

An army of 50,000 persons is capable of performing a prodigious amount of labor, even though women are included, as nearly all of them work shoulder to shoulder with their men-folk. Prodded by grim necessity, and taking the pick and shovel route in preference to Community Chest tickets, which was entirely a matter of their own choice, 12,000 men and women in California during 1932 produced and sold to bullion buyers, the mint and to private refiners 30,880 lots of new gold consisting of dust, nuggets and amalgam, according to a recent bulletin issued by the United States Bureau of Mines. Parenthetically, almost one-half of California's million dollar gain in gold production during 1932 over that of the previous year was credited to the efforts of the sniper.

Now to get at the other side of the picture. Quoting the bulletin further, it is found that "The individual lots ranged from nine cents to as much as \$100 in some instances. This new gold (23,870 fine ounces) amounted to \$493,437. The average value of each lot sold was \$16, and the average amount received by the prospectors for their labors during the season or the entire year was \$41.12. The foregoing

figures are compiled by the United States Bureau of Mines from records of ninety-four bullion dealers licensed by the State Mineralogist to purchase gold in California in 1932."

To the river miner the bullion buyer occupies the same relationship as that existing between the farmer and the commission man. The buyer acts as go-between or contact man for the miner, and as such he often lets himself in for as much censure as the purchaser of crops. As a matter of fact, the gold buyer's skirts are relatively clean; at the same time, one can hardly blame the sniper for asking the obliging druggist or jeweler to make a check weight of his dust before he visits the buyer's office. He works hard enough for it.

The familiar \$20.67 an ounce is not the rate at which the miner is paid unless he ships or takes the yellow stuff to the mint, and trips are expensive; even then, he will receive hardly better than \$18 an ounce based on the total weight of his "poke" due to the presence of other metals, chiefly silver, that are chemically allied with his gold. Which is just one of Old Lady Nature's ways of flashing a sardonic grin at the river miner. However, the mint pays him at the well known rate for all gold 1.000 fine (twenty-four karats), and for silver at the official rate, less a fraction of a cent an ounce. Government has always been meticulous about such matters; and further to encourage the individual miner who may wish to ship or bring in small lots, the San Francisco mint is now taking a minimum of two ounces of new metal, where formerly no less than \$100 worth was acceptable.

In spite of the California regulation providing for the licensing of gold buyers, one particularly enterprising "skinner" made a whirlwind trip through a

number of snipers' camps last season. He had to work fast, for his was a buying racket. Besides an impressive-looking pair of balances he carried a handful of brand new copper pennies—"not even slightly worn." Also, he had a logical explanation for the derivation of the word pennyweight, a Troy unit of weight. The rest was quite simple: the miner's gold went into one pan, one or more pennies went into the other, and on the basis of so many of these "penny-weights" the gold was bought. He could well afford, as he did, to pay a higher rate than the licensed buyers. For the reason that had he allowed even the full rate for 1.000 fine metal his profits would still have been about fifty per cent, such is the difference between a pennyweight and the weight of a penny—even a new one.

Experienced buyers agree that their average purchases amount to about \$15, their highest running into the neighborhood of \$100, while they frequently purchase a few grains, or about enough to buy a packet of cigarettes. These figures may mean something or nothing, as the man who brings in a two dollar poke may live close enough to town to make weekly trips, while he who drops a five-ounce package on the buyer's desk may have panned and sluiced for six months before scraping that much together. Or, this same man may be one of those select few privileged to worship at the inner shrine of the Goddess of Gold, known as "old-timers," whose hard-won knowledge of rock, sand and gravel has enabled them to tease treasure from the ground at the rate of \$100 a month. But the ranks of the old-timers whose success is measured by the \$100 yardstick are so thin that they have all but reached the vanishing point.

The production of gold, like the

building of a steamship or the spanning of a mighty river, is something that to be economically feasible calls for mass effort. Today the individual is a pariah in the kingdom of the Goddess of Gold. Not for thirty-five years has she smiled on him, and then only half-heartedly; nor is he ever likely to find favor in her eyes again. Powerful electric dredges each capable of digging and sluicing from 10,000 to 18,000 cubic yards of gravel daily, platoons of miners armed with chattering air drills and dynamite that rip out immense caverns from the solid rock as they follow the gold vein—these are what bring a ravishing smile to the lips of the Lady of Gold.

Those who swarmed into California in '49 and the early 'Fifties were not miners; they were merely harvest hands. The stuff was here, there, everywhere for miles around, waiting for some one to claim it and pack it off. When they suddenly found themselves face to face with these vast riches they behaved exactly as they would had they found themselves exposed to imminent, personal peril—each man shifted for himself, and for a time the individual reigned supreme.

"The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49" were literally nothing if not dreams come true, for the individual. He thrived beyond his wildest imaginings right up to the point where the golden cream played out and he broke through into the milk. Then came partnerships, companies, syndicates, corporations, and with each advance in organization magnitude the individual faded deeper and deeper into the distance.

Still, for a while, even the top of the milk persisted in attracting the single-handed worker, but this time it was the



Chinese. With characteristic Oriental thoroughness he panned the gulches, ravines and riverbeds of the Mother Lode country to the point where even for him it was paltry pickings. So when his clean-ups failed to yield more than the daily dollar, he muttered, "No can do some more," then he quit. This was fifty years ago.

Now comes the sniper with his shovel and pan and sluice-box—frequently his wife, too, and oftener than not, a healthy spark of hope that will turn his shovel into a divining rod that will point to something that John Chinaman's keen eyes overlooked. If and when he finds the treasure, single-handed of course, the odds are ten to one that he will continue to work single-handed until his solitary labors cease to yield profits and he is forced to give ground to machinery and a share of the profits to associates. This is part of the gold psychology.

It is hardly reasonable to suppose that the army of snipers appeared, Topsy-like, in the hills and immediately began scratching about in aimless fashion like a brood of motherless chicks. Some one had to tell them how to go about their work: they needed intelligent direction, as fully ninety-five per cent of their number had never in ante-depression years even so much as seen a gold pan, outside of a museum. Consequently, droves of them struck out into the hills at first without even the most elementary instruction; keen was their disappointment until they learned what it was all about; Gypsy-like they wandered blindly through hills and dales that had never been known to yield a dollar in gold to the square mile; and it was not until the season was well along that most of them, their money all but exhausted, had found a promis-

ing bar, bank or bed on which to set up their home-made sluice-boxes. The others had become public-charges in communities where they were not only utter strangers but where there were already too many hungry persons to feed. The shoe pinched all over.

Meanwhile, sensing that a major movement was afoot the success of which, even to a degree, means at least a seasonal lightening of the unwieldy burden carried by relief agencies, certain forward-looking States undertook the simple expedient of preparing their embryo miners for their new work. It was quickly realized that the trifling expense involved in carrying on such instruction would unquestionably result in saving taxpayers many times that much. State governments are seldom knowingly and deliberately beneficent, but in this instance taxpayer relief carries with it an element of altruism in that the sniper is distinctly and directly helped.

One of the largest schools for river miners is conducted by the California State Division of Mines, at the San Francisco office, where classes are held twice weekly, the attendance at each class ranging from two hundred to three hundred. The prime requisite for matriculation is a thorough understanding that when once located in the field the budding miner will do very well if he washes a yard of gravel a day and recovers fifty cents' worth of gold for his eight to ten hours of labor. Class instruction is made up largely of professional advice on where and how to prospect for placer gold, and practical demonstrations on the use of the pan, rocker, dip or sluice-box, long Tom and the like. Also, printed information is given out dealing with actual prospecting, the building and operating of equipment,

instructions on filing, high lights on mining law, hints on the sale and shipment of dust and amalgam, including a list of buyers throughout the State.

If all the reputable printed matter dealing with the mining of gold, such as that issued by the United States Bureau of Mines and the various States as well as textbooks and other reliable reference works in 3,000 public libraries, were stacked one atop the other, it would make a ladder of knowledge as high as Jack's beanstalk; yet in spite of this mass of accurate data it is astounding how many men will pin their faith, hope (and later charity enters the picture) on glaringly exceptional bits of misinformation to the effect that easy money and plenty of it is waiting for the man with a dip-box and pan. To paraphrase a recently popular song, it may truly be said, "Gold, thy spell is everywhere." But when this spell takes the form of the printed word, and glowing assurances, veiled or otherwise, are dangled about, the spell takes on the form of a two-edged sword neither edge of which, unfortunately, endangers the most deserving neck. The harm is done not only to the one who is bitterly deceived by such publicity, which is bad enough, as gullibility generally goes hand in hand with a woeful lack of preparation—it works a real hardship on those already in the field who have been fortunate enough to find diggings that will yield thirty to forty cents a day for a limited number. ("For the love of Mike, mister, if you're writing us up, don't say we're taking out ten dollars in gold before lunch!" As might be reasonably expected, some are bitter on this point.)

Not long ago a young chap breezed into Nevada City, a picturesque old mining camp and a live one in the roar-

ing 'Sixties and 'Seventies. Because it looked more like a town in the rolling hills of his native New England than it did a mining camp, according to Hollywood standards, he warmed up to the place; and that night in a restaurant he confided to an old-timer that he was headed for the hills, the very first thing in the morning. "Yep; I quit my job in the store, climbed into the old Lizzie, California-bound, and as soon as I can buy a pick and a shovel and a pan—will I need anything else, mister?—I'm going to hit the highway again and go after some of that five to ten dollars a day stuff I've been reading about." In vain the other tried to tell him he was crazy; that because there were thousands ahead of him, some of them experienced miners, he would do well to make a dime a day. . . . Two weeks later, a battered car with a boiling radiator clattered up to the filling station next to Ott's assay office; the young New Englander climbed out, looked squarely into the level gaze of his friend, the old-timer. "Well, how did you make out, son?" "Oh, I got something, anyway." He had—forty cents' worth. "But I'm going home."

Extravagant statements notwithstanding, it has been estimated by competent authorities that in the foothill region of the Sierra Nevadas there are seven billion cubic yards of gold-bearing gravel carrying approximately fifteen cents in values per yard. Due to various difficulties, three billion yards of this material can not now be worked, leaving four billion yards that may some day yield a treasure valued at \$600,000,000. At least it's there. While the average of all the workable patches in the whole broad sweep of the rugged foothill country unquestionably would give up fifteen cents a yard, it takes



nothing less than quantity production methods to get at it, including of course the five-cent material on which scanty fare even monster dredges would fail utterly to show an operating profit if it were not for the richer gravels whose contents bring the average up to the fifteen cent level.

The sniper would have to work unconscionably long hours to wash as much as two yards of this gravel, and at that he would do well to recover twenty-five cents in values. His only salvation, then, lies in working the creek and river gravels into which a mite of fresh wealth is brought down by the streams after each rainy season. Considering that here is where the greatest natural concentration of "free" gold takes place, it follows that the favored spots lie along stream beds; hence the sniper camps strung out along the banks of such rivers as the Stanislaus, Mokelumme, Consumnes, American, Bear, Yuba, Feather, Trinity, Klamath and scores of creeks and ravines feeding these streams.

IN THIS vast stretch of territory lie thousands of square miles never reached by the sound of a locomotive whistle nor the blare of a bus horn. But there are plenty of roads, and no matter how flat the sniper's purse, there is a certain irreducible minimum of supplies and equipment below which it would be folly to venture into the field; hence the Fords, Chevrolets, Dodges, here and there a Buick—none of a vintage more recent than '29, which is significant—that are just as much a part of the river miner's equipment as his frying pan, and as indirectly vital to his work as the omnipresent gold pan.

The typical camp arrangement of the "four-bit" man is an ingenious set-up.

The tent shelters the Dutch oven, pile of dry firewood and a case or two of provisions; it pinch-hits as pantry, boudoir and clothes closet. A large canvas fly stretches over the tent and the jacked-up auto, standing four to six feet away, affording ideal shelter for living-dining room purposes. With its cut-away front seat, the car provides comfortable sleeping quarters. ("Of course, we haven't twin beds, but my husband and I have pillows and plenty of wool blankets. I guess we're lucky. . . . What do we call our camp? I don't know unless," turning to her neighbor with a wry smile, "we call it Camp Hoover: he put us here." Then as an after-thought, "Unless we can get out before 1936, and providing we don't starve before then, we're going to call it Camp Roosevelt—if he keeps us here.")

Dutch Flat and Howland Flat, Rough & Ready and You Bet, Cape Horn and Red Dog, and the regions roundabout Gold Run, Midas, Bullion, Port Wine, Brandy City and Drytown, and scores of other haunts of the early day miners—all have been administered an extra potent dose of spring tonic with the coming of this year's army of gold-grubbers. Cabins and shacks unoccupied for decades, some whose roofs have long succumbed to the weight of five-foot snows, have responded in satisfying measure to the needs of the sniper. A little work on the roof, a rebuilt chimney, a few panes of glass, a pair of door hinges, the removal of a prodigious amount of accumulated dirt—and at least a semblance of a home has been created. While none dares look too searchingly into the mouth of this gift-horse, nevertheless it has its compensations. Into this picture of a new-found home sweet home will never enter the

figure of the rent or instalment collector, nor will meter readers come prying about at regular thirty-day intervals, followed with lunar regularity by the unescapable evidence of their calls. Which is something.

Deeper even than the question of shelter is that concerning food. ("Yes; we can get along all right, providing we don't eat too much." One hears that repeatedly.) The buying power of even this year's fifty-cent piece has to be stretched unbelievably far to buy food for one and often two persons whose appetites, under the compelling urge of hard labor, make heavy inroads on a limited larder. This means of course that the man who scrapes together less than fifty cents a day, and his number is legion, either performs miraculous feats of domestic management or else digs into his nest egg, if any. Bartering eases the situation here and there, especially where one's pre-depression experience meets the elemental demands of the new order of things. There's a cobbler camped along lower Butte Creek who half-soles his neighbors' shoes for ten pounds of beans or two pounds of bacon; an ex-druggist near Smartsville alternates his labors with shovel and dip-box by administering first aid help, for which he receives pay in divers forms; a former grocery store manager with a distinct mechanical bent has developed, while camping on his "four-bit claim" along Bear Creek, a positive genius for remedying any ill to which auto mechanism falls heir, for which he is paid in anything from a few pounds of dried onions to a nearly new sweater. Orchardists and small farmers of the lower foothill regions enter the bartering picture by paying off their sniper harvest hands in peaches, pears, apples and garden truck.

Hill fever is an odd malady and one requiring far more heroic treatment than a perfunctory dose of sulphur and molasses. While even the most extreme cases have failed to develop a greater hunger for gold than for food, the fact remains that unnumbered thousands have lifted up their eyes unto the hills from whence, they believe, cometh their help—in the shape of yellow grains.

EAGERLY they leave the highways for the byways, turning their faces toward the prospect of a mere pittance earned at grueling labor, and their backs on the certainty of receiving from two to five times as much from their local relief agencies. Exactly what does this mean? Is it the expression of a commendable spirit of independence bordering on the heroic—a desire to rid themselves for a time from the stinging condescension of charity dispensers? Do they really cherish the hope of making a worth while find? Are they prompted by the laudable desire to keep busy at something—anything? Are they lured to the hills "just to get away from it all"?

Close questioning of scores of them discloses fully as many reasons, some shading from one into another, but all concerned with gold. It seems that the magic word itself is still potent; it still carries the age-old enchantment, the same sorcery that inspired the sun-worshippers to assign the name of their deity to the yellow metal. In short it is still something to conjure with, especially when the gleam of a particle worth no more than three cents, glimmering in regal yellow in the miner's pan along the upper edge of the black sand streak, persists in setting up an accelerated heart action.

This year more than ever, the foot-



hill regions present the most curious picture ever drawn against such a background. In the 'Fifties, when the rush was on and the bulk of the cream in the shape of placer gold was being skimmed off and lode mining was just getting away to a good start, every one was busy and unbelievably prosperous, both the independent miner on his placer claim and the man working underground for wages. Then, as gravel gold became scarce and river mining unprofitable, the solitary miner abandoned his claim and either went to work for a mining company or was readily absorbed in the ranks of some other industry. The building of transcontinental railroads, the development of newly opened farm lands, the throb of industrial life in fast growing communities—all this spelled prosperity which swept the country in waves, each mounting higher than the one before; and as agriculture and industry hopped blithely along like the rabbit in the fable, gold mining limped along at the pace of the well known tortoise, all of which of course is a normal economic phenomenon. Meanwhile, the hills were virtually deserted; only a few of the large mining companies could stand the strain of high wages in the face of a monotonous dead level price for their product. Then, in '29, the economic high compression motor started backfiring, and as the prospects of getting the thing to run became worse instead of better, as every other known industry began to succumb to the palsied touch of depression, the burden that had all but crushed the very life out of gold mining grew correspondingly lighter. Almost overnight, reduced labor and material costs were translated into terms of reopened mines, and the raising of daily tonnages and pushing of development work on

the part of the steady producers. Under the spur of unwonted activity, mining camps flourished and grew to the cheery accompaniment of shrieking whistles and pounding stamps.

Meanwhile, slowly and quietly and in direct ratio to the growth of unemployment, the hills roundabout the gold-producing centres began stirring with a new life. Men filtered in, mostly with wives and children; they unloaded their cars and pitched their tents; they overran the beds of rivers, creeks, gulches, ravines, wherever the gravel disclosed the minutest particle of gold. They came with tin cans, cups, pill bottles and tweezers—these were the “crevicers” who grubbed about in the cracks and seams of the bedrock at low water periods. They came with gouges and bars, scrapers and scoops, picks and shovels, even whisk brooms and wire brushes for gathering the finer material into gold pans for cleaning. The “mossers” were there, too: rocks overgrown with moss will often yield appreciable bits of fine gold that is either shaken out or the whole burned and the ashes panned or winnowed. The “sluicers” far outnumbered the others, with their dip-boxes and rockers. Regardless of the class of mining they elected to follow, all had gold pans. In true pioneer fashion the women, too, went to work: clad in overalls, a cotton shirt, a broad brim straw, they toiled along with their men-folk—“mucking back” with a long-handled shovel, throwing rocks out of the gravel, ladling water into the dip-box, preparing meals and cooking them over a wood fire.

From twenty to fifty cents a day—rarely any more: such is the sniper's average return. Yet perhaps less than a mile away and a thousand or two thousand feet underground is another man,

a miner, too, but he is working for wages at the rate of four dollars a day, and his helper, the mucker, is paid three and a half. After eight hours they are through. If he wants to, the sniper may work from sun to sun, and many of them do.

Here, then, is a unique industrial picture: it shows two men working almost side by side toward a common objective, one making ten times as much as the other. And strangely enough, the greater the yield of gold, the wider yawns the economic gulf between them; that is to say, as mining company profits grow, their men will demand and get more pay, and as the ranks of the sniper army continue to swell, the supply of placer gold remaining practically constant, it is self-evident that the earnings of the individual river miner will shrink.

Despite his meagre return and knowing, in most cases, exactly what to expect, the sniper has evolved a philosophy in which the potential far outweighs the actual: it has to, else why did he come into the hills at all? To put it another way, he is an out-and-out gambler; compared with him the early day Argonauts were the rankest sort of pikers.

Those who came into the gold country in the early 'Fifties fully expected to garner rich harvests, and by a miracle—in the light of other stampedes—they did just that; and those who failed to cash in as miners did quite well by themselves as purveyors of various lines of merchandise at dizzy prices, or by working for wages that for years were pegged at lofty levels. For them there was no such thing as economic uncertainty. There was more than enough for every one, and if a man failed to gain a share of wealth in some degree or form

it was entirely his own fault, no matter how woefully lacking he may have been in either manual skill or mental alertness.

Unless today's Argonaut worked three times as hard as his predecessor, he would have to leave the hills; either that or starve. And when the day is over he is fortunate indeed if his clean-up averages one-twentieth as much, although he may gain a grim sort of satisfaction from knowing that his food costs have been scaled down in proportion.

While the gold-seeker of eighty years ago staked everything on the outcome of his great adventure, he had in the majority of cases the advantage of far greater resources than the sniper of 1933. But in spite of his serious financial handicap, today's placer miner has a zest for his work that was seldom known in the early days. Then, the discovery already had been made—the whole world knew the stuff was there; now, the exquisite thrill of unearthing a stray twenty-dollar chunk is still in prospect. Which is another way of saying the sniper's eight to ten hours of grubbing around for thirty-five cents' worth of "color" is mostly a means to an end, providing he ever attains it. Although such admissions are not freely made, there lies beyond their daily work in more or less nebulous form the shadowy hope of turning up a nugget with the next shovelful, or possibly locating a rich pocket laid down by the eddying backwaters of the snow-fed streams.

None is so ambitious as to picture himself as a future James Marshall or George McKnight of discovery fame; at the same time he is ambitious enough to carry on in a game where all indications point to the cards being not only marked but stacked against him in a pretty hopeless kind of fashion.



# An Easy Way to War

BY HAMILTON BUTLER

*Recent experiments with them, such as the Jewish boycott of German goods, make this discussion of economic sanctions particularly pertinent*

THE fact that boycotts, embargoes and other economic sanctions are more likely to lead to war than to peace is widely ignored by well-intentioned people, who forget that any upstanding nation, if forced to choose between being destroyed in war or being reduced to economic slavery, will take the more heroic alternative.

Americans are particularly prone to this form of oversight. The success, if it may be called such, which has attended their efforts to maintain peace by embargo among warring factions in this hemisphere, appears to many of them sufficient warrant for applying the same deterrent to conflicts farther afield. A good many Americans, too, are victims of a pacific ideal wholly unadulterated by realism. They carry on their crusade for arms embargoes and commercial and financial boycotts, season in and season out, without taking the slightest heed of the possible and probable consequences, at home and abroad, which the adoption of their programme would have. They are dangerous because they are both sincere and impractical.

The efforts of the Stimson-Hoover Administration to obtain from Congress

the necessary authorization for the Executive to lay an arms embargo against a nation he deemed to be the aggressor in an international conflict, although they were not successful, afforded a startling revelation of how far forward our militant pacifists have pushed their assault on reason and experience. Congress, if it had given up the power asked of it, would have surrendered a very real protection for an intangible something, very problematical at best. Undoubtedly Secretary Stimson was sincere when he assured members of the House and Senate that the Administration had no intention of using the authority it sought against Japan: yet no one who realizes how tremendous the pressure is that organized minorities can bring to bear on the White House, will believe for a moment that our own peace or the peace of the world would have been advanced by taking the war-making power out of the hands of Congress, where the Constitution has placed it.

The resolution was jammed through the House under a rule which permitted no amendment of it. After it had been reported out in the Senate, Senator Bingham obtained its recall. The au-

thority to discriminate between belligerents was taken out of it before it was finally acted upon. The power it conferred must be employed impartially and neutrally. One objectionable element was thus eliminated. A general embargo upon arms and munitions to all belligerents alike ought to satisfy those persons whose objection to providing others with the means of slaughtering each other is solely humanitarian. Any arms embargo is bound to act unequally and is therefore open to the charge of unneutrality: for no two belligerents are ever in exactly the same need of external aid and comfort of this nature. At an early stage of the World War the Central Powers raised a pertinent point. They alleged that, after the Allied blockade had cut off their supply of munitions from America, they were penalized by our continuing to furnish war material to their enemies. A resolution was offered in the Senate to stop the exportation of munitions to both sides. One reason why it was promptly killed was that the prospects of a profitable business with the Allies were then brightening. The embargo on arms shipments to the Far East, which the British Government imposed last spring, was protested by the Nanking authorities on the ground that it hit China far harder than it did Japan, which is now equipped to supply all the war material required for such an adventure as it was engaged in at the time. Although there is something to be said from that point of view, an embargo against all belligerents stands on solid moral and legal ground than one which presumes to pick the aggressor and then to penalize him. As Judge John Bassett Moore has pointed out, a government that discriminates between nations in this matter "intervenes in the

conflict in a military sense and makes itself a party to the war." That is not the way to peace.

THE steps by which we have progressed from the wide-open sale of arms and ammunition to all and any who had the money to pay for them to our present situation are clearly marked by a long series of resolutions introduced in Congress during the past twenty years or more. The first of these was the Joint Resolution of March 14, 1912, which provided that

when the President shall find that in any American country conditions of domestic violence exist which are promoted by the use of arms or munitions of war procured from the United States, and shall make proclamation thereof, it shall be unlawful to export, except under such limitations and exceptions as the President shall prescribe, any arms or munitions of war from any place in the United States to such a country unless otherwise ordered by the President or by Congress.

Ample precedent for such a resolution could be found in the many proclamations issued by Presidents, as far back as Buchanan, against filibustering in Cuba, Mexico and other countries to the south. The notable features of the instrument are those confining its employment to this hemisphere and to conditions of domestic violence, as distinguished from violence between different nations. A decade later (January 31, 1922) another resolution extended the scope of the Executive authority to "any country in which the United States exercises extraterritorial jurisdiction." China is such a country. Consequently it has been possible for the Government in Washington to intervene in the civil wars that have been going on in that unhappy land by issuing licenses for the exportation of war material only to the particular faction upon which it has be-



stowed the blessing of diplomatic recognition. At the time of his resignation, as Chinese Minister in Washington, C. C. Wu stated that he could not aid or abet this discrimination against the Canton faction, with which he sympathized. China is thus bracketed with Cuba and Nicaragua, as far as arms embargoes go.

An effort further to curtail the sale of death-dealing implements by denying them to all belligerents was made by Congressman Burton, who offered in the House on January 25, 1928, a resolution providing that

whenever the President recognizes the existence of war between foreign nations by making a proclamation of neutrality of the United States, it shall be unlawful, except by consent of Congress, to export or attempt to export any arms, munitions or implements of war from any place in the United States or any possession thereof, to the territory of either belligerent or to any place if the ultimate destination of such arms, munitions or implements of war is within the territory of either belligerent or any military or naval forces of either belligerent.

The distinctive feature of this proposal was its extension of the arms embargo idea to international wars in which the United States wished to be regarded as neutral. The thought behind it was to protect and uphold our neutrality, while we were attempting to limit hostilities by refusing the belligerents weapons with which to fight. There was no hint in it of deciding which party was the aggressor. The embargo was to be a passive gesture: certainly not an active instrument of compulsion.

A few months after Congressman Burton introduced this resolution the Pact of Paris was signed, virtually pledging the entire family of nations to renounce war as an instrument of

national policy. This event has since shaped our approach to the question of economic sanctions. The Kellogg-Briand multilateral treaty was a gentlemen's agreement, with no other teeth in it than the obligation of nations to keep their word. The Soviet Union, first, and then Japan found themselves in dispute with China. Secretary Stimson sprang the Pact of Paris on them. The authorities in Moscow had no difficulty in establishing an alibi. Japan has taken refuge in the right of self-defense, which the signatories of that celebrated document were given to understand was implicit in it. At the same time Japan and China have been conducting a series of operations which, if it had not been for the advantage to be gained under the Covenant of the League of Nations by calling them something else, would long since have passed into the records as the second Chino-Japanese War.

All this has been very distressing to many people in this country, who really believed that the World War ended war and who are therefore unable to understand why nations go on fighting. They want the Pact of Paris fitted out with effective teeth. Among them is Senator Capper, who offered in the Senate on February 11, 1929, a resolution requiring that

whenever the President determines and by proclamation declares that any country has violated the multilateral treaty for the renunciation of war, it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, to export to such country arms, ammunitions, implements of war, or other articles for use in war, until the President shall by proclamation declare such violation no longer continues.

The adoption of this resolution would have marked a tremendous expansion in our national attitude toward

economic sanctions. Without consulting any other signatory, we should have had decided for us in Washington whether or not an apparent violation of the Pact of Paris was a violation of it in fact, and if the violation were real and contumacious, we should have found ourselves faced with a virtual cessation of trade with the offending nation—since there are few articles of commerce which do not come into use in war. Scarcely had this proposal been disposed of, when trouble broke out in Manchuria. Japan set out to remedy it by armed force. Whether this was war or merely, at first, a case of vicarious enforcement, was lost sight of in Secretary Stimson's haste to imply by notes to Tokyo and Nanking that he regarded it as a violation of the Kellogg-Briand pact. Senator Capper was equally prompt in attempting to give this implication the support of Congressional action. The purpose of the resolution he introduced in the Senate on April 6, 1932, was to implement Secretary Stimson's note of January 8, 1932. After quoting from the note the resolution continued:

Sec. 2. That in case other nations, not parties to a dispute, have in open conference decided that any nation has committed a breach of the Pact of Paris by resort to other than pacific means, and have further decided not to aid or abet the violator by the shipment to it of arms or other supplies of war, or to furnish it financial assistance in the violation; and in case the President determines and by proclamation declares that a breach of the Pact of Paris has in fact been committed; it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, and until the President shall, by proclamation, declare such violation no longer continues, to export to the violating country arms, ammunitions, implements of war, or other articles for use in war, or make any such trade or financial arrangement with the violating country or its nationals as in the judg-

ment of the President may be used to strengthen or maintain the violation.

The effect of such a resolution, if adopted, would have been to bind us morally and by implication to follow the League of Nations in any punitive course it might have taken in the Far East. After the way the League has bungled the whole affair, any thoughtful person must be grateful that this country escaped any such commitment.

A NOBLE motive lies behind all these efforts to prevent or limit the ravages of war. A similarly noble motive underlay the recent attempt to remove the abuse of alcoholic beverages by Constitutional amendment. The two objectives are also alike in the fatuity of the methods by which it was sought to attain them. They won't work. Certain persons in Europe have been unkind enough to suggest that if we were in a position to lose as much by arms embargoes as some European countries are, we should hear less agitation for them. What is obviously true is that an arms embargo laid by one country against a nation like Japan is impotent to affect its decisions, as long as other arms-exporting nations continue to aid it in equipping its army and navy. What appears to be equally futile to expect is that all of the arms-exporting countries, with their widely different interests in different parts of the world, will agree voluntarily to take the same action at the same time against the same alleged violator of the Pact of Paris or the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The United States, Great Britain and France "commonly supply three-fourths of all the arms and ammunition that go to export markets." Our contribution is principally in the shape of



ammunition, while Great Britain and France go in more for the exportation of arms. Thus in 1929 we furnished 22.7 per cent of the world's export of ammunition and 9.6 per cent of its export of arms. Great Britain furnished 30.3 per cent of the arms and 36.7 per cent of the ammunition, while the corresponding figures for France were 18.5 per cent and 11.3 per cent. Any arms embargo against a belligerent could not hope to be effective unless all three of these powers were joined in its enforcement—and even then it might be evaded by other countries, which would be tempted by it to enlarge their own export trade in war materials and which could be prevented from doing so only by blockade, a step still nearer to the very war it is the object of all these sanctions to prevent or put a stop to.

An interesting sidelight on the probability of joint action by even the leading arms-exporting countries was provided by the short-lived embargo instituted last spring by the British Government on arms shipments to both Japan and China. This action was taken by the Government very suddenly—within not many hours after it had declared that such action by a single power would be futile: and to this day there has been no public announcement of the exact reason why it was taken. A special cable to the *New York Times* commented as follows:

The British Government was distinctly pleased with itself today, as it studied the world's reactions to its arms embargo against Japan and China. Part of this satisfaction is the feeling that the problem now is squarely up to the United States and off Britain's shoulders for the time being. Part of it is pleasure at Foreign Secretary Simon's adroitness in having taken some kind of moral stand without risking a single British life or jeopardizing a single munitions worker's job. . . .

The deepest secrecy is maintained as to existing contracts, but it is believed they will keep the factories busy for at least a month more before the exports of arms to Japan and China are stopped. . . . The British have the comfortable feeling that they have done something morally and ethically noble without losing anything. They are pleased to think that they have snatched moral leadership in this matter from the United States, which has talked of an arms embargo for months but has not yet taken effective action. If Congress should continue to block an embargo, the British warn they will reconsider and even withdraw their own, but they will be able to say then that it is the Americans' fault.

An attitude of that sort provides poor ground upon which to build hopes of sincere and whole-hearted coöperation of the great powers in any measure of this kind, where self-interest enters in as largely as it does in the munitions business. The British embargo was withdrawn before the existing contracts had been filled and the factories closed. Japan criticized it because it savored of a rebuke to her. The Nanking Government denounced it violently, as discriminating against China and in favor of Japan, which was in a position to turn out all the munitions it required. The State Department in Washington refused to take similar action, apparently on the ground that it did not penalize Japan as the aggressor, and that let France out, which had announced that it would take any step in which both the United States and Great Britain joined. As an excellent illustration of diplomatic buck-passing the British embargo ranks high: as a deterrent to war in the Far East it amounted to nothing.

ARMS embargoes are merely limited boycotts. They boycott a nation in one direction and in connection with a single branch of trade. A distinction may be made on moral grounds: yet

when one comes right down to economic realism, where dollars and cents count, the only difference between them is one of degree of profit and loss. Joint action by the great trading powers to give up a profitable market in the remote hope of bringing another country to their point of view is difficult of attainment: for the insuperable reason that the cost of a given embargo or boycott is not the same for any two nations, when measured by actual sacrifices necessary to make it effective. While one country is giving up a valuable market, another country may actually be profiting, directly or indirectly, therefrom. While certain persons may derive a measure of moral satisfaction from boycotting an alleged offender against the law of nations or an alleged violator of the Pact of Paris, another class of people in the same country may have to walk the streets because of the resultant disruption of the industries upon which their livelihood depends. The burden can not be made to fall evenly on the just and the unjust alike.

Suppose, for example, that the agitators for a boycott against Japan had had their way, at the time of the Shanghai affair. Japan supplies nearly eighty-five per cent of the raw silk upon which our silk industry depends and that industry employs a quarter of a million people. They would have been added to the already sufficient roll of unemployed in this country. On the other hand, Japan is one of the largest and most dependable purchasers of American raw cotton. She took in 1931 more than 1,740,700 bales, valued at nearly \$80,000,000. As John Foster Dulles has said:

If the recent Sino-Japanese situation had been felt to call for the application of economic sanctions, involving an embargo on

cotton exports to the Far East, it would be the American cotton growers who would bear a large share of the cost. This would be evidenced by a sharp decline in the price of cotton, and other nations who were importers of cotton would be the gainers thereby.

Japan gets about forty-eight per cent of its raw cotton imports from the United States and about forty-two per cent from India. If we stopped shipping cotton to Japan and India did not, obviously India would benefit directly from our action, while the depression in price of raw cotton resulting from the stoppage of our exports to Japan would advantage the cotton manufacturers of England and the Continent. This fact, which was made clear by our experience during the early months of the World War, when the Allied embargo and blockade interrupted our trade with the Central Powers, should not be lost sight of in attempting to measure the influence of foreign encouragement to the United States to become the spearhead of the army of righteousness in strafing other go-getting nations. The complaints that flooded the State Department in 1905, when the Chinese carried out a boycott of American goods in retaliation for alleged abuses under our exclusion laws, showed how little sympathy for economic sanctions may be expected from those who grow cotton, as distinguished from those who make a business of pulling wool over the country's eyes. Another thing that has to be taken into account in this connection is the fact that Americans have something like \$450,000,000 invested in Japan and in Japanese securities. Their interests can not be lightly disregarded.

Self-interest was just as prominent in the action of the smaller members of the League of Nations in condemning Japan's course with respect to China, as



it was in the action of Great Britain in effectually blocking the application of sanctions to Japan that would have seriously cut into British trade, as well as endangered a friendship in the Far East upon which much of British policy is predicated. The little European countries, whose representatives in Geneva were so anxious to punish Japan, stood to lose nothing by embargoes or boycotts or even war, which the major powers would have had to conduct, while they thought to profit by erecting in the remote Orient precedents that might be useful to them at some future date nearer home. This country would be exceedingly ill advised to be dragged into active coöperation with any punitive movement based upon moral grounds so obviously thin and transparent.

The most dangerous fallacy that is being spread in this connection is that the aggressor in a complex situation can be divined as easily as a Connecticut farmer can discover a potential well with a crotched stick. Ambassador Bingham had hardly landed in England before he told an audience that "I do not believe there is a ten-year-old child of average intelligence anywhere in the world who could not fail in the event of war to select instantly the aggressor." Older persons find that more time is necessary to make selections that will stand the test of calm and judicial inquiry. The farther we get away from the World War the less certain our scholars are becoming that all the right was on one side and all the wrong on the other.

The truth is that neither the Covenant of the League of Nations nor the Pact of Paris provides an infallible guide to the detection of real, as distinguished from apparent, aggression by one nation or government against an-

other. The machinery of propaganda is so highly developed today that those who control it can whitewash offenders or attach the stigma of aggression to innocent parties, with deceiving facility. Snap judgments are as likely to be wrong as to be right, when they are dictated by controlled public opinion. The United States was condemned by the man in the street in London, as it was by the man in the street in Paris, Berlin, Rome and every other Continental capital, as the aggressor, a wanton aggressor, when it attacked Spain in 1898. Similarly, American opinion was strongly against Great Britain in the Boer War. What we did have in 1898 was that "drawing-room sentiment" of London upon which John Hay placed so much stock that later he obtained for England the official support of the Administration in Washington in the South African War. That proved nothing regarding "the latent idealism of the common people." Aided by the censorship on news out of India today, a vast number of Americans appear to be convinced that Gandhi and his followers ought to be strung up for twisting the tail of British paramountcy. Yet Professor Harold J. Laski, an Englishman, says of the situation in India:

I should be prepared to have Great Britain state her case in relation to India before the League of Nations with an entire confidence in the result such as, being an Englishman, I do not have when I am told by Englishmen that we are in India for the benefit of India, and by Indians that we are in India for the benefit of Great Britain. I find a certain margin of difference between those statements that leaves me with a sense of moral discomfort.

At the time of the Shanghai incident of 1932, a large and articulate element in this country, swept off its feet by

Chinese propaganda, demanded that the great American people go to the succor of the still greater Chinese people. College professors petitioned the Government. An American Boycott Association was created in New York, which is still trying to induce Americans not to buy Japanese goods or lend the Japanese any money. Agitation reached the point where the least misadventure in Shanghai would have produced another *Maine* and war with Japan would have been unavoidable. Although the atmosphere was anything but conducive to calm judgments, Secretary Stimson picked his aggressor and Senator Capper drafted his resolution to enable economic pressure to be brought upon Stimson's selection. The effects of the lies then told and the propaganda that flooded the country are still active, although it long ago became clear that the clash between the Chinese 19th Route Army and the Japanese landing party was deliberately incited by the Cantonese faction that had just been thrown out of the Nanking Government, as a means of embroiling Chiang K'ai-shek with Japan, or, if that failed, as it did, to enable the malcontents to denounce his lack of "patriotism" to a populace infused with a new nationalism based on acute anti-foreignism.

THE present is a high-strung era. The art of stirring up popular feeling in one country against another has been so refined that it is particularly necessary, if nations would avoid war, to be on guard against foreign influences behind national judgments. Above all else is it necessary to disabuse our minds of the idea that nations have given up war as a means of protecting what they regard as vital interests or will quietly submit to "pacific" starvation. It may be useful

to take a thought from Lord Percy:

There is a good deal of pharisaism in the current talk about a "change of spirit" in international affairs. This talk seems to be based on the dangerously smug assumption that the wars of the past have been caused wantonly by the ambitions of statesmen. This assumption is quite mistaken, as every historian knows. At the root of every great war there has been a real conflict of interests and usually also a real conflict of belief about right or wrong.

The days of territorial expansion may have largely passed. The battles of the future apparently are to be for the possession of what Sir Thomas Holland calls the earth's "strategic minerals." These are the basis of our industrial development, as well as of national defense. Americans, who are self-sustaining except for nickel, tin and rubber, among the essential raw materials of peace and war, are likely to forget the constant terror under which nations not so favored live. Japan's efforts to obtain economic independence by obtaining control of dependable sources of raw materials have led it into Manchuria. And every time an agitation is started abroad to restrain it by economic sanctions, Japan merely takes up another hole in the belt of its determination. The same desire to secure economic independence was behind German and French colonial activities. Great Britain has gone into many corners of the earth over which its flag does not fly to make sure of an oil supply that will not fail it in war. American rubber consumers are still seeking to free themselves of dependence on alien rubber supplies. All up-and-doing peoples are looking to the future in this respect. The acquisitive instinct is as keen today as it ever was. The significance of this fact has been admirably stated by a thoughtful English publicist:



Similar suspicions may be aroused by the most ordinary and innocent operations of commerce. The acquisition of a wolfram mine in Bolivia by a Canadian or American firm becomes a move in the war control of materials for munitions: a shipping merger in the West African trade is judged according to whether its management will be centered in London or Paris. Such apprehensions may well have a more unsettling effect on international good-feeling than even competition in armaments, and in a future war carefully organized control by belligerents over their own exports may be more damaging to neutral trade than the most lawless action by contending navies.

As these lines are written, Japan is debating the largest peace-time naval and military budget in its history. The Japanese are not an aggressive people, as peoples the world over go. They have merely come to the conclusion expressed by the late Marshal Muto in these words: "I repeat that neither the League of Nations nor any other power can change our determination to pursue our established aims in Manchuria." They are alive to their own paucity of industrial raw material and are convinced that their national salvation depends upon obtaining from abroad what they can not produce at home. They are

in this respect much like other nations, which have the power to take what they want. They believe there is a higher law than the Covenant of the League of Nations or the Pact of Paris: the law of self-preservation.

All this doubtless is disquieting to good people who believe that, after the United States has acquired all the territory it desires—and some which it would like to get rid of—the *status quo* should be crystallized: that there should be no more alterations of boundaries or sovereignties. Unfortunately the day when that happens, is still far in advance of the present generation. And to attempt to hasten it by means of economic sanctions, with the idea that they will be accepted by the nations to which they are applied as anything but an invitation to war, appears to be about as costly a method of stirring up the embers of conflict as could be devised. If we want to provoke war, we can do it by continuing along the line mapped out by our pacifists with embargoes and boycotts until we clash with Japan or another nation. If we really wish to avoid war, the less said about such things the better.



# The Neglected Hypochondriac

BY MARIAN TYLER

*Who suggests a method of dealing with him based on the assumption that he is merely a person of sensitive nerves and physiological idiosyncrasies*

I KNOW a man who feels ill about half the time. He has spent in the last five years at least one whole year's income on medical attention. One of the best hospitals in the country, after analyzing and X-raying him from head to foot, gave him a clean bill of health; yet an evening party, a short trip by train or motor, a sandwich at the wrong hour, a cocktail or a glass of beer at any hour, spoils the next two days for him. He and his friends reluctantly concluded that he was a hypochondriac, but his wife had another theory, one which contains a wise suggestion for every one of dubious health, and perhaps even for the learned profession of medicine. She got a notebook and made a record, day by day for three months, of everything he ate, and of every fluctuation in his health. She finally worked out a régime which will keep him in normal condition as long as he follows it. It is severe enough so that he breaks it from time to time, hence the vestiges of his ill health.

Of the doctors who examined him at such vast expense, about half pronounced every part of him healthy, without saying much about the way the parts functioned together. The other

half suspected, in fact accused him, of almost every disease from acidosis to syphilis, and spoiled his confidence in their more encouraging colleagues. His collection of diagnoses alone might have sufficed to turn any one less intelligent into a nervous wreck.

No reputable doctor likes to waste time on a hypochondriac. How is he, sympathetic as he may be, to remove an organic cause that can't be found? We smile indulgently or impatiently, depending on the closeness of our connection, at the professional invalid, or even the man who fills his medicine cupboard with too large an assortment of remedies and antiseptics. But give us one little pain which the doctor can not locate, and we are hypochondriacs ourselves. I venture to say that everybody with a normal imagination becomes a candidate for bread pills at least once in his life, probably far oftener.

The line between hypochondria and a genuine functional disorder is also shadowy at best. Think of the sufferers from recurrent indigestion (induced by worry) the persons who forever have a little cough (purely nervous) the martyrs to inexplicable blinding headaches. The physical distress which these



people suffer is not necessarily removed by an impatient physician's assurance that the symptoms arise purely from a state of mind. They are really sick, often chronically sick, and this does not make them any more popular with the doctor, who enjoys curing a case of typhoid, or performing a dramatic operation, not fussing around with people whose temperature and blood-pressure are normal. The director of the New York Academy of Medicine admitted in a public statement that most doctors have little interest in chronic complaints. Yet such ailments, he admitted further, affect 70,000 people in New York City all the time, cause thousands of deaths a year, and waste time and labor worth more than \$100,000,000.

Well, the doctor is bored, or the patient feels that he is. Four or five other doctors give him half-hearted prescriptions but no relief. What is the poor fellow to do? He usually begins dosing himself, with the help of the modern witchdoctors, the patent medicine industry. Father John's remedy, Lydia Pinkham's pills, Fletcher's castoria for which the children of misguided parents still seem to cry, none of these would be making fortunes for their stockholders except that millions of suffering mortals have failed to get relief from doctors and have lost confidence in them. The doctors' defense is that the patients would not follow their régimes of diet, rest and exercise. But is it quite consistent to assure a patient that there is nothing wrong with him, but that he can not live like normal people, eat their meals, keep their hours, enjoy their amusements? Even this he might accept if it fitted his case exactly, but he feels that the doctor does not know him very well and is applying

a rule of thumb, on the chance that anybody who stops smoking and gets ten hours' sleep a night will automatically feel better. The nostrums come in bottles; they are easier. The patient goes on eating what he likes, and takes a daily laxative.

They dose themselves, these victims of imagination or whatever it is, and make life miserable for all their associates, whom they may outlive. Nearly every family has one such suffering member, who parades her symptoms at funerals of the healthier relations for a generation and a half. The name professional invalid describes the occupations of most of them. Sometimes, however, the hypochondriac amounts to something. My friend of the expensive and futile diagnoses is a brilliant lawyer. Many a young novelist would sacrifice his health to be able to write like Marcel Proust, who suffered so from nerves and asthma that visitors could not bring a perfumed handkerchief into his presence. He died at fifty-one, disdaining doctors to the last, possibly because as a physician's son he knew too much about them.

So they do not all survive. Some turn to cults and die of neglected but genuine illness. It is all very well to sneer at faith-healing and such superstitions, but almost every superstition indicates the limitations of the science which should offer a firm substitute. Proved knowledge seeps fast in these days. Few people now believe in alchemy, or a flat earth, or spontaneous generation of snakes from horsehair; but many people cling to superstitious beliefs about the future, before and after death, about mind-reading and character-building, and about diseases and their treatment. Is it not fair to reason that these are subjects either impossible of

exploration or insufficiently explored? And that the faith-cures and patent medicines will drop out when medical science provides relief for chronic invalids and hypochondriacs? In the meanwhile, the victim may get just as much value for his money whether he pays it to a famous specialist or contributes it to a mystical healer.

Suppose he is wise enough to consult a reputable psychiatrist instead of either. Here he runs into the opposite danger. I know of a young engineer, depressed and run down, who had six months' daily treatment by a fashionable analyst for various emotional difficulties and what was supposed to be a nervous cough, before a severe hemorrhage sent him to Saranac, barely in time. On the other hand, one of the staff of a medical school hospital told me of this case: a girl of sixteen, emaciated until she weighed only sixty-eight pounds, made the rounds of hospitals and sanatoria being treated for defective metabolism. At last my informant, himself a metabolist (if that is the official name for his specialty) decided to look for an emotional cause, and found it in an extreme repressed attachment by the patient for her brother. In two months after this discovery and corresponding treatment, she gained thirty pounds.

When cases as definite as these two elude the experts for so long, is it any wonder that causes are not readily found for the minor aches and pains of the rest of us, who happen to be sensitive and not too well adjusted to the circumstances in which, as the parsons say, Heaven has placed us?

A CURE for cancer will be a wonderful achievement, but an explicit knowledge of individual differences in physiology will be more wonderful.

That is the hint contained in my friend's notebook about her husband's diet and health. It is also the logical conclusion of the advice of a very wise physician indeed, to cure the patient, not the disease; and the logical result of the brilliant beginnings in dietetics and physiological chemistry. Why should a fat patient respond to the same treatment as a thin one? He can not wear the same clothes. His inner parts may be just as individual as his figure. Even now science recognizes that different constitutions require differing fuel to keep their metabolism burning at the right heat, thus reestablishing the proverb that one man's meat is another man's poison, which in the first flush of discovery of vitamins, roughage and such vital ingredients was temporarily lost sight of. Instead, however, of ruling out meats, sugar or acid for victims of this or that specific disease, which amounts to little more than repair work after the damage is done, it should be possible to establish the proper formula for each individual before he has time to do himself harm. It would be a small price to pay for good health and spirits. At least hypochondriacs would think so.

A bewildering mass of untouched material awaits the doctor, along with the psychologist and the teacher, who looks at a human being as a unique and uncharted whole. What can be determined about an individual by all methods now known to science is the merest beginning. About parts of him almost everything is known. Doctors can do wonders for an ailing kidney or a broken arm. They are like garage mechanics who can mend tires, valves or motors, but are hazy about their interconnections. And no wonder, for there is no factory where they can watch



human beings in process of assembly, not even, to date, a place to watch them run. So it is tacitly assumed that they are all made on the same model, and any afflicted organ is treated to make it match its healthy counterpart on the imaginary model. One can conceive an individual whose every part was perfectly healthy, but ill-assorted as to shapes, sizes, rates of function. Such a body, faced with the hourly, almost momentary adjustments we must all make to light, temperature, food, activity, emotion, would be constantly out of order. How many doctors could discover why?

Here is Dmitri Karamazov, let us say, being examined in prison and described by a group of modern specialists. What will the chart record? The usual life insurance routine, beginning with his height—one of the few indices which do not vary much. His weight—but that can be only an approximate figure; weight should be expressed in a statistical curve over a period of years. His blood pressure, pulse, chemical and microscopic analyses of his vital juices—these too should be curves. How can the doctor tell whether prison life has lowered or raised his blood pressure, a figure which wavers for every one at a pleasant smell or a sudden noise? They strap him into a gas mask before breakfast and measure the carbon dioxide he exhales. Basal metabolism probably high, another comparative constant. Perhaps they diagnose him as an adrenal type, but this will be largely a guess. X-rays of his lungs, heart and stomach show little. He is young and reasonably healthy. His answers to queries about his past illnesses are practically unintelligible. Vision astigmatic, hearing normal, teeth and tonsils bad.

By the psychiatric department

Dmitri will be interviewed, asked embarrassing questions which he will refuse to answer, and probably be labeled manic-depressive. By the Freudian wing of the same department, much attention will be paid to his hatred of his father, and to what will probably be classified as a hoarding complex.

Our chart of Dmitri Karamazov is finished. It gives, not precisely an outline of his character, but a few points around which an outline could be drawn, as the ancients drew around groups of stars the outlines of a swan or a lion or a queen sitting in a chair. We do not know half so much about Dmitri as Dostoevsky knew. But let us consider what might be known about him if present methods, and no others, had been applied systematically. Before even looking at Dmitri in person, the group of specialists would send for his records and study those. They would find his chemical and glandular idiosyncrasies in infancy; their development year by year, with occasional lapses in the record, and traces of dissipation as well as undernourishment; the physical and temperamental characteristics of his parents, with presumptive inheritance to be watched for. Now call him in and carry the curves a little farther; but already more is understood about him than could be synthesized from a whole battery of tests given him at one single stage.

OF COURSE the object of all these records is not to explain pathological cases, whether in Russian novels or American institutions; not to cure them or even, desirable as it would be, to prevent them. The object is to plot the limits of variation in normal persons, the connections between various traits, and to find more and more delicate

ways of adjusting delicate mechanisms.

Scientists have never shirked labor. They are much more likely to waste it. The point of departure once arrived at, lifetimes of effort will be lavished to chart the related characteristics of individuals. The research men had better stick to physiology for a time. When that is understood, psychology will follow easily, if not automatically. The point of departure in studying individual humans is to examine a great many of them and record and compare the results. In other words, the point of departure for this staggering job may very well be my friend's notebook. Measure and record, measure and record, until you have a thousand notebooks over a period of at least twenty years. Not daily records, of course, but monthly or quarterly, and from infancy. To get a thousand records it would be wise to start with ten thousand subjects, half of them scientists' children, for instance, whose parents can be counted on to coöperate, and the other half inmates of orphan asylums, who can not easily escape. Examining stations should be strategically placed to catch those who move their residence. Under these conditions, at least a tenth of the subjects should last out the whole course of readings. A few hundred older children and adults might be included for comparison, until the records extend over all ages.

On the prescribed day every subject will present himself at the clinic. He will be given a routine examination, but the officiating doctors will soon learn which points to watch for in each subject. The garage mechanic who looks after our car knows by experience that the carburetor and the windshield wiper must be checked. My family doctor has similar favorite spots to observe

when I make my occasional call, but he can not measure most of them, and our joint decision whether or not his medicine has helped me is made on the vaguest grounds. The quarterly examinations in our proposed clinic will take note of all the above data as for Dmitri, plus motor patterns, galvanic index and a variety of other learned observations of which we laymen have never even heard—forming a series of graphs something like those which are made in such profusion for every soulless corporation. Theoretically the subject will be perfectly well when he calls, so his data will be more soundly comparable than the data my doctor gets of one indisposition after another mild upset. Also, to make a curve, as any under-draftsman knows, you have to take your readings at regular intervals. Where possible, the subject's close relatives will also be studied, for their bearing on his case, and as material for research in the dark regions of human heredity. Eugenics enthusiasts will find this whole programme lacking in drama. Is it not, however, a necessary preliminary to their plans, since in order to steer inheritance with anything like accuracy one should first find out concretely how it works?

Record everything that can be measured about these human guinea pigs, whether its use is at first apparent or not. These records will consume many tons of paper. Other tons will be saved (with the corresponding labor) in the repetition of pages of "histories," those inaccurate, subjective reports which now give physicians all the information they can get about any conditions prior to the moment of consultation. I suppose my lawyer friend dictated his history to fifty doctors, all of whom patiently wrote it down. In less space, they could



have had accurate notations, in figures, of his actual processes, year by year for his whole life.

A dossier like this, growing with regular supplements, as good dentists now indicate new fillings on their plan of a patient's teeth, would give the examiners of Dmitri Karamazov at least an outline of his peculiarities, instead of the constellation of isolated points provided by one inspection. It would add at least another dimension to expert knowledge of human physiology. Dmitri's chemistry, understood and corrected, might have saved him from his fate—a poor contribution to literature, but of no little value in life. The chemistry of my lawyer friend, recorded and treated, might or might not have made him a better lawyer, but it would have spared him and his wife physical and mental suffering to an incalculable degree.

After a long period of routine measuring, our clinic may turn its attention to formulas for diet and treatment. The objection at once arises that subjects can not be made to stick to their formulas. The unfortunate first thousand of course will be forced to (allowing for the nine thousand who manage to escape). If the system were extended and every one charted, I think most people would follow the formulas, first because it would be made easy for them, and second because no one would be a marked man, an invalid. One would be simply an individual who like every one else has his own régime to follow as a matter of course. He would go regularly to the clinic or the doctor to keep him healthy, just as he now goes to the barber to keep him tidy. He would have his own food quite as casually as he now has his own clothes, and it would fit at least as well. But how about the

human urge to get drunk and enjoy yourself by spending your reserves faster than the law allows? I doubt if there is much to be done about that. It may vitiate part of the records for many subjects in the adolescent stage. Unless people have a motive for discipline, they do not sacrifice their pleasure. For most adults, assured health would be motive enough. For the children there may by that time be some great national adventure like the Russian Five Year Plan, to give point to personal fitness. And for every one, the rapid check on results of any dissipation, and the pressure of public opinion, may keep orgies within reason.

Our enterprise will have to be well organized for the protection of the cooking profession, if for nothing else. Food, for instance, can be reasonably standardized, or rather classified into a dozen or twenty different kinds from which the diner may fill his own prescription. The more personal elements in it might be combined in a sort of supplementary cake or biscuit, prepared to recipe by a public chemist. A dinner menu will not have to provide all the dismal specialties of a hospital kitchen, but why should it not be more sensible than at present, with food considered as fuel, rather than as a medium for rare æsthetic sensations? We have got over appreciating beautiful gilt chairs of precarious stability and back-breaking shape. Presently we shall get over appreciating delicious French sauces and titillating cocktails which damage our insides.

The company dinners of the future will serve a wide variety of simple food, admirably cooked, and perhaps a few sound wines. By selecting the dishes and drinks which fit his programme, and taking one of his own prescribed bis-

cuits, a guest will be able to enjoy himself, as the anti-caffeine advertisements now promise, without a sleepless night or a hangover. This would be a boon to touring lecturers and other entertained individuals. Even the privately formulated biscuit, which I admit sounds stuffy, may be omitted, and the citizen's necessary chemicals administered in private once a day. It would be worth it to be spared the ritual of pills, tonics, laxatives, injections, which so large a fraction of the adult population now needs to keep it in something which approximates working order.

WHAT is all this scheme but a form of the much-argued preventive medicine? Nothing else; but it begins the work of prevention earlier than most plans proposed by my elders and betters, and applies it, once organized, to the whole population. It recognizes definite differences between normal individuals, differences which have never been properly studied. Or hardly ever. There is a factory in Milwaukee that keeps minute health records of a group of employes and their families, well and sick. But of course most of them are taken on after they have reached a comparatively advanced and uninteresting age. If a factory can do a job like this, why can not a foundation do a more thorough job along the same lines? They have only to begin, with the knowledge now available. Once records are systematically kept, new knowledge will come pouring in, refining at every step the methods of treatment of dis-

ease, threatened disease, minor maladjustments of every kind.

Chronic ailments, alas for Lydia Pinkham, would have a hard time getting started in the face of these constant readjustments of régime; organic troubles an even harder. Hypochondriacs would feel the kind of personal attention and protection which used to be so important a function of the Almighty. It is comforting to feel that, if not the hairs of one's head, at least the units of one's hæmoglobin are numbered. Self-pity as a debilitating force would be consequently reduced. If the hypochondriacs follow their formulæ, as they at least can be counted on to do, their physical symptoms will also decrease. Pseudo-mystic cults will practically disappear. Hospitals may be busier than ever, as headquarters for the clinical observations, and in treating various perfectly real ailments which today go undiagnosed. Emotional difficulties will still have physical parallels, and psychiatrists will still be busy. Armed with the charts, however, they will have an easier task. The charts of these individuals will be watched with special care, since one neurotic patient in a hundred or so may really turn out to have the mysterious disease he dreads. But I do not think that many of them will survive the system. I think a hypochondriac is simply a person of sensitive nerves and physiological idiosyncrasies, who can not be prescribed for by mass production. Once his special processes are specially observed and treated (sympathetically) he will become virtually obsolete.



# Conference vs. Lobby

BY P. W. WILSON

*In the last fifteen years sixty international conferences have come to more or less ignominious conclusions, all for the same essential reason*

IN THE solar system, astronomers have noted at times certain vagaries of movement among the planets for which there was no obvious explanation. It was assumed that there must be some unknown celestial body, exerting an influence, which retards, accelerates and deflects the stars in their courses. In order to discern and to define this influence the mathematician has had to argue from the known to the unknown, and it has been a task of no little complexity. It required years of calculation in several observatories to deduce the presence of the planet Neptune from the irregularities of the planet Uranus.

The reader of newspapers can not be wholly unconscious of a somewhat similar influence on public affairs. There are phenomena, reported from day to day, for which he can give no reason based on facts within his knowledge. Things do not happen as it was anticipated. Yet we are not able to say why they fail to happen. In the atmosphere itself, invisible to the eye and eluding other perceptions, there seems to be a kind of impalpable frustration. Statesmen announce objectives. Peoples applaud. But the objectives are not

attained. It is as if an airman were flying full speed, as he supposes, through clouds which, however, drift aside every hour or two, revealing the curious fact that the plane is precisely where it was before. Some unsuspected current in the atmosphere has counteracted the onward progress of the machine and, despite consumption of gasoline, brought it to a standstill.

A war was fought to end war. In the hour of victory, President Wilson proceeded to Europe in order to lead the negotiation of a permanent peace. The peoples of a stricken world appeared to be unanimous in their enthusiastic support of this policy. The progress of President Wilson through London, Paris and Rome was—as it seemed—a triumphant endorsement of conquering idealism. Beyond all skepticism of the pessimists, he had public opinion at his back.

Behind the scenes something then happened. There were delays and friction. Hidden forces were brought into play below the surface of which the applauding populace were not allowed to know the significance. They were forces so subtle, so persistent and so powerful that, week by week and month

by month, they defeated the declared hopes and wishes of mankind. President Wilson, hailed as a prophet of the dawn, was sent empty away.

At Genoa there was, once more, an international conference. Its aim was an appeasement of troubled Europe, and it was assumed that public opinion was prepared to go to great lengths in that direction. The conference met, and for weeks the wires were blocked by speculations, platitudinous eloquence, generalities and resolutions which were intended to convey the absolute minimum of meaning. The conference failed, and hopes, confidently renewed, were again dashed to the ground.

More lately, in language of the utmost gravity, statesmen of the highest eminence warned the world that the nations are facing a crisis of momentous importance to civilization. The supreme issues of peace and war were said to be at stake. Owing to the depression, dozens of millions of breadwinners were out of work, and everywhere revolution was smoldering. Under these circumstances of desperate urgency, as they were announced to be, two conferences, representative of the whole of a suffering mankind, assembled. The cost of these conferences to the taxpayer was not small and the ceremonial amid which they opened their proceedings was Olympian in its solemnity. If simple, the aims were far-reaching. At Geneva, there was to be obtained a substantial relief from the dangerous menace of armaments in Europe. The conference in London was to adopt measures to facilitate the immediate resumption of trade. Yet both conferences, thus called under what was stated to be an imperative necessity, collapsed in abject anticlimax, nor was there any reason to be discovered, especially in

respect of armaments, that was commensurate with the calamity.

At Stresa and elsewhere the Danubian countries as a group have conferred similarly, and not before it was time. Their insolvencies were epidemic. Yet economic federation in eastern Europe, though in the obvious interest of all concerned, has been defeated. Even at Ottawa the British Empire, discussing its commercial destinies with Elgarian pomp and circumstance, could achieve nothing substantial, save bad temper, and of this there was a plethora.

SINCE the Armistice fifteen years have elapsed. More than sixty international conferences have been held, and the League of Nations has added its own numerous meetings. Yet there are delays, prevarications, avoidance of issues and a strange refusal to arrive at obvious decisions, nor need we be surprised if people suggest that, as a diplomatic method, conferences are futile. They are the wheel on which, one by one in turn, every statesman of international vision has been broken. Lloyd George, turning internationalist, was crushed. Briand and Herriot, when internationalist, were no more fortunate. Cecil, Henderson and MacDonald have been sidetracked. Beaverbrook, as an imperialist, shared the same fate. Roosevelt and Cordell Hull have appealed for what seemed to be reason, military and economic, and appealed in vain. The world was politely appreciative. But nothing was allowed to result.

It is inevitable that people should lose faith in conferences as a diplomatic method. But does this diagnosis probe to the root of the matter? Have they the whole truth within them who, like Winston Churchill, would abandon Parliaments of Man and Federations of



the World, and hand back diplomacy to foreign offices, embassies and legations of the old style? Is it the time to disintegrate the League of Nations itself, and forget that, on the pages of history, so foolish an attempt to create a holy alliance of all the incompatibilities was ever recorded as a satire of altruism? Or is such talk tantamount to begging the question?

We have to ask ourselves why so many of these conferences have had to be held. For the fun of it? Hardly. If conferences have seemed to be advisable, it is because there are problems which ambassadors are not able to solve by simpler negotiation. They are problems which, by their very nature, can only be discussed—so it is argued—at a round table. It may not be, therefore, the conference as a method that is wrong. If there were a will to succeed, whatever the method, would not a way be found?

A favorite theory is that a kind of original sin called nationalism has brought civilization to a standstill. As a shocking example, people point to Germany and the Nazis.

The theory is plausible. But is it adequate to the facts? Long before the Nazis in Germany began to burn the works of Helen Keller and to hound Einstein out of the country, conferences were separating without achieving full results, and the Germans argue that Nazis are only returning to militarism because their neighbors—sitting at conferences—refused to abandon it. Nor are the Nazis the only people in the world. Women by the million have met, talked and signed monster petitions in favor of disarmament. A wave of pacifist sentiment has swept universities, so conservative as Oxford, where resolutions declining to fight have been carried by

the youth that, in the event of war, would be called upon to bear arms. With the Kellogg Pact on record—and even if there had been no Kellogg Pact—no statesman in a responsible position would dare, pointblank, to combat the demand for a reduction in armaments; and on the economic side, expert opinion, in universities, banks and elsewhere, seems to be, in effect, no less unanimous. Reports and resolutions of every kind have been promulgated for years, demanding the right to trade.

In the diplomatic field an intensified patriotism has certainly developed. It has been worked up by those who perhaps have their own reasons for working it up. But as Edith Cavell once remarked in another connection, "patriotism is not enough." In his dictionary Dr. Johnson, who was as good a Tory as ever breathed out prejudices but also an honest man, defined patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." So with a good deal of what is called nationalism. When drawing the teeth of their victims in public, quack dentists, in the days of yore, sometimes had a brass band playing big music as a precaution against the cries of the patient. Is it possible that the flag may also serve as a convenient camouflage for "loyalties," as Galsworthy used to put it, of a somewhat more intimate significance?

IN ELECTED legislatures there is a chamber for debate, surrounded by a gallery for the admiring public. But in order to reach the floor of "the house," the statesman must pass through the portals of what, mysteriously, is called "the lobby." It is not so conspicuous in its architectural design as the chamber but, none the less, it is a recognized part of the ground plan.

The lobby has its uses and, some cynics have suggested, its abuses also. It is the arena where "the boys," as they are amicably described by the experts, play politics as a game. It is not a game that every politician plays. There are countless men in public life—all honor to them—who show by their example that honesty is the best politics. But the game can not be ignored.

In some quiet corner of the lobby, symbolic coins are tossed into the expectant air. If it be heads, the politician wins. If it be only tails, the public loses. You can not understand the making of contemporary history in all its ramifications unless you know who owns the coin.

In diplomacy it is the custom to be polite. From the Kingdom of Ruritania there arrives an envoy plenipotentiary, accredited to a conference. He is greeted with profound respect. No one would dream of questioning his motives. His only desire is to render disinterested service to his country and to mankind. But does not His Excellency pass to his desk, with its blotter and its inkwell, through a lobby? How else can he enter the conference hall? And in the international lobby are there no quiet corners where coins are tossed into the air?

If his Ruritanian Excellency says anything from the rostrum, which does sometimes happen, it is broadcast over land and sea, as an official pronouncement. There are headlines—"Ruritania Calls a Halt" or "Ruritania Demands a Fair Deal"—nor is anybody so rude as to hint that, in all probability, not one Ruritanian in a hundred has the least idea what the envoy plenipotentiary, speaking ostensibly for his nation, is driving at—still less that his countrymen, if they did know his real meaning, would be such fools as to approve of it.

The Ruritanian Excellency is accepted, not as a penny-in-the-slot machine repeating by rote, but at face value. No mental reservations over his credentials are permitted. They would be contrary to diplomatic etiquette. Nor is it any one's concern that, during his mission, Ruritania itself may have risen in revolt against his party and replaced the Government by an opposition which had been compelled to live in prison or in exile.

Would not some mysteries be elucidated if it were realized that delegates to conferences are no different in mentality and environment from statesmen elected to legislatures nearer home? Where can we find a distinction of principle between the game of politics played in an international and that same game played in a national lobby? It is the same game. It is played for similar stakes. It is played according to identical rules. It is not the game of France versus Germany or Bulgaria versus Yugoslavia. France and Germany and Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are merely the flags on the grandstand. The game itself is the private versus the public interest, and it may be the business of a diplomat to see to it that the public interest does not get the upper hand.

Even on a well-lighted stage things may be more than they seem to be. Gandhi's *ashram* has been a place of sincere and reverent prayer. But is prayer inconsistent with politics? Not entirely. The Brahmans of Bombay, as they conduct their cotton mills, do not object at all to financing a *Satyagraha* that happens to include a boycott of competing cotton cloth woven in Lancashire. What does worry them is the Mahatma's insistence that "untouchables" are citizens. They employ the "untouchables" who, belonging to the



"depressed classes," can be had the cheaper, and, in seeking to liberate these wage slaves, there are hints that Gandhi has lost influence in the Nationalist movement.

It is obviously to the interest of the United States that her attitude towards the Philippines and Cuba should be above the least suspicion of sordid intention. The relations between this country and Latin America depend entirely on that confidence being unshaken. Every legislator knows it. Every newspaper is aware of it. But is there no lobby to be considered? Do we not hear casual talk about Cuban sugar? Are there not hints of imported Philippine hemp and peanuts? It requires courage in a politician to determine destinies that affect the peace of Asia and the unity of the American hemisphere solely on their merits. Policy is like one of those boats on the medieval Rhine which had to run the gauntlet of the castles where barons did not argue but exacted toll.

The passage of a tariff through Congress is a deliberately adjusted process. Persons of poetic insight refer to the lobby during these susceptible periods as a kind of exchange of ideas—a word-game in which copper comes to terms with wool and agricultural machinery sympathizes with the industrial infancy of protected textiles. In the zest of the tit-for-tat a tariff may be entirely transformed. The legislature that set out to reduce the burden, may end by piling an added burden on the back of all concerned.

WHAT is the difference between discussing tariffs nationally in Washington or Paris and discussing them internationally at Stresa, Ottawa or in London? On every side these

conferences were beleaguered by the usual lobbies. Every industry, urban and rural, that considered itself to be affected by proposed changes in rates of duties or quotas, mobilized and financed its forces. Currencies themselves were commandeered. They had been media of exchange. They were regarded as a combined tariff on imports and subsidy on exports. To all other kinds of war there was added a free-for-all between dollars, pounds and francs.

In the lobby diplomats, like politicians, play partners. At some point of detail, an English expert and an Italian expert may seem to be opposed. Yet each of them, by wrangling with the other, is serving a common end. He is prolonging the filibuster and holding up the progress of business. By insisting on a quota in Czechoslovakia the diplomat helps, let us say, a Rumanian who also wishes, on his side, to insist on a quota. The two quotas seem to be contrary. In reality, they are a kind of electric positive and negative that stimulate each other.

We are told that millions of men are conscripts under arms and that billions of dollars are spent on munitions. Why not liberate the conscripts? Why not save the money? On the floor of a conference everybody agrees that it should be done. But how about the lobby?

An order to build a battleship is canceled by agreement. It is a victory for common sense and international good will. But somebody loses the spending of \$50,000,000 and it hurts somebody "like hell." For a great and gallant service promotion of officers is arrested, and that also hurts. So with a reduction of armies, a scrapping of big guns and tanks, the abolition of chemical warfare. There are employment and profit in these activities. Tens of thousands of

brave and honorable men, and some men who are so human as to be mercenary, have consecrated their lives and invested the comfort of their families within these condemned occupations. In the lobby entrenched militarism stands at bay. It is fighting for its existence.

The playing partners thus continues. On the floor the French are naturally shocked by Germany's demand for equality in armaments. But in the lobby that is a familiar calling of trumps. Nothing is so serviceable to the armaments industry in France as talk about the rearmament of Germany. So in Japan. There is no real objection to photographs of the Red Army mobilized for review on the square of the Kremlin at Moscow. Higher appropriations for preparedness can be demanded in Tokyo. On every committee that discusses a reduction of armaments and every sub-committee the experts on all sides play into one another's hands, magnifying differences of detail, inventing demurrers, chopping logic, complicating formulas and employing every artifice to keep the system of war in being. That nations are nervous is also true. People are apt to be nervous when an organization within the commonwealth fills the cellars of the citizens with dynamite.

This comedy has now gone on for sixty years. It is no different from what it always has been. In 1870 Queen Victoria, at the instance of Gladstone, appealed to the King of Prussia to come to terms with France over armaments. Bismarck's answer was that the King of Prussia was too proud of his army to allow it to be discussed. Doubtless he was proud of Moltke's marvelous creation. But it was the lobby that used a King's pride as *non possumus*.

The Czar Nicholas and Tolstoy differed over many matters. Like Litvinoff and Mussolini, who also differ, they united in the demand for the only basis of peace, namely, a reduction of armaments. At the Hague conferences were held, and Andrew Carnegie built a palace for the purpose. Even in palaces there are lobbies, and the veto of the lobbies was absolute. Nothing was done.

Before the War, I was among the writers who exposed the armaments lobby. I write nothing now that was not written then. Essentially, Europe faces the same situation.

Take a great firm like Krupps. It was supposed to be a German firm. In reality it was an international organization of armament interests that spread in a network over England, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary and Russia. To this international industry it made no difference how guns were to be fired. The profit was in the guns, and artillery was manufactured, therefore, which could be used on both sides of the trenches. The directors of the apparently opposed firms would be found belonging to the same interlocking finance. It was the lobby of this huge enterprise, subsidizing newspapers and influencing governments, that created the conditions which made inevitable the World War.

The lobby represents no more than a minority. But old "Joe" Chamberlain, who had a grim way of putting things and knew politics, was under no illusions as to its authority. "When it comes to votes," he would say, "one man with an interest is worth ten men with a principle." The lobby focuses the challenge of the minority against majority rule. It is powerful not because it is multitudinous, but because it holds the strategic



position, and, shielded by secrecy, can afford to be unscrupulous.

The international organization of mankind is not a small undertaking. It is sure to be a slow process. On the other hand, the arrest of the stream of progress by a dam across the gorge

is a grave matter. The waters accumulate behind the dam and the dam bursts. It happened in August, 1914. It may happen again. If it be a choice between civilization and the lobby, is it civilization that ought to be sacrificed?

## Thieves

BY HUBERT CREEKMORE

OFTEN have I wished to chain the dawn  
 below horizon's rim, attenuate  
 the tranquil moments of its blushing stain  
 upon the gray, and keep the day at naught.  
 Too little peace spins in the sun of noon.  
 The farthest deaths and massacres are mine  
 to bear before the bodies yet are cool.  
 The tight-knit world must flinch in every mile  
 concertedly aghast at each diverse  
 atrocity. I have my own deep source  
 of sorrow and would tend its jealous hurt  
 without encroaching pleas to pay my court  
 to others' ills. The wind and sun must merge  
 as solitary mine before they purge.

# Rejuvenating Old Man River

BY WAYNE GARD

*While the railroads still cry poverty, American rivers bear more traffic today than they did before the Civil War*

OLD MAN RIVER is humming again. In the last few years he has been carrying more of the nation's commerce than ever before—more than in the palmy days of Mark Twain's piloting before the Civil War, more than in the revival of river traffic with the "floating palaces" of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties. Steamboat whistles are now heard daily on rivers that were almost silent from 1912 to 1920.

True, the old romance of the rivers has not come back. Though several antiquated showboats are still doing business, the new river vessels—many of them with steel hulls and Diesel engines—are without the sentimental appeal of the ornamented side-wheelers that flourished half a century ago, bringing Jenny Lind, political spellbinders, and glamorous gamblers to the river towns. Few of the new boats carry passengers, nor do they engage in races comparable to that thrilling event of 1870 in which the *Robert E. Lee* steamed from New Orleans to St. Louis in three days, eighteen hours and fourteen minutes, defeating the famous *Natchez*.

In the days of hoop skirts, the cry of "Steamboat a-comin'!" awakened the sleepy river towns to feverish activity.

Scarcely any one was too busy to go down to the wharf and watch the packet come in, its twin funnels belching black smoke and its crew making ready for the exchange of passengers and cargo. Every boy hoped some day to run off and work on a steamboat that would carry him to the magic cities of St. Louis, New Orleans and Cincinnati.

The new river vessels, as a rule, are much faster than the old flatboats, built to float "on a heavy dew"; and they move enormously larger loads. One barge has carried on a single passage 8,000 bales of cotton, or 150 freight-car loads. On the Ohio and the lower Mississippi, it is common to see a towboat pushing six to a dozen barges, each laden with a thousand tons of coal. An unusually large boat recently pushed from Pittsburgh to New Orleans thirty-two barges containing a total of 600,000 bushels of coal. The trip was made in less than sixteen days, and the freight bill was \$18,000, or one-tenth of the cost of shipping this coal by rail at \$100 per car. This saving was exceptional; but, in general, the use of the rivers saves from ten to twenty-five per cent of the all-rail rates.

In 1929, the rivers of the United States carried 135,000,000 tons of



freight, as compared with 93,000,000 tons in 1924. The business depression did not reduce this traffic as drastically as it did that of the railroads. In 1930, steel mills in the Pittsburgh district shipped more than a million tons by river, increasing their water shipments over those of 1929 despite a drop in output.

The rivers, of course, have been highways for travel and transport since prehistoric days. Indian canoeists used them, and the first European explorers and missionaries in the new world followed the water routes. Benjamin Franklin promoted inland navigation; George Washington was president of a canal corporation; and, a century later, Theodore Roosevelt declared that "There is an intimate relation between our streams and the development of all the other great permanent sources of wealth."

Great Lake sailboats and steamers and Ohio rafts and side-wheelers carried most of the pioneers who cleared and settled the wilderness of the Mississippi valley; and in the South, river boats moved much of the cotton to market over a long period. But finally the quicker transportation by rail put the old steamers out of business, except on the Lakes. During the first quarter of this century, the rivers were almost idle. Many of the river towns became known as dead towns, as far as business was concerned, and the river trade was lamented as gone forever.

THE rebirth of river transportation had its origin in 1918, the final year of the World War. William G. McAdoo, then director general of the American railroads, had appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of reviving river traffic to relieve the

railroads, which at that time were heavily overburdened. The committee, in its report, advised the establishment of barge lines on the lower Mississippi and on several of the rivers of Alabama.

Armed with this recommendation, certain Mid-Western and Southern business men called upon Mr. McAdoo in May, 1918, and urged him to establish a barge line with Federal capital. This was done within the next two months; and by September the line was in operation, with a few barges and towboats belonging to the United States engineers. The Government intended this venture to last only for the duration of the War, which—it happened—ended two months later; but the river cities were anxious to have the service continued as an experiment to determine the practicability of river transportation, and their wishes prevailed.

The experiment was a costly one at first. The Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service, operating under the War Department and badly tied with red tape, lost nearly a million dollars a year from 1920 to 1924, inclusive. But in the latter year, the plan of organization was changed. The Inland Waterways Corporation was formed along the lines of a private business corporation, but with the Federal Government owning the entire capital. It was not long after this that, under the efficient management of Major General Thomas Q. Ashburn, the deficits were changed to profits. The corporation has now earned profits of more than a million dollars. It has been the intention of the Government all along, of course, to turn the corporation over to private hands as soon as it has fulfilled its experimental purpose. General Ashburn recently predicted that this change is near at hand.

For 1932, the operations of the In-

land Waterways Corporation showed a profit of \$771,073 for the Lower Mississippi section alone. This amount was earned in spite of the business depression and the rise of new competition from private barge lines. In addition to this profit, the corporation had a reserve of \$5,000,000 deposited in part with the Federal Treasury and in part with commercial banks.

Railway men frequently have pointed out that this corporation has certain "hidden costs" which the public pays. It is exempted from certain taxes, it spends nothing for maintenance of the waterways, and it pays no interest on its capital. On the other hand, General Ashburn holds that these "hidden costs" amount to only 1.23 mills per ton mile and that their being entered upon the corporation's books would not erase all of the recent profits. As for taxes, the corporation owns little assessable property except in Birmingham, where it does pay taxes. The taxes on its other property, at the rate paid by other barge lines, would be trifling. The corporation's connection with the Government, in fact, has been a disadvantage in that it was unable to wipe out its early deficits by receivership proceedings as a purely private organization might have done. It has suffered also from being forced by political pressure to operate on the upper Mississippi before channel improvements had progressed far enough to allow loading the barges to a profitable depth.

Moreover, this and the other barge lines have been handicapped by discriminatory rate-cutting by the railroads. Thus the rail freight rate on sugar from New Orleans to Chicago, a distance of 900 miles, was lowered to twenty-eight cents per hundredweight while the rate from New Orleans to

Kansas City, 866 miles, remained at sixty-five cents. The difference is explained by the fact that the railways had effective water competition to Chicago but not to Kansas City—until the summer of 1933. Many similar discriminations could be cited. If this slashing of rail rates crippled the barge lines, there would be no moaning among railroad executives. Shippers benefit by the lower rates, where and when they exist, but they will have no assurance of the continuance of the reductions until the barge lines are operating upon a more permanent basis.

THE stimulation of river transportation has been effected not only by the example of the Inland Waterways Corporation and by the fact that railway freight rates are much higher now than when the old steamers flourished but also by channel and terminal improvements which the Government has made. This federal interest in interior waterways is not new. A century ago Uncle Sam assumed responsibility for the rivers when Cornelius Vanderbilt, counseled by Daniel Webster, successfully attacked the private waterways syndicate formed by Robert Fulton and Robert Livingston Stevens.

During the last four years, however, the Government has spent twice as much upon river developments as in any earlier period of the same length. On the lower Mississippi and the Ohio, a nine-foot channel is now open all the way from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, and this channel is lighted for night piloting. Smaller channels extend up to Minneapolis, Chicago and Kansas City; and the Minneapolis channel is now being deepened to nine feet as a part of the public works programme of the Roosevelt Administration. Albany has



been made an ocean port with a twenty-seven-foot channel. Additional improvements are being made in the Warrior and other rivers, and considerable progress has been made on the protected inner channel along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

The major phase of this improvement programme opened with the signing of the Rivers and Harbors Act by President Hoover in July, 1930. This act directly authorized expenditures totaling nearly \$144,000,000 and approved additional projects estimated to cost about twice this amount. These projects include the canalizing of the Great Lakes system as well as river improvements.

The business depression has interfered with the prompt carrying out of some of the provisions of this bill. While the promoters of the approved developments have argued for promptness not only to facilitate river transportation but also to increase employment, Congress refused to grant the large appropriations asked for. In September, 1932, however, the War Department allotted \$26,000,000 for rivers and harbors projects in a programme to aid employment, and in July, 1933, important waterways projects to cost approximately \$90,000,000 were included in the new public works scheme.

Opposition to the programme of river development has come mainly from the railroad operators, who fear the rivalry of water transportation and who object to the Government's aid to the river carriers. The river men reply that the Government is now subsidizing air lines and oceanic shipping with fat mail contracts that sometimes pay more than a dollar a letter and that the Government has pampered the railways from their origin to the present day.

They point out that, beginning in the middle of the last century, the Government has given the railroads enormous grants of land. According to the computation of Patrick J. Hurley, former Secretary of War, these grants have totaled 155,504,000 acres—an area larger than that of the Atlantic seaboard States from Maine to North Carolina, inclusive. It has given them many kinds of financial assistance and even now is lending them enormous sums which few people expect to see repaid. It granted them numerous benefits in the Transportation Act of 1920, including a heavily watered valuation. In many early cases, the Government even lent engineers and troops actually to construct the railroads—soldiers who were paid not by the railroads but by the taxpayers. In view of these circumstances, river men hold that the railway operators are scarcely the ones to talk about keeping the Government out of the transportation business.

Some of the Western railroad executives, however, are sympathetic with river developments. They recall the advice of that veteran railroad builder, the late James J. Hill, who in 1907 warned the railroad world against regarding inland waterways as rivals. "You can not find a man eminent in railroading in this country," he declared, "who is not also an ardent advocate of waterway improvement. The future of the waterway is assured, not so much as a competitor but as a helper of the railroads."

The river enthusiasts contend that the revival of waterway transportation is likely to aid the railroads instead of harming them. Just as the railroads, in their early days, extended their lines into the Western wilderness and became the forerunners of agricultural and in-

dustrial development, so the water carriers will stimulate new business in the regions they serve. They will make possible the development of new industries in the inland cities—industries which would not be profitable except for the lower transportation rates offered by the waterways. And as these new industries are stimulated, the railways will share in the profit. Additional industries mean bigger payrolls, more buying power and consequently more railroad tonnage.

WATERWAYS offer by far the cheapest means of transportation, and it is difficult to minimize or to offset such a basic economic fact. When wheat sold for two dollars a bushel, the freight rate seemed unimportant. But when the price fell to forty cents, farmers naturally became more interested in waterways developments which promised a saving of five to ten cents a bushel, which means an addition of this amount to the price the farmer receives.

As Herbert Hoover pointed out when he was still Secretary of Commerce, "If we have backloading, one thousand bushels of wheat can be transported one thousand miles on the Great Lakes or on the sea for \$20 or \$30. It can be done on a modern equipped Mississippi barge for \$60 or \$70, and it costs by rail from \$150 to \$200. These statements are not based upon hypothetical calculations but on actual going freight rates. The indirect benefits of the cheaper water transportation to the farmer are of wider importance than the savings on individual shipments indicate."

The American farmer, though he has been receiving much less for his wheat, must pay from six to twelve cents a bushel more in freight charges than be-

fore the World War. This high charge puts him at a serious disadvantage to foreign competitors. Whereas it costs 11.9 cents to transport a bushel of wheat from South Dakota to Liverpool, it costs only 7.23 cents for the much longer distance from the Argentine. The completion of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi waterways promises to erase this disadvantage for most American wheat growers.

Inland manufacturers hope to benefit from the waterways almost as much as the farmers. For instance, farm implements are manufactured at Moline, Illinois, and some of these are shipped to the Pacific coast. The all-rail rate is \$1.86 per hundredweight. The rail-ocean rate by way of Baltimore is \$1.10. But now the implements can be shipped at the low rate of sixty-five cents by being sent down the Mississippi by barge and transferred to an ocean steamer at New Orleans.

The opening of both the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi outlets is being urged as a means to overcome the handicap which the interior of the country incurred from the cutting of the Panama Canal. This canal benefits the coastal regions on both the Atlantic and the Pacific, but its economies do not extend to the vast area lying between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. Instead, the midland States are placed at a disadvantage because of the lower freight rates which the canal gives to areas with which they must compete. States on the Atlantic seaboard, for instance, are able to buy Washington and Oregon lumber, shipped by Panama, cheaper than they can buy it from the interior States which must ship by rail. The result of this lowering of water rates between the two coasts and of the raising of freight rates, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out, was "to



shrink what would otherwise have been a normal growth of midwest industry and drive it closer to the seaboard."

Thus in the last twenty years the Mississippi valley States have lost seventeen seats in Congress. The St. Louis area within a radius of fifty miles has lost six per cent in population while the nation as a whole gained thirty-three per cent. A St. Louis chemical company transferred a large part of its operations to Massachusetts because Texas sulphur could be shipped to Massachusetts by water at less than half the rate to St. Louis by rail. A pharmacal company moved half its production from St. Louis to New Jersey to reduce its transportation costs to the West coast. A cartridge company at Alton, Illinois, built a branch factory in Connecticut because of lower shipping costs from the latter State to the Western and Southern States and to Central and South America. In Minnesota, non-agricultural industry has been cut in half it is claimed since the passage of the 1920 Transportation Act.

MID-WESTERNERS believe that inland water transportation will restore these industrial losses. The proposed Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway promises a greater saving than the river systems. Being deeper, it will allow large ocean steamers to call at Chicago and Duluth, thus obviating the need for trans-shipment; and it will require less expense for upkeep. But the larger river systems are believed to offer substantial savings too. It would be necessary to put a damper on the pork-barrel, log-rolling type of Congressman who would have Uncle Sam canalize every crayfish creek in his home dis-

trict; but the major rivers of the nation are natural highways for commerce, and it is likely that they can be utilized to great advantage.

Already the Ohio-Mississippi route is being used for large shipments of coal, iron pipe and soap on the down trip, and vegetable oils, sugar and coffee on the return. The newer boats make the downstream trip in six days and the return in twelve to fourteen days. As a rule, their time schedules are about double those of freight trains.

At one time the Ohio and Mississippi fleets constituted, in number of vessels, America's largest merchant marine. Though it was not until 1817 that the first side-wheeler churned up the Mississippi, nearly two thousand river steamers were in operation in the middle of the last century. Now, with larger ships, the river tonnage is greater than in 1850, and waterway enthusiasts believe that the growth has scarcely begun. In 1930, the Department of Commerce reported that 200 common carriers, 98 contract carriers and 187 private carriers, with a total value of \$150,000,000, were plying the inland waterways of the United States, and river men look forward to the doubling of these figures within a few years.

Old Man River has become more than an object of sentiment. Twenty-five years ago, the Mississippi was almost as placid as when De Soto viewed it in 1542, before Shakespeare was born, or when Joliet and Marquette paddled down it in 1673. But now modern vessels are chugging along with precious cargoes, and the river people believe that the whistles of the packets and tow-boats herald the opening of a new era in inland transportation.

# Foreign Missions

BY JOHN COLE MCKIM

*A thirty-year plan which would end the whole problem*

PEOPLE in America who support the foreign missions of their sects usually give their money on the assumption, encouraged by denominational "literature," that the characteristics of their bodies, or of American Protestantism generally, are being reproduced in heathen lands. It is obvious that only by appealing to sectarian, cultural and sectional (separate Boards are maintained by Northern and Southern Methodists and Presbyterians) prejudices could there be so much duplication of missionary machinery.

I am far from wishing to see the achievement of this end. I would far rather see Japan revert to the conditions of fifty years ago than see it embrace the religion of Dayton, *et hoc genus omne*. But people who take money on the understanding that they are going to do a given thing should either do that thing or (like Mrs. Buck) resign their positions.

There are many things that go to prove that this point of view is held (though not always quite coherently) by the great body of contributors to American Protestant missions. Among them is the insistence, very noticeable during the last nine months, upon the importance of various tenets, on the

part of officials not generally famous for their doctrinal regularity.

This sudden access of orthodoxy is synchronous with, and has greatly informed, their denunciations of a certain book (*Rethinking Missions, a Laymen's Inquiry After One Hundred Years*) which appeared nearly a year ago. The usual procedure with regard to unpleasant books is to condemn and ignore: but this work, it seems, must be continuously discredited because its authors promise to issue a number of supplementary volumes embodying their "Fact-finders' Reports." (These reports, as regards China, are now out. Those for Japan, where the situation is more scandalous, were promised for last March but are not yet—this is August—to hand.)

They were not hostile to the book when it first appeared, though its doctrinal looseness was its most obtrusive feature, much touted in press notices. What really excites the Mission Board officials is a series of suggestions which, if adopted, would deprive at least four-fifths of them of their *raison d'être*. It is high time that some of them were adopted. So far as doctrinal considerations are involved, it ought to be obvious that there is no obstacle to greatly reducing the number of these officials im-



mediately. The sole difference which led to the severance of Northern and Southern Methodists and Presbyterians was that which concerned the question of slavery: never an issue in Japan and long a dead one here. Methodists unite, in that country, to form a single Japan Methodist Church. Similarly, Presbyterians and Reformed are merged in a single native denomination. The maintenance of six American Methodist Boards and at least four for the Presbyterian-Reformed group looks like what, in municipal politics, is unkindly described as graft. And, so far, we have looked only within particular ecclesiastical systems which have never been separated by doctrinal differences.

There is not now any reason why amalgamations should not go much further. With a few trifling concessions (which need be scarcely more than verbal) to fundamentalists, a merger, similar to that which already exists in the United Church of Canada, could be effected tomorrow if it could be done without greatly diminishing the number of administrative jobs—largely in the hands of “consecrated laymen.” Even the idea of some sort of coöperation with openly non-Christian religions has met with a measure of approval. A manifesto appearing—in Japan—in January, 1933, bearing the names of Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Reformed, and Quaker missionaries, tells us that: “Christianity and the other religions are sufficiently in agreement in their fundamental doctrines about God and man.”

This attitude, which is not widely advertised in American denominational “literature,” is the result of various confluent causes. The older preachers, who came to Japan in the belief that all heathendom, doomed to hell in the next

world, is plunged in moral darkness here, were either quickly disabused of these absurdities and, consequently, in some perplexity as to what their “message” really was: or they hardened themselves by striving to put an evil meaning upon all that they saw and heard. This, with the help of some hard lying, enabled them to retain the support of Protestants at home, who were then, for the most part, fundamentalists. “Buddhism teaches that woman has no soul” used to make a great hit with Ladies’ Aids and similar gatherings. Buddhism, in Japan, draws no such distinction as between the sexes. “There shall be no distinction as regards male or female,” writes the great bonze, Honen, about 1175 A.D.

WITH the turn of the century, slandering Japan became an unprofitable pastime. Even the truth, if unfavorable to Japan, might cause unpleasantness for those who uttered it abroad. Books and magazines in English could now be read by a few: speeches and interviews were sometimes cabled back and printed in the vernacular press. Rival missionaries began “telling on” each other in this connection. Authorities began to learn the gentle art of encouraging those missionaries and those branches of their work that spent the most money (with the least evangelistic success) in Japan and created the most desired impression abroad. They grasped the fact that missionaries from our great democratic Middle West were not averse to wearing decorations bestowed by a non-Christian monarchy. They were minor decorations but just as serviceable for impressing the home folk as would have been the highest honors in the gift of His Imperial Japanese Majesty. I never

heard of a missionary being decorated for strictly evangelistic work. It is the founding of hospitals and schools (with military instruction as part of the curricula and religious instruction excluded) that is thus rewarded. The claim that the decoration of Dr. X or Rev. Y shows how the Government "welcomes our message" is, therefore, wholly misleading.

Missionaries might, if they liked, talk at home of their "successes," since the suggestion that Japan has embraced the religion, along with the armaments, of the West seems, for some localities, to be good propaganda. But this did not leave them quite carefree, for, obviously, once missionaries have succeeded, they are no longer necessary. It was necessary for them to walk, like Agag, delicately.

The fundamentalist mind, though not always averse to lying in a "good" cause, usually lacks the agility demanded by this new situation. So there was a change in the "missionary objective." No longer was the heathen to be given his choice between going to hell and spending eternity with revivalists. Rather, there was to be a sharing of experiences with those who followed the great religions of the East. "He that believeth not shall be damned" gave way to "Come and let us reason together." More recently, I heard of a Japanese who suggested that, since it was the Americans who both prized the slogan and had the money, they should support Buddhist and Shinto missionaries in America as well as Protestants in Japan. If only that suggestion could have been passed back to fundamentalists in America, in the days, say, of William Jennings Bryan! But, of course the obtuse fellow had failed to grasp one of the basic principles of

modernism—that one must never take anything literally.

At home, some of the more advanced ministers were ceasing to rail at Darwin, Huxley and other such miscreants. With, as they thought, some encouragement from Wallace, borrowing timidly from the still suspected *Higher Critics*, and reading such books as *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, they were reaching out toward the idea that a reconciliation of science and religion could be effected by no one's meaning quite what he said. For some reason, yet to be explained (but cf. St. Luke's Gospel, xiv, 31, 32), they wanted the reconciliation a lot more than the scientists, many of whom were not even aware of the conflict.

Some of the newer missionaries had been drilled in this repertory. They were not held in check and constrained to be tactful, as their colleagues at home were, by the necessity of having to get their livings from fundamentalist flocks: and they had the discreet sympathy of those colleagues as well as that of some of the new officials in the Mission Boards.

These organizations, too, were changing their methods. The relatively simple task of raising funds to save the heathen from hell by teaching them the religion of our more backward districts had been performed, for the most part, by ministers. But inducing fundamentalists to part with cash to be used (without telling them of it) to help missionaries and natives "learn from each other," was a task too subtle for the elderly preachers *in situ*. This gave the consecrated layman his chance to cash in.

Now, he seems to be more the rule than the exception. Often, his salary as corresponding secretary, foreign secre-



tary, executive secretary, or what not (frequent changes in nomenclature seem to be part of the technique) is higher than that of any of his missionaries. Ten thousand dollars might be regarded as a just average estimate when, in addition to salary, there are other perquisites, including frequent and pleasant traveling at home and abroad.

This sort of thing is sometimes defended by dwelling upon the consecrated layman's sacrifices in abandoning his chances of a business career for the "joy of service." Some unconsecrated laymen might be found willing to abandon their business careers for the joy of an assured ten thousand a year. But these people are more spiritual. That, probably, is why it never seems to occur to them that all priests and ministers left lay life, with its chances, and assumed not only the distinctions but also the obligations of their special calling. Yet very few of these command such magnificent solatia.

SUCH, then, was the situation at a little before the turn of the century. Here was a large vested interest, that of American Protestant missions, established with a definite end in view—that of saving the heathen from hell by getting them to embrace "Bible Christianity" and to win them from immorality by getting them to do whatever they did "in the name of the Lord." Many missionaries still clung to this objective but others had been disabused of it and, among newcomers, especially of the better educated Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Reformed missionaries ("Old Terwilliger" was only just beginning to intellectualize the Methodist), there was a marked latitudinarian tendency.

Still, it *was* a vested interest. The problem was how to keep it going while abandoning the "objective" for which it was established—for which people had given and were giving their money. It was a little complicated. Some large donors favored change. Others did not. Most of the money for running expenses, as distinguished from new buildings, etc., was raised not from large donors but from congregations, almost all fundamentalist but, in an increasingly large number of cases, discreetly served by ministers who no longer believed in Jonah and the stricter forms of monogamy.

Generally speaking, two lines of policy were followed. People were told that the message was to remain the same: but that there was to be some change of emphasis. Morals were to be stressed: in lands taught for ages the precepts of Confucius! This was rendered easier by the fact that fundamentalists were, by this time, howling for Prohibition and were glad to know that the same noise was to be dinned in benighted ears abroad.

The other idea was that of laying stress upon the *duty* of giving to missions without bothering about details and, in this, the invention of the duplicate envelope system was a great help. This was an envelope with two pockets, one for local purposes and the other either specifically for the support of missions or for the central denominational organization of which, in most bodies, missions were the main activity. In one such central body, salaries range up to \$15,000 in addition to perquisites and, in some cases, to salaries received in other connections.

The proportion suggested for the duplex envelopes—often supplied by the Mission Board—was that the total

offering should be tithed for outside purposes: but the Board's share might easily be more than a tenth because a nickel is usually the smallest coin given by adults and, thus, a large number of envelopes (fifty-two a year) contained a quarter in the black side and a nickel in the red. The Biblical "silver and gold" furnishing a handy slogan, fifty cents in the black often meant a dime in the red, and so on. A body with a million adult contributors might, thus, expect between two and three million dollars a year, for general purposes, in addition to special gifts and the proceeds of occasional drives for new enterprises. The expense of forwarding the money on the red side was borne locally: so that the Boards got all that was intended for them and the great expense, sometimes bemoaned by missionaries in the field, of getting the money abroad, was incurred at headquarters.

Many Protestants are now so well broken to the idea of giving to missions without taking too much interest in details that there are those who seem to regard the advent of missionary speakers as a sort of penalty inflicted upon those congregations which, by neglecting the red side of the envelope, have "failed to meet their quota."

The complaint, sometimes uttered by sincere missionaries, that all this is a policy of *après moi le déluge* is suppressed by "disciplinary" methods when possible. When the same cry is raised at home, it is argued that, in the near future (the time mentioned since 1905, when I first heard it, and recently, 1933, reiterated by a Board president, is "twenty-five to thirty years"), owing to the progress of the great work, the churches in Japan and China will be self-supporting. As the same lot, generally speaking, has been collecting the

envelopes since 1905, and has now passed middle age, it will be *après moi* for most of them before the date now set for that happy consummation.

As for the great work's progress, a recent study of the 1932 figures, for Japan, of a leading denomination inclines me to the belief that from a fifth to a quarter of the *active* communicants are supported, directly or indirectly, from church funds. A considerable proportion of the others must consist of the grateful relatives and friends of the supported. The dismissal of a native worker or even the refusal of a scholarship in some mission school might easily mean the loss of half a dozen from the active list. There is also a large list of inactive communicants and of non-communicant followers, "carried until they have been transferred or (*are known to*) have died." All of these go to make up the total membership as reported in America.

SOME of the more honest of the older missionaries, seeing that their work was going to be largely undermined by these new ways and that they would be put into the position either of having to disown their former teachings or, continuing in them, having to tolerate, in foreign colleagues, opinions and practices for which they would excommunicate native converts, resigned and went home. Most of them stayed either upon their own account or upon that of their wives. Life, for these women, had been far from unpleasant. Their houses, larger and better appointed than the usual Protestant manse in the Middle West, situated in well kept foreign concessions, were served by four or five servants apiece, all in a country where their husbands' salaries classed them



among the very rich and enabled them to spread the impression that they were numbered among the great of their own land. (This, of course, relates to the turn of the century, when money was still very dear in Japan.) The idea of going back to doing their own housework, living at the mercy of church committees and under the scrutiny of the pious of their own sex, instead of being treated, during their furloughs, as those requiring special comforts after enduring a lustrum of martyrdom in a heathen land, naturally did not appeal to them.

Some of the men had made investments upon which they hoped to realize enough for an easy retirement in early old age. They could not expect to amass the wealth which had come to some of their colleagues in the Sandwich Islands because Japanese law forbade the outright ownership of land by American citizens. But within the foreign concessions, they might hold land upon perpetual lease. The rentals upon these, at first exorbitant and in excess of normal taxation, became, with the cheapening of money, very much less than would have been the taxes from which they were, by treaty, forever exempt. Some of these properties are now worth several hundred times what was originally paid for them. In addition to this, Americans may now own, superficially, residential property in most parts of the country. Ownership of superficies is practically absolute, once buildings have been erected. Villas at fashionable mountain and shore resorts are so owned by a number of missionaries and there has been, at times, a lively trade in such properties. As a consequence, some missionaries in later years found themselves possessed of modest fortunes of from fifty thou-

sand to more than a hundred thousand dollars.

This sort of thing was not, in all cases, morally culpable. It was seldom so among men who went out in the 'Seventies and 'Eighties of the last century. All intelligent people knew that there must be some advance in the price of land: but no one dreamed that it would increase a hundredfold and more. A man can not be blamed if the prudent investment of his savings turns out to have been unexpectedly lucky. But among some of those who came later, after the rise in land was getting less rapid, there has been an expenditure of time and care describable as the running of a side business.

Some of the older men remained honestly. They disciplined their converts in the old ways and dissociated themselves (sometimes by open controversy) from their modernist colleagues. They could not all be sent home to "speak their piece" for, in the then fundamentalist state of the lay mind, this would have embarrassed the Mission Boards in their development of business methods. Fortunately, the revision of treaties which came into effect just before the end of the century, seemed to offer a way out. Americans were now permitted to reside in the interior. So to the interior the irreconcilables might go. They could be as cantankerous as they liked in Bakabakashi village so long as they did not interfere with developments in Tokyo, where their native successors would be trained under more modern auspices. By this time, they are nearly all dead or superannuated.

THOSE of the older men who had seen the light, with the help of newcomers who had the confidence of

the Boards, set out to make all things new. Native and missionary began "learning from one another." The Japanese learned mathematics, English, science, engineering, medicine and enough of the military arts to shorten their time as conscripts and to fit them to become reserve officers. The missionaries acquired a new technique in the art of playing both ends against the middle. They set up great schools and colleges, with comfortable and, sometimes, ostentatiously luxurious quarters for themselves, getting the Government to license them on the strict understanding that religion should be excluded from their curricula: while representing them to their American constituencies as efficient vehicles for the spread of their tenets. They learned to erect other institutions upon somewhat similar terms.

Had Japan been a backward country, without schools or hospitals, as China was, or as some parts of Africa are, such institutions could have been made a powerful evangelistic agency, since they could have imparted secular instruction upon their own terms. Japan, though not backward, was relatively poor and, though bent upon the acquirement of modern secular knowledge, was expending a large proportion of the national budget upon armaments. The authorities were, therefore, glad to be relieved of a part of the burden of education and medicine by the expenditure, in these departments, of mission money. It is tremendously significant that they did not feel themselves in a position to accept this relief from institutions which included religion in their curricula. Taking their point of view, one can scarcely accuse them of moral turpitude. They never compelled the missionaries to maintain the institutions: and the eagerness of the latter to do so,

under the conditions laid down, may easily have astonished them.

This diversion of funds and energy from evangelistic to institutional work had several consequences. I mention two: (1) Money was now often handled in lump sums which, even if subject to some attrition *en route*, were still impressive in the amounts actually expended upon the objects for which they were given. (2) The number of "lay missionaries," at first regarded as auxiliary to the preachers, gradually increased until, now, it is much the larger. This was due, in part, to the supposed necessity for teachers in the schools and for doctors and nurses in the hospitals. It was also a consequence of the rise of the consecrated laymen to positions of influence in the home boards. These had often rubbed ministers the wrong way and had, in return, been frequently piqued by them. Not content with serving tables, they had intruded upon the ministry of the word. They devoted a certain amount of time to pleasant tours of inspection in foreign parts: some more time to delivering inspirational talks in America about the joy of service and the delights of "giving till it hurts." (When "Give till it hurts" showed signs of wear, it gave place to "Give till it stops hurting.") They even occupied the rostra at conferences of ministers and seminary students with a view to peppering them up and teaching them practical common sense. Generally they used the language of big business, in a holy way, until the War. Then they began talking about strategy, objectives, home and field bases. They regarded the missionaries as the "army in the field," themselves as the supreme command at home. When it seemed as if they were about to get all the money they asked for in any one connection,



they said it looked as though they were going over the top.

The great earthquake of 1923 came as a godsend. At first glance, it may not look much like practical common sense that this catastrophe found them, in an earthquake country, uninsured against earthquakes. But perhaps it was. "Let us," they cried, "rise up and build." (Nehemiah ii, 18.) The amounts expended upon rebuilding were considerably in excess of the value of the properties destroyed (which need not, by itself, have been culpable): and, of course there was the overhead. The use of the expression *overhead* is one of the consecrated layman's most efficient contributions toward the practical financing of missions.

The idea that he was just as good at holiness and exhortation as any minister and was possessed, in addition, of a monopoly of practical common sense, tended to give the consecrated layman a low view of the ministerial commission. He resented anything like clericalism upon the part of those who bore it and sought to reproduce his own kind in the mission field. Sometimes, too, he had protégées—his own and those of supporters—to take care of.

THE comments of the *Laymen's Inquiry* upon all this strike me as being very mild. What they have so far published with regard to Japan seems to err on the side of understatement. They gently suggest that too many people are employed in the financial administration of missions: in particular that there are too many field treasurers. They could have said a great deal more upon that point without sighting the limits of truth. Their recommendations, if adopted, would wipe out at least a dozen lay jobs in Japan alone, not to mention

the home base and other lands in heathen darkness lying: but they are just enough impracticable in detail, and take just enough color from doctrinal objectives, to make it possible for officials (whose own doctrinal regularity is not their strong point) to draw a whole school of red herring across their own path. For it is quite obvious, to any one acquainted with the situation, that the laymen are, at times, a little lacking in practical common sense.

But, taking the point of view that the conversion of Japan to American Protestantism is a thing to be desired, it strikes me that the following suggestions ought to seem constructive and practicable.

(1) Let all bodies now constituents of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America follow the example already set by the United Church of Canada, and join to set up a single Department of Missions for that organization. Since they subscribe to its formulæ and recognize each other's ministries, and since it has been done in Canada by a body with which they are in full communion, this ought, surely, to seem possible. The staff of such a Department need not be more than half again as large as that of any of the larger Boards which it would absorb. Home overhead would be enormously reduced and many a consecrated layman could return, with conscience clear, to making his fortune in the business world.

(2) Retire all field treasurers save one in each country. Retire, also, every layman engaged upon work which could be done, for less money, by a native: granting liberal pensions to those over fifty and to any beneath that age who, in consequence of their missionary service, have been rendered incapable of earning a living at home.

This should result in a great and progressive reduction in the salary-pension budget. If the foregoing and next following suggestion were adopted, this budget might easily be halved at once.

(3) Pay no salaries to missionaries whose private incomes are greater than the stipulated salary: or to any missionary possessing property with a readily convertible value of more than one hundred thousand dollars. Do not augment smaller private incomes to amounts in excess of stipulated salaries. Mercenaries can not make good missionaries.

(4) Stick to the prediction that the "native churches" in Japan and China will be self-supporting (or, alterna-

tively, that missions will have failed) in thirty years and, in the light of this belief, arrange to wind up the whole business in A.D. 1964. With this end in view: (a) appoint no more young missionaries. There are some now in the field who will not have reached the age of retirement in 1964. (Besides, the appointment of missionaries from a later generation might result in another change of objective and so hold up the programme.) With this measure adopted, death and superannuation will effect a progressive reduction of personnel. (b) Reduce, inexorably, all other budgets by three and one third per cent *per annum* of the amounts provided in the year 1934.





# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



THOSE readers who have followed the wanderings of the Landscaper up and down the earth know already his deep interest in Spain and in everything that goes on in the Iberian Peninsula. Kept away from the country by force of circumstances since just before the

Revolution, he writes this number of the department looking out across a wide stretch of the blue Bay of Biscay, with the agreeable thunders of the surf on the principal beach at Santander as an accompaniment to the thoughts that have been collected from far travels in the Peninsula and talks with all sorts of people. It is incredibly peaceful here, with an International University going full blast in the Palace of the Magdalena, once enjoyed by Alfonso XIII, and now filled with students from many countries, and the exciting political news in the papers every day has a strangely remote air, as if the possibility of a change in government—even a Socialist dictatorship—could have no effect whatever upon the life of this haven of rest and pleasant people.

## *But Life Goes On*

EVERY day life in Spain has always had a way of going on undisturbed by changes in government, even by such

radical changes as have taken place here since the Monarchy was deposed. The ancient Spanish cynicism about governments, expressed in the prayer: "God protect the present government, because the next one would be worse," offers a kind of insulation against political upheavals, and amid

the peace and beauty of this place one recalls the remarks of a Catalán in Barcelona, who answered a few words of praise of his city and province with the statement that everything in Spain was all right except the government, and that his native Catalonia, which used to have one bad government, now had two. This was a reference, of course, to the autonomous state set up after the coming of the Republic. A taxicab driver in Madrid expressed his feelings by saying that things were much better under the Monarchy, for, he declared, there was more work to be had, and far more liberty. "Now, *señor*, one can not move a foot without stumbling over a policeman." A distinguished musician said to the Landscaper that no one in the Peninsula was satisfied with the existing state of affairs, and that the Cortes was able to do nothing, because of the ineffectiveness of the intellectual leaders and the selfishness of the radical elements.

### *Praise for Azaña*

SET over against these opinions is a remark made by Ambassador Claude Bowers, during a conversation the Landsaper had in the Embassy in Madrid, which was to the effect that considering the magnitude of the effort of the leaders of the new State, their accomplishment was nothing short of amazing, and that if they continued to push ahead as fast as they had since they came into power and to realize, even approximately, the reforms they were trying to accomplish, without bloodshed, their achievement would be without a parallel in human history. This from a student of the early days of the American Republic is important. Mr. Bowers expressed his great admiration for the political genius of Azaña, the leader of the Republican forces, a man, he said, of courage, foresight and skill, who had done more to hold things together than any one else in the country.

### *The Centrifugal Forces*

THE old question of racial minorities is at the moment one of the most vexing and difficult. Catalonia, where agitation has gone on for years either for an autonomous state, or for complete separation from the rest of Spain, has set an example for the other regions where separatist movements exist. The Basque country, of which the principal centres are San Sebastian and Bilbao, is agitating for an autonomous government, and the same thing is true of Galicia, the province that lies directly to the north of Portugal. Contrary to the general opinion, Spain has never been a closely united country, with a homogenous population; the Spaniard is an individualist to the last degree and

feels his local loyalties far more deeply than any obligation to his country or to a central government. The problem is further complicated by the variety of languages spoken in the Peninsula; in Barcelona today most of the street signs are in Catalán, and this ancient language, a sister in the Romance family has been revived to such an extent that one hears little else in the district. The Basques, as a part of their programme for a return to the *fueros*, or special rights, which they enjoyed until the third quarter of the Nineteenth Century, are busy with propaganda for their own peculiar tongue, which is like no other language in Europe, and which is in all probability the sole survival of the language of the Iberians, with wide modifications, of course. The language of Galicia, more like Portuguese than Spanish, is also a sister of the Romance group, and like Basque, had almost died out except as a spoken tongue until the recent revival.

### *A United States of Spain*

GALICIA votes this autumn upon the question of an autonomous state; the Basque provinces will inevitably make their choice unless something entirely unexpected comes up to change the picture. Valencia, where the written language is like the Catalán of Barcelona, but where the spoken language shows considerable differences, is also discussing the possibility of a division, and so the centrifugal forces that have always been troublesome in the Peninsula, especially at a time of political crisis, are steadily at work. "Our ideal," said a Catalán, who, although a concierge at an hotel, had a clear understanding of the situation, at least from his own point of view, "is a United States of Spain, in which each of the



provinces shall be equal." He was not troubled by the diversity of languages and culture, a diversity which does not exist, of course, in the United States. "But where would Spain be if all this happened?" said a loyal Castilian to the Landscaper, "no more than the central plateau surrounded by virtually independent small nations speaking different languages and jealous of each other, and more than anything else, jealous of the central government?"

It is not possible here to explain fully the reasons for this state of affairs, which must be found in histories of Spain, but the actual situation is serious, and no matter how much sympathy one may feel for the regionalistic ambitions of Catalonians, Basques and Galicians, there remains the danger that their plans may Balkanize Spain, and may, by weakening the power of the central government, retard the progress that the leaders of the Republic hoped for during all the long months they worked for the new régime. The three peoples mentioned are all completely contradictory in their general characteristics to the accepted picture of Spain and the Spaniards; they are hard-working, all of them, and the Catalonians are eminently successful as business men and directors of large industries. They are often spoken of with a good deal of scorn by Spaniards as the Yankees of Spain, and money-grubbers, and yet Barcelona, the capital is not only one of the busiest cities in Europe, but also one of the most beautiful and charming, with a great deal of character, and every provision made for the enjoyment of life by its inhabitants. Of late, it has had a crime wave of sizable proportions, so that the Spaniards are beginning to call it "Little Chicago," but the casual visitor is no more conscious

of its bombings and robberies than is the peaceful resident of New York of the activities of the gangsters.

### *Anarchists in Barcelona*

THE strongly individualistic tendencies of the Spaniards have helped to support anarchist and syndicalist movements in Barcelona and other industrial centres, such as Bilbao, and members of these organizations have naturally taken advantage of the political situation to burst into all sorts of activities. In fact, one of the most interesting and significant things to be seen in going from San Sebastian to Barcelona is the contrast between the reading matter on the billboards, with the Basques insisting upon a state which would have complete loyalty to the church as one of its fundamental tenets, and the Catalonians—at least, the radical element—pleading for the establishment of a completely Communistic state and wiping out of religion. The Basques in general remain loyal to the church, since they are essentially conservative and since theirs is a practical, non-fanatical type of worship; the anticlerical agitation centres elsewhere.

Actually, newspaper stories of burned churches and monasteries and exiled priests give an exaggerated picture of the religious situation in Spain, where thousands continue their devotions uninterruptedly, and where in the opinion of well-informed people some of the extreme measures against church schools have been taken for the sake of political expediency, and will not be enforced, except nominally.

### *Churches Remain Open*

IN a good many instances, priests have been allowed to continue to operate their schools by giving up memberships

in the various orders, and it is the current opinion that religious instruction in church schools of this sort will not be interfered with, except, of course, in the case of a Socialist dictatorship, which might be expected to provoke an eventual swing back toward the right in the event of extremely repressive measures. Certainly it is a fact that many of the churches are still filled; the Landscaper was not able to notice any diminution in the congregations in places which he had known for several years, such as that jewel of Catalán Gothic, Santa María del Mar, in Barcelona, and the tiny little thousand-year-old church of San Pablo, with its miniature cloister, preserves its record of use for ten centuries. This is not to say that a number of churches have not been burned, some of them fine monuments, but the remarkable thing about the establishment of the Spanish Republic is that it has been managed with a minimum of loss of life or destruction of property of any sort. The present Government is hard at work on a programme of public school instruction, and this will go through, no matter what changes are made in the control of affairs in Madrid, a prophecy which leaves out the possibility of a return to the Monarchy. One shrewd observer of affairs in Madrid said there were no more Monarchists left in the country except the ancient aristocracy and the American colony, and added that the members of the latter tried hard to give the impression that all their spare time had been spent in the delightful presence of Alfonso XIII.

### *A Busy Country*

TO THE outward eye, at least, Spain seems to have suffered less from the world crisis than other countries.

One sees little or nothing of the sort of thing that had become a commonplace in the United States before the N.R.A. came into being, namely rows of empty stores and towns and cities plastered with signs advertising bankrupt sales. Barcelona seems as busy as ever, and Madrid is a perfect beehive of activity, with a great central railway station being built under the Castellana, one of the handsomest of the city's thoroughfares, with new suburbs springing up in every direction, and elaborate new buildings under way in the business district. Empty shops hardly exist, although some of the dealers in antiques have had to quit, and there is a bustling, industrious air about the whole town which makes it seem to be on more or less of a boom. Æsthetically, the results of the new building leave much to be desired, and the new suburbs are as ugly as all suburbs seem to have to be. Madrid has skyscrapers, some of the most inexcusable ever erected, and it can hardly be said that the new buildings along the Gran Vía are much to look at; there is too much bad baroque, and the eye longs for something simple and good, something that has the thrilling beauty of pure line and proportion. But good or bad, the buildings are going up, and people are at work. In contrast, there seem to be more beggars than ever, and peddlers of everything under the sun, in particular neckties, disturb the peace of sidewalk cafés.

### *The Modern Touch*

IN KINDNESS to the new suburbs it must be said that whole blocks of houses have gone up since the dry season set in, so there is no green to break the burned look of the Castilian earth. But the houses, many of them modernistic, and



looking as odd in the middle of ancient Spain as do the skyscrapers of Madrid, are not at all bad, and north of the city a large number of residential sections have grown up with pretty villas and every sign of activity in real estate, such as we have not seen in the United States for several years. Madrid takes on more and more the air of a new city, which it is by Spanish standards, as it was not until the time of Philip III that it amounted to anything. "A collection of mud huts near the Manzanares," was one traveler's description of it at the time it was chosen to be the capital in place of the older Valladolid. It lacks the distinct character of Barcelona, where one steps off the wide and pleasant *ramblas* that run through the town into a network of narrow streets, with fine and interesting buildings around almost every corner, including fascinating medieval palaces.

### *Madrid Has a Beach*

SOME more of the ex-King's possessions have passed into the hands of the people near Madrid; the spacious grounds of the royal hunting lodge of El Pardo have been turned into a public park, and the Manzanares, which is hardly more than a creek in summer, dammed to make lakes for swimming. "La Playa de Madrid," was one of the first signs that caught the Landscaper's eye upon arriving in the city, who thought at once that the "beach" must be near a swimming pool, but the Republic has performed at least one miracle by making a lake out of the little river. It brought to mind one of Mayor Hylan's howlers, when, welcoming a visiting Spaniard, he said the United States ought to send a warship up the Manzanares to pay the respects of this country to Spain.

These rambling remarks have nothing whatever to do with the literary landscape, but they lead up to the observation that at the moment a minimum of literature of importance is being produced anywhere in the Iberian peninsula. It is hardly a time for great work, with everything in a state of confusion, or, to say the least, transition.

### *Writers as Rulers*

THE older generation of writers, which helped to bring about the present change in government, has occupied itself largely with political or governmental matters since the advent of the Republic, and little or no work has been produced by such established authors as Perez de Ayala, now Ambassador to Great Britain, Ramón del Valle-Inclán, at present in Rome, and various others, Miguel de Unamuno among them. José Ortega y Gasset has come closer sticking to his last, and the great success of his recent *The Revolt of the Masses* has made him one of the most interesting figures in contemporary Spain for Americans. He has been for a long time one of the clearest thinkers in the Peninsula, with none of the nebulousness of Unamuno and none of the brilliant superficiality of Salvador de Madariaga, the latter now Ambassador to France, and still as much interested as ever in the affairs of the League of Nations. Of the generation that followed the Ganivet-Ayala-Baroja-Maeztu group in prominence, but little is heard; the poets are mostly engaged in teaching, several of them here at the International University, and the prose writers are busy with newspapers and magazines and political pamphlets. Thus the present literary production of Spain is at a very low ebb so far as outside interest is concerned,

which is not surprising, as the writers are busy trying to deal with life just now, and life in Spain, unless they could be satisfied to return to the novel of tradition, has not "jelled" sufficiently to be written about in universal terms. In other words, this is the epoch of the magazine and the newspaper throughout the world, for good or bad, and Spain is definitely in the main current of world events.

### *In Catalonia, Also*

A PROMISING group of younger Catalán writers, about whom the Landscaper first heard in 1926, has also turned its attention to writing for newspapers and reviews or to active participation in politics, with the result that except for a recent outburst of poetry, in which the Catalán Renaissance has been rich, little or nothing is coming out of this extremely active and intellectually alert corner of Spain. In Galicia also there are new poets who write in the language of the province, and in the Basque country, whose works are of interest, but who have done nothing of any great importance up to the present. So all this leaves the literary landscape in this part of the world devoid of any outstanding peaks, and it would take a rash spirit to predict how long it would take for affairs to reach a settled enough state to give Spain a chance to resume its rightful place in the world of letters. However, one of its greatest fascinations is that throughout its history there have been eruptions of genius, as in the Century of Gold, which gave Cervantes to the world, the one supreme and purely Spanish genius the Peninsula has produced. Perhaps the most striking feature of the present lack of literary activity is in the direction of fiction of even medium quality,

such as England and America produce in such profusion; the novel seems to have run even thinner here than in France, where as poor as most of the fiction has been for several years, it is higher in quality than the Spanish product of the same period. Whether it matters about novels in the mass is, of course, another question; the Landscaper has read several thousand in the last few years that might just as well have not been written, and many of them would not have been written except for the chance of financial success, which is withheld from Spanish writers, because their public is limited by the high illiteracy and poverty in the Peninsula.

### *A Comfortable Country*

PERHAPS, then, it is just as well to turn our attention again to life and let literature take care of itself. There are some general observations about Spain as a country to visit that may be worth making, partly with the desire to correct certain false impressions that may have kept people away who would otherwise have found the greatest pleasure in the country and the people—some do and some do not. First of all, the old stories of Spain as a country of dirt and inconvenience, with bad hotels and impossible train service, may be wiped out except for a very few places where the casual visitor would not be likely to go anyway. Under Primo de Rivera, the Patronato Nacional de Turismo began the work of making the country as attractive as possible to tourists, and the change that has come about in the past seven years is remarkable. It is not only that all the towns of importance have first class hotels, but that these same towns and the smaller ones provide perfectly comfortable accommodations for



the visitor at prices that are as reasonable as anything to be found in Europe today. For example, the Landscaper stayed in a small, clean Basque hotel in San Sebastian, facing the beach, for a little less than \$1.50 a day, three excellent meals and a small room, and here in Santander the rates are quite as low, with more than one of the rooms facing the whole sweep of the Atlantic, sunny, cool and filled with salt air. This is not to say that such hotels can supply rooms with private baths, or even with running water in all cases, but these accommodations may be had for those able to pay the price, and the less expensive places, particularly along the Bay of Biscay, serve good meals, with an abundance of fresh sea food and native fruit, including the famous melons of Valencia, which taste like the aroma of an exotic perfume.

### *The Long Train Trips*

THERE are buses to be had going nearly everywhere, and the roads are good. The train trips, if one chooses to make the larger centres in long hops, are not to be too highly recommended, but they are long for no other reason than that Spain is mountainous from one end to the other and no better time can be expected. Naturally, first class passengers can make even these long journeys in reasonable comfort, and frequently without any company to speak of. Second class, too, is clean and satisfactory, and not infrequently third class is possible even for those who can not forget their comfort in the delight of talking to people of all varieties and finding out what the Spaniard who has not been changed by travel or association with outsiders is like. He needs no suggestion to explain himself; the Landscaper had a ride of this sort re-

cently with a Communist deputy from Barcelona, on his way up to Madrid to the Cortes and heard everything there was to hear about the deputy's Masonic affiliations and his "nobility," and also about the future of Spain, which, he said, lay in the exact direction taken by Russia. "Do you know who Trotsky is?" he said, with a most portentous air. Without waiting for an answer: "Well, he was in Barcelona yesterday, and he will soon be Ambassador to Madrid, Ambassador to the Third Republic." A bloodthirsty deputy in words, who had all the manners of a Spanish peasant, and there are none better, and who was as courteous to the two Americans traveling with him as if he had been especially appointed to see that everything went well with them.

### *The Same Spaniards*

IN OTHER words, the Republic and all its political difficulties have not made any deep or real alteration in the spirit of the people themselves, and will not, for one of the most striking of Spanish paradoxes is the existence of a real Spain and a political Spain side by side throughout long years, the two hardly affecting each other at all, and this at once a good thing for the survival of many of the Spaniard's choicest qualities and a bad thing for the success of his governments.

One hears very little of American literary movements this far away, except that the famous island Paradise of Mallorca seems in a fair way to returning to its earlier state, before it was "discovered" and before the unfortunate movement of "exiles" from the cafés of Montparnasse and elsewhere in Europe took place. Four years ago it was one of the most heavenly places in the world, with every natural beauty

that any one could wish, a fine climate, and people of unusual charm, even for Spaniards, handsome, clean and without enough familiarity with the outside world to be otherwise than universally friendly. This is not hearsay, for the Landscaper walked over many of the remote parts of the island, and spent whole days with the natives. Then a few Americans lived on the island, painting and writing and minding their own business; a large English colony at El Terreno, near Palma, had been actively engaged in attending to its own affairs for generations.

### *And Then the Deluge*

THEN came the deluge; word got around that the island was one of the cheapest places in the world to live, and swarms of people moved in. Most of them were Americans, whose manners can be as bad as any manners in the whole world, Americans who thought an island Paradise was the best place to get drunk as often as possible, this being a singularly American idea of a good time, and so it went; night clubs in Palma, pink and purple pajamas in the streets, American newspapers and American journalists with no more manners than to take advantage of the cheap living to write highly critical articles about the Mallorcans.

This brief sketch of a tragedy culminated not long ago in the arrest and imprisonment of five Americans, including a woman. All they did was to strike a member of Spain's National Constabulary, the Guardia Civil, and why shouldn't people who have had too much to drink strike a policeman if they want to? At home it can be done, but in Spain a Civil Guard is an army man, whose sworn duty it is to keep order, and whose person is sacred, because he is

in constant danger, so the Americans went to jail and stayed there several weeks, amid great indignation on the part of some people who did not know the facts, and some others whose point of view seemed to be that the Mallorcans had no business interfering with the pleasure of their guests. One American woman, who wrote indignantly to a newspaper in Paris that she had been grossly mistreated in Palma, without specifying the mistreatment, suggested that the United States send a battleship at once, and shell the city unless the five prisoners were released.

### *Money and Manners*

WHAT all this comes to is just this: something ought to be done to teach Americans and all other foreigners that they are receiving the hospitality of the countries in which they travel, no matter how often they tell themselves that all intangible obligations have been canceled by the use of money. Mallorca was advertised to some extent before the Grand Rush, but not overadvertised, the hotels were good and reasonable, and the people, leading their peaceful lives, seemed well enough pleased to have strangers about without any particular thought about how much money they were spending. And so if the island gets a lovely black eye with the tourist trade because of all this adverse publicity, it is very hard to feel otherwise than happy over the situation; the people who will stay away because they don't feel they can get drunk as often as they want to might better stay at home anyhow, especially with the fine prospect of plenty of domestic liquor in sight before long.

One more thought about Spain as a place to travel: the commonly accepted



notion that the country is too hot to visit in summer is something else that needs correction. It is not so hot in Madrid in midsummer as in most of the Southern States of North America; it is reasonably cool in Barcelona except for a few hours in the middle of the day when the sun is at its hottest, and along this Northern coast there are times in the late afternoons when a topcoat would be comfortable in the month of August. In other words, any one expecting to come to the country who can stand anything like the heat of New York in the summer will find it comfortable enough, and with an abundant supply

of ice, iced drinks, including several popular American brands, and good ice cream on almost every street corner.

Having divulged all the information possible about this most delightful of countries, the Landscaper hopes that if any one takes advantage of it, he will leave his American thirst for hard liquor at home. It is a strictly sober country, and officials and populace are likely to be upset by a sight that would bring no more notice in New York than another empty skyscraper.

Next month the rambles will be over and a good look will be taken at the American literary landscape.



*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

# *The North American Review*

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## Apéritif

### *A Little Progress*

THE sociology of Vilfredo Pareto has been getting itself into print a good deal lately, doubtless because our literate citizenry is so much concerned, in a desperate depression, with mass behavior and its motivation. There appears to be, however, very little comfort in his studies for logical persons straining after remedies and solutions, since his basic assumption is that social phenomena are rarely or never wholly the result of "reasoned struggle carried on by logico-experimental means"—and that, of course, is what logical citizens want applied to the present situation. His attitude toward humanity in the mass is evidently analogous to the confusing direction modern physicists are taking: away from a strict reliance on the concept of observable cause and effect. Which leaves a sizable opening for a favorite little theory of ours.

This is that there exists a difference in the basis of thinking between city people and country people. Agriculturists are more likely to think in terms of cause and effect because their livelihood depends on such thinking:

the necessity to do so many things for the achievement and preservation of crops and livestock must instill its habit in them. But city people gain their livelihoods, as a general rule, by much different thinking. Relationships to them are more complicated and there is a less direct causality in their methods of achieving ends. A man in search of a job, for instance, knows that his competence is only a single factor in the problem of getting it; having a second cousin in the personnel department is more likely to win the day. In general city people are apt to think of relationships as the means toward almost any end, or even as ends in themselves, and to slight any causal significance that they may have.

There is a certain amount of obvious proof for the hypothesis. An ordinary city man, with not too much intelligence or curiosity, must every day use mechanisms which are far too complex for understanding except by experts. He rides on the subway, flies up and down forty stories in an elevator, adds up columns of figures on a machine, threads his way through traffic which requires immense ingenuity to manage, eats in a restaurant where miracles



of economy in effort and money are expended on his tasteless and dear food, lives in an apartment building which took the architectural experience of ten thousand years to achieve, with all its discomforts. He does these and a myriad other, ordinary things without comprehension of what made them possible or how they work, without any real interest in them. What counts with him is seeing that his union dues are paid, or remembering the names of his fellow politicians' grandchildren, or guessing whether some big corporation will pass its dividend.

At any rate, if there is some degree of truth in the idea certain results should appear. During the past four years our city people have been migrating countryward, until, as was well advertised a year or so ago, the balance of life in America is again dipping on the rural side. This, to use the outmoded phraseology, should have the effect of increasing the volume of thinking and acting along causal lines.

To go at the matter in a more specific way—such economic measures as inflation of the currency are and have been congenial to the rural mind. Right or wrong, they have the appearance of being direct: if there is not enough money to go around, as there very evidently is not, then the thing to do is increase the total sum of money. So the farmers have said many a time in many a depression. But the city people, and not alone the holders of large gobs of capital, are traditionally wary of such measures. They place their reliance in periods of distress on the return of that mystic talisman, "confidence," and they espouse the most roundabout and illogical methods of

regaining it. Main among these is to reduce the amount of money in circulation, by cutting salaries and firing employes, so as to increase the profits of entrepreneurs, so that entrepreneurs may rehire employes and raise salaries.

Obviously the direct kind of thinking is that which is coming uppermost in the country. Inflation is a conceded eventuality; we have already had a fiat raising of minimum wages and spread of available work. But intermixed there is still a strong solution of city thinking: specifically, in the Honorable Mr. Jim Farley's patronage organization. While the Tennessee River power development has the temerity to announce an electric rate so low as to prostrate dreamers after Insull empire, its ruler, Dr. Morgan of Antioch College, issues solemn warning that all such public enterprises are in critical danger from friends of politicians.

Which is, of course, no more than a corroboration of Pareto, to whose mind "social phenomena are in part automatic or instinctive, and in much greater part non-logical or even irrational." More likely than not this statement would have the full concurrence of Mr. Roosevelt and those of his advisers who conceived the NRA drive. In later pages of this magazine Mr. Norman Lombard impugns the Blue Eagle idea as no better a remedy than taking money out of one of our pockets and replacing it in another. Perhaps that is the true estimate of what has happened: all the irritating appeals to patriotism, the uncivilized resort to boycott, the brazen parading of old abuses behind "We Do Our Part" signs may have accomplished nothing toward raising the general standard of living. The "non-logical or even irrational" parts of our economic

structure would, no doubt, have seen to this even if the original conception had been a perfect remedy for our ills. But there is a possibility, or probability, that fundamental humanizing ideas have been instilled in the population through this unsuccessful mechanism which in the long run may prove to be more important than immediate "recovery." If so, they will be the result of pretty direct thinking.

The trouble is, of course, that when men consciously think in terms of cause and effect, in the scientific spirit, there is no assurance that they will come out right. All our people could begin at this moment furiously spinning logic and end up in as hopeless confusion as if they had relied from the start on the pontifications of their lodge leaders. This is the argument of conservatives: that Utopias are always too diverse. Nevertheless, they do have attributes in common, and it may turn out that the function of, say, Mr. Farley's irrational political machine is to set up a kind of resistance that will force the Utopians to pool their ideological ammunition in a compromise salvo that will really accomplish something.

But that is wishful thinking, postulated on the theory of "progress," and to an agnostic sociologist "progress" is a tenuous idea. What we can say with confidence is that even if a reduction of cities does not help to instill sense in the populace it makes possible another Utopian hope. People returning to the soil, or anyhow the suburbs, at least can realize a golden mean in social contacts. Through our ingenious means of communication they can avoid the stultifying isolation from ideas that once was typical of the country, and escape the stultifying breathing down necks that still is

typical of cities. If that has no effect on human happiness, nothing ever will.



### *Dollfuss and the Fire*

THE attempted assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss and responses to it form an instructive pattern of political strategy. When the Reichstag Building was set burning in Berlin last February, under equivocal circumstances to say the least, the event was used as a great rallying cry for Germans to flock to the swastika banner. Herr Hitler and his colleagues were vociferous in their belief that Communists had perpetrated the crime, and persuaded most of the rest of Germany that it proved the crucial need for their installation in power to combat the growing danger from Moscow.

But when it was reported that the Dollfuss shooting had been done by a former Nazi (it is curious that Van der Lubbe, of the Reichstag burning, was also a "former" Communist), then the controlled German press made great efforts to deny the man's affiliation with their National Socialist party, calling him a Socialist, and asserted that the deed was proof of the Austrian people's dissatisfaction with the Dollfuss Government and that it argued for a shift to Nazism in Vienna.

From the Nazi point of view these were obvious and necessary tactics. Although, in Germany, the burning of a building was held to be sufficient provocation for terrorizing a horde of non-Aryans and Communists, it would never do to acquiesce in a single attempted murder outside the Reich, even for so noble a purpose as bringing the Austrian nation to a realization of true Germanic purposes.



The most interesting point about the matter is Dr. Dollfuss's own attitude. Although German Nazis proclaim that his Government is and has been pursuing a policy of cruel persecution toward their Austrian brethren (the irony here needs no emphasis), the Chancellor himself is reported to feel entirely disinclined toward retaliatory measures. He will, in a mild way, turn the other cheek. The shooting itself has undoubtedly increased his popularity, just as the attempt on President Roosevelt's life did in this country, and a policy of moderation will gain him even more, not only at home but abroad. Curiously enough, the party he represents and the party Hitler represents have identical second names, only the first differ: whereas Hitler's Socialism is National, Dollfuss's is Christian. The peculiarity, of course, is in finding political actions which even remotely can be classified under the adjectives given to parties. It will be interesting to see which sort of tactics succeeds.



### *Two R's*

**M**<sup>R.</sup> MURRAY POMERANZ, attorney, some time ago attempted to have the Brooklyn Commissioner of Records, one Hyman Schorenstein, removed from office, on the ground that Mr. Schorenstein could neither read nor write. The matter eventually came before State Supreme Court Justice George H. Furman, who, in accordance with the best judicial precedents, looked up the law and discovered that it required a commissioner of records to be a citizen over twenty-one, a resident of the district and "a suitable person." After appropriate contemplation of these requirements and the facts of the case, the Justice dismissed Mr. Pom-

eranz's complaint, stating that the Commissioner's seventeen years in office perfectly attested to his being "a suitable person." There was no argument over his age or his place of residence; neither was there any argument over his literacy: what Mr. Pomeranz charged was not denied.

Now, that a commissioner of records should be able to read his correspondence anyhow, if not his records, would seem to the average citizen a primary requisite to his suitability for office. Writing, of course, is a small matter, easily accomplished by any stenographer, but reading is very different. How, for instance, is a public servant to discharge his duties efficiently without the ability to decipher written instructions from his superiors? Telephones have switchboards and switchboard operators have big ears and McCooeys every now and then have intimate orders to transmit. Must a commissioner of records let his secretary or his switchboard operator know everything?

The judiciary, of course, is constrained to interpret the law strictly and within the framework of past decisions. Presumably Judge Furman was conversant with other examples of illiterate commissioners of records who were held in court to be competent, though their offices might have been run more competently had they been held elsewhere. But under the New Deal conditions have changed greatly; Mayor O'Brien has refused to hold "colloquy," as he says, with the press and insists on the Hooverian method of written questions and answers. There is, of course, little chance that a mayor can be caught alone by reporters and forced to admit his inability to comprehend written questions, but a commissioner might

absent-mindedly wander down among his records one day and, cornered by a bedeviling reporter with pad and pencil, say no desperately to some scrawl like "Do you favor taking all city jobs off the Civil Service list?"

There is, as we admit, no reason why a political friend of Tammany should have greater dexterity with his hands than is required to pat babies on the head or deal a hand of poker. But, with the

latest metropolitan headlines blaring "Nineteen out of Twenty-four Brooklyn District Leaders Rebel" against McCooey's adherence to the Tammany mayor, the ability to read handwriting on the wall is patently valuable. In fact so valuable that it is daily becoming more lamentable to otherwise quite literate persons that they never learned the full meaning of that mystic symbol, "F.R.B.C."

W.A.D.





# A Murder a Day

BY P. W. WILSON

*If we have less respect for law and order than our critics would like, it may be because of a healthy resistance to worse things than bootleggers' wars*

THE other day, an Englishman of high character discovered what he believed to be the United States, and was much disturbed by certain of his first impressions. Being himself a county magistrate, he was shocked by evidences of what he held to be a failure equitably and firmly to enforce criminal justice. It was a situation, he said, over which Americans of responsible judgment had themselves confessed to him their disquiet.

My friend was astonished when I suggested to him that to express regret over a failure in the administration of law, however deplorable may be its effect on the well-being of society, is not enough. We have to ask why a community, otherwise as reasonable and as respected as any other community, permits such a failure. What is the inner mentality of which lawlessness is the outward and visible symptom?

There are several kinds of law. We have the law of kindness, the law of courtesy, the law of hospitality—all of them as important to the well-being of society as the criminal law. No one who has lived on both sides of the sea will assert that kindness, courtesy and hospitality are more evident in the old

world than in the new. From the days of the Pilgrims to our own day the United States has had a good deal of practice in the art of welcome. In the entertainment of strangers, she has been able to show an example to the rest of the world. The United States is not uneducated. Nor, compared with other countries, is she irreligious.

It is when we come to the administration of law by the state that we encounter special difficulties. Law as a function of sovereignty appears sometimes to break down, and no diagnosis of the phenomenon is adequate which leaves sovereignty itself out of account.

In a highly developed community, institutions also must be highly developed. The United States has elaborated universities, hospitals, churches and newspapers. Some critics allege that her sovereignty, with its numerous legislatures and executives, its elected judiciaries and its checks and balances inscribed within a written Constitution, is far too highly elaborated. The machine is so complicated and so massive that the pressure of the steam in the boiler which we call public opinion is seldom sufficient to make it work.

But is this the whole story? Has there

not been, throughout this country, a subconscious determination that the machine shall not be permitted to work too easily? If sovereignty appears to be inefficient, may it not be because sovereignty is mistrusted? And, if we survey this world in which we have to live, can we assert that this mistrust of sovereignty is wholly unreasonable?

A hundred years ago, there lived a French philosopher called Pierre Joseph Proudhon. His life was simple, his morals were virtuous, his genius was recognized. But he was a peril to society and he had to be put into prison.

With men who lose faith in churches, we are familiar. Proudhon had lost faith also in secular authority. With sombre eye, he watched the governments of Europe, and came to the conclusion that it would be better to have no government at all. "Government of man by man in every form," said he, "is oppression." Of anarchy, as a gospel—explosive in thought before it was found to be explosive in fact—Proudhon was the prophet.

Like Calvin, who was also Gallic, the Father of Anarchy was a captive of logic. He insisted upon anarchy as a dogma. But there were many, less extreme in their conclusions than Proudhon, who, in a period of upheaval, anticipated or echoed his sentiments.

"Man is born free," wrote Rousseau, "but is everywhere in chains," and over the fall of the Bastille, Charles James Fox cried, "How much the greatest event that happened in the world! and how much the best!" Shelley denounced "old Custom, Legal Crime, and bloody Faith"; and an embittered Byron ridiculed Wellington:

Called "Saviour of the Nations"—not yet saved,  
And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved.

Nor were the poets of New England more respectful, in their day, to governments. Lowell talked of "truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." Longfellow described the Negro as "a poor, blind Samson in this land," and suggested benignly that the strong man fettered would

shake the pillars of this commonweal,  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies—  
which eloquence also was fairly anarchic.

WHAT the visitor to these shores sometimes has yet to perceive is the fact that the United States has never been an expression only of sovereignty. She is an expression also of revolt, justified or unjustified, against sovereignty. She is trying to be in fact what Rousseau and Charles James Fox and Proudhon and Byron and the rest expressed so vehemently in the formulas of literature. She wishes to be free.

The Catholics of Maryland, like the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, revolted against the Elizabeth Compromise which England herself has ceased to enforce. The Irish revolted against a British domination, including penal laws, and against agrarian privileges which, in recent years, Great Britain has surrendered. The Germans, of 'Forty-eight, in their liberalism, emigrated out of a military kaiserdom. Armenians fled from massacre by the Turk. The Jews, from Poland and elsewhere, escaped from the Ghetto. The Negroes, who crossed the ocean involuntarily, also inherit a memory of sovereignty abused and are still conscious, in certain matters, of disabilities. Even the Scots, in some instances, left behind them a horizon, lurid with the flames of the humble cottages in which, as crofters, they



had taught their families to worship God.

The revolt against law is not manifest, therefore, in the underworld alone. The upper world also is pervaded by an atmosphere of subconscious rebellion against authority. There is a tacit acceptance of the dictum of Abraham Lincoln—that no nation is good enough to govern another. In their hearts, Americans can not believe that British rule in India, however beneficial may be certain of its results, can ever be more than a necessary evil. They persist in hoping against hope that, in time, a Republic in China will arise out of prolonged chaos. And within their own frontiers, they wish, as far as possible, to substitute the rule of consent for the application of law by force. Of what use—many of them ask—is it for people to stay married if their marriage is compulsory? Homicide is a terrible offense. But more terrible still is the society in which anybody should wish to commit homicide.

In Great Britain and the United States, the basis of laws may be the same. There is common law as a background. There is statute law, passed by the legislatures. But between the administration of law in the two countries, there is a subtle yet real difference. In a British court of justice, the King deals with his subjects. In an American court, the people deal with one another. When crime is alleged, the accused, in both countries, is assumed to be innocent until he is found to be guilty. But in one case a monarch indicts a prisoner with a view to conviction, if guilt be found. In the other case, citizens impeach a citizen with a view to acquittal if there be any benefit of the doubt.

The United States has thus been testing, in easy-going nonchalance, the op-

timistic theory of Proudhon that man is good enough, if left to himself, to get on without much government. It has proved to be a dangerous optimism.

It may be true that, as a Latin-American President once declared, the Pilgrims came to this country, seeking God not gold. But even the most capacious vessel to cross the Atlantic—*The Mayflower*—did not accommodate all immigrants who have landed on these shores. Many have come here, impelled by no grievance, except a general dissatisfaction with their chances of wealth in the Old World. They have believed that, in a land of great open spaces, unencumbered by cathedrals and castles, they would elude the restrictive laws of privilege and discover an El Dorado of financial success. This is the private enterprise which, applied to the tasks of acquisition, has resulted at times in the transgression of law which we call crime. Racketeers and kidnappers, bandits, gunmen and bootleggers, dwelling in an atmosphere of graft, indecency and violence, are the Robin Hoodlums in the subterranean realm of insurrection.

The United States is thus a country where the citizen has had it both ways. He has been at liberty to promote the good, and he has not been restrained from initiating the evil. The number of laws is incredible. But, in many cases, they are regarded less as enactments than as aspirations. An Englishman is disgusted when a law is five per cent a failure. The American would prefer to describe such a law as ninety-five per cent a success.

WE REFER to this problem as a heritage of the past out of which we have emerged into the dawn of a new day. Are not despots hurled from

their thrones? Are not churches disestablished? Are not the estates of the aristocracy broken up? Have not women a vote? Has not sovereignty, once an instrument of oppression, become a guarantee of liberty?

Let us suppose that Jean Jacques Rousseau and Charles James Fox and Pierre Joseph Proudhon, with their poets laureate from old and new England, were to revisit this world and examine the governments that we have set up in our scientific and scholarly and mentally emancipated era. Would they not still raise their eyebrows?

Proudhon's theory that "the highest perfection of society is found in the union of order and anarchy" doubtless embraces a contradiction in terms. Anarchy can not be united with order and continue to be anarchy. Unless there be government, no society, perfect or imperfect, is conceivable. Man must sacrifice, therefore, some of his freedom if he is to enjoy what is left.

But how much of his liberty is it worth while for him to surrender? And what are the benefits that are to come to him in return? Admitting that some kind of sovereignty is essential, may not the price of sovereignty, like other prices, be raised until it becomes prohibitive?

In the entire range of recorded history, never has sovereignty imposed on the citizen an autocracy so intrusive and, in certain countries, so burdensome as the government of civilized man has now become. The Solomons of the past, in their palaces, may have been expensive and autocratic. But, in the picturesque language of Scripture, the little fingers of the Rehoboams who have succeeded them are thicker than their fathers' loins.

In the United States, the new sov-

ereignty is supported by public opinion. It is true that the field of industry, supposed to be private enterprise, has been covered by codes, and that capital has been compelled to confront organized labor. It is true that, in defiance of *laissez faire*, hours of employment, wages, and prices are brought under the authority or, at least, the influence of the Government, and that the keyword of the New Deal is control.

But there are two safeguards. First, it is a great emergency that has galvanized the sovereignty of the people, usually so lethargic, into an active and possibly temporary initiative, the sole ultimate object of which is a benefit to the "forgotten man." Secondly, the Administration has been more than careful to confine its pressure to the material plane. There has been a scrupulous respect for the liberties of the individual that are really important to well-being. Within the Bill of Rights, we still find freedom of worship, of speech and of the press. There is still freedom of migration within the commonwealth, there is still freedom of education, of recreation and of social intercourse. When the NRA is reduced to its essentials, all that has been curtailed is a certain measure of cut-throat competition and of unregulated production. Similarly in Great Britain, the great scheme of national insurance that relieves the aged, the sick and the unemployed, whatever view be taken of its efficacy, is of benefit to the individual and in no way deprives him of anything that can be called liberty.

But what about Russia? Economic communism may be so successful in the material plane as to furnish the citizen with the food, clothes, shelter and amusements which are provided in Sing Sing for the guests of the United



States. But in Russia, as in Sing Sing, the inmates can not get out; in one case as in the other, the surveillance over their cultural activities is as restrictive as it is absolute.

IN SIMPLER days, however absolute it might be the monarchies, the individual had still a certain limited opportunity to be himself. It was with his own hand that he wrote his books and no ruler, whatever his realm, could write otherwise. His voice, when he spoke, could be heard as clearly as any other voice, however authoritative. It was on his own legs that he walked the road, and emperors themselves could walk no faster. He had the right—or at least the chance—of escape. If, for any reason, criminal or political, the government was after him, he was allowed the run for his life that sportsmen concede to a hunted fox.

Activities which used to be personal are now mechanical, and mechanism has become an instrument of sovereignty. The individual still holds the pen. But certain governments censor the press. The individual still shouts from a soap-box. But governments use the loud-speaker. Railways are used and automobiles are registered by the state, which also has the telegraph, wireless and airplanes at its disposal. Nor is it only the bandit who is pursued over land and sea. Political exiles, of the highest distinction, may be branded as public enemies and the right of asylum denied to them.

In the British House of Commons, a member with an individual point of view is certain, as a rule, to "catch the speaker's eye." It is considered to be important that his view should be made clear. But on the continent of Europe such "parliamentarism" is ridiculed. If

a man has individuality, he is little better than a traitor.

In Italy, it may be conceded that the public interest has been served by dictatorship. Strong measures, as in the United States, were needed. But were all the measures necessary? What conceivable credit accrued to the Fascists when they were seen to be shooting Tyrolean like rabbits merely because these simple mountaineers wished to live the life that they had always lived and, in particular, to cross the frontier that had always been their own familiar skyline?

In Europe, as a whole, it is difficult to see what public or national interest has been served by the new tyranny. We take stock of the never-ceasing surveillance by the police, the suppression of newspapers, the obliteration of political parties, the insistence on passports and visas, the closing of frontiers, the prevention of commerce, and all the other devices for dragooning the individual, and we are driven to the conclusion that the governments which have to defend themselves by such methods against the governed have that in them which is not worth defending.

It is sovereignty, not democracy, that has emphasized what we call nationality. By controlling all the avenues of opinion and by raising all the frontiers, governments have narrowed the popular horizons. A family in the Balkans is today shattered. The father who may live on Greek soil, the son who may live in Bulgaria and the grandson who may have married a Serb are refused the right ever again to meet.

The individual finds himself, at times, in a deplorable plight. At every point, he is prevented from doing legitimate business. He can not export, he may not import, and however he invests

his property it vanishes away. By taxes on his income he is reduced to poverty, and his very person is held liable for the shambles. Conscription means that the entire manhood of a nation is subjected by the government to a sentence of possible death or worse, from which the only reprieve is a peace, admitted to be precarious. The Roman Empire was supposed to be autocratic. Most of the people enjoyed no higher status than slavery. But, in that Empire, at least it was possible for Christ and His Apostles to move freely, to preach and

to heal. But what would happen if, being Jews, Christ and His Apostles were to visit Germany today?

To my friend from England, therefore, who is disturbed by the killing of a man a day in Chicago, I reply—there is no excuse for that killing. But, as a record in crime, what is that compared with the European plan of killing a dozen million men every two or three decades?

To have too little sovereignty may be a less evil, after all, than having too much.

## The Bridge

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

Now they have made from sand and water  
An arc of stone, an arm  
Not longing, reaching, warm,  
Nor gathering to itself moss, pebbles, water,

But pale, unaccidental, purer  
Than pebble or the foam  
Rising from water's home  
Could ever be; and stronger, stranger, surer,

Sharper, steeper, and gently under  
This cloud, the dying willows brood  
Where I had stood  
Watching the silver swans and hearing thunder.



# Selections from *The Machado*

BY COGNOSCO

*Against a Gilbert and Sullivan background the real and serious  
villain of the Cuban piece, our Platt Amendment,  
threatens disaster*

WASHINGTON

"**B**ATTLE in Havana, 119 Dead, 200 Wounded," scream the newspaper headlines and yet I have the irreverent inclination to treat the Cuban affair in the vein of an opera bouffé. A friend of mine in Washington, particularly close to the situation, has suggested that a contemporary Gilbert and Sullivan might adequately portray the Cuban Revolution in a musical comedy entitled *The Machado*.

I know too well the sordid side of the Cuban problem: Wall Street's rape of the Island and the concomitant reign of terror under the ægis of Machado's professional assassins and torturers, the Porrista. But as I view in perspective the kaleidoscopic events of the past year in Cuba, I am haunted by the recurring strains of *The Peanut Vendor*, and I see beautiful Cuban society girls at a charity affair going through the graceful gyrations of a fan dance in Havana's Casino Nacional. I see them, the following morning, in another mood, debating with acrimony who is to slap the face of Ambassador Guggenheim in public in order to carry out their plan to force American intervention. I see two young Cuban *políticos* on a *finca* near Havana

face each other twelve paces apart, fire their revolvers into the air, rush toward each other, embrace and then with their seconds proceed to the house in holiday spirit to partake of the duel breakfast arranged long in advance.

I see Secretary of the Navy Swanson strut out of the White House and announce to the press that he is sailing immediately for Havana on the cruiser *Indianapolis*—but at this point fantasy gets the better of me—I seem to hear the gentlemen of the press in chorus ask: "And what do you think you are going to do there, Mr. Secretary?" Which, of course, is the cue for the Secretary to sing Sir Joseph Porter's verse:

I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.

I thought so little, they rewarded me  
By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Had Swanson succeeded in carrying out his plan of "visiting" Havana it would without doubt have been the cause of a serious *incident*. Secretary Hull's timely intervention in the Swanson affair and the President's subsequent wireless to the U.S.S. *Indianapolis* deflated Sir Joseph from the rôle

of Ruler of the Navee to that of ordinary sailor deprived of shore-leave.

**B**UT underneath the airy spindrift of light comedy looms the ominous wave of social revolution in Cuba upon which Washington seeks to pour the oil of diplomacy lest it engulf both Americas in a series of unneighborly controversies with possible world-wide repercussions.

The Administration's difficulties have been accentuated by its being forced to pursue a sincere, almost idealistic, anti-imperialist policy under rules drafted by previous administrations which had an exaggerated respect for the sanctity of American foreign investments. The greatest handicap, of course, has been the "Platt Amendment." This involves us in an obligation that must be fulfilled in form at least and which can not well be abrogated during the current unpleasantness. Aside from the legalistic point of view we have in effect made a commitment to our own nationals living in Cuba and to those of foreign nations that they could under certain conditions expect protection from the armed forces of the United States.

From the outset the policy of the Administration has been to avoid, if possible, permitting a situation to develop that might in any way require us to face these obligations. Briefly, the Platt Amendment requires us to intervene if a state of anarchy should prevail in Cuba. Therefore, during the mediation of Ambassador Welles which resulted in the retirement of Machado he kept two cardinal points before him. One was to see that the government did not get out of control of some responsible Cuban group and, two, that the change of government should be constitutional. He was successful in both of these

endeavors—for a time at least. The transition from Machado to de Céspedes was constitutional. There was no coercion or dictation on the part of the United States in the selection of de Céspedes. Washington was not in any way, nor is it now in any way, interested in the political or social philosophy of the Cuban Government. That is strictly the affair of the Cuban people. It was interested, however, in having the dominant Cuban factions agree on a man for president who would not permit the Island to lapse into a condition that would make intervention mandatory. The Administration bent backward in its "hands-off" policy even to the extent of refusing to protect American sugar mills that had been seized by rebellious Cuban laborers.

There are fundamental reasons why Washington seeks to avoid intervention. One, of course, is the importance attached to the coming Montevideo Conference and the dire effect that an American intervention in Cuba would have on it. Another is the realization that Cuba in her own way is attempting to solve economic and social problems in some cases similar to our own. There is a genuine sympathy manifested toward Cuba by both the President and Secretary Hull that transcends the bounds of mere diplomatic gestures. The President realizes, so I am informed, that not only is Cuba bent on driving the money-changers from the Temple but that these money-changers are in many cases the same he himself is now in the process of lashing. Secretary Hull has intimate understanding of the Cuban economic situation and for years has fought the Cuban sugar battle in Congress and in the Senate.

It would be untrue to deny that the quick overthrow of the de Céspedes



Government did not come as an unpleasant surprise to our Government. It must be remembered, however, that the Cuban masses had been inarticulate during the last years of the Machado régime. *Políticos* and intellectuals aired their grievances to the world, but the urge of the Cuban laborer and provincial emitted only low rumblings. Now their pent-up emotions have been released with a terrific roar. The high sugar tariff, absentee ownership of sixty per cent of Cuba's sugar properties, venal loans by American bankers to a corrupt Cuban Government, the resultant cruel taxation, the Chadbourne Sugar Plan for bailing out the banks have all come home to roost.

The Cuban revolt must not be con-

fused with the usual recurrent Latin-American political upheavals. It is made of sterner stuff. It goes far deeper. It has in it the essence of the last Mexican Revolution or the Russian Revolution.

In his inaugural address, President Roosevelt said: "In the field of world policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and, because he does so, respects the rights of others—the neighbor who respects the sanctity of his agreements in and with a world of neighbors."

It took a statesman to enunciate that policy. It will take a magician to apply it when the sanctity of our agreements under the Platt Amendment becomes involved in the Cuban social revolution.



# Economics, Old, Blue Eagle and New

BY EDWARD F. HARVEY

*With the old stand-pat economics now shelved, attention centres  
on the latter two, which advocate, respectively, in-  
dustrial reorganization and a new conception  
of money*

**D**URING the money crisis professional economists have been at sixes and sevens. A recent burlesque version of their contradictory views concluded thus: "We are suffering from overproduction; therefore we must set more people to work to produce still more. There is so much food about that vast quantities have to be burnt or dumped into the sea; therefore we must tighten our belts and throw still more into the sea. The decline in trade is due to a shortage of purchasing-power; therefore we must have drastic wage cuts throughout industry. The effects of the Gold Standard are so calamitous that countries are being forced off Gold one by one; therefore we must get back to the Gold Standard." Couched in abstruse language, the babel has naturally been confusing to the ordinary citizen. Yet it is producing an unexpected result. The confusion is causing a return to common sense; it is inspiring the effort to see economic realities beneath the imposing verbiage.

Under the impact of the Administra-

tion's recovery campaign, distinct cleavages have appeared in economic thought. There is seen to be a conflict of principles, and these principles fortunately lend themselves to clear popular comprehension.

The most distinct cleavage is between the older and the newer schools of contemporary economics. The old school adheres to the dictum that history repeats itself, that the cycle is inevitable and is brought about by influences so complex as to defy analysis. This school reasons from past experience to maintain its position, and meets the situation with a variety of unrelated panaceas, subsidies and government construction programmes. It distrusts pragmatic methods of analysis.

The newer school, on the other hand, believes in scientific analysis, built up on a foundation of statistics which furnish a basis of material fact for dependable deductions and a specific course of action.

The older school—this is the fundamental distinction—still thinks along



the lines of an *economy of want*, perhaps unconsciously, although the evolution of the last half century has destroyed this economy and replaced it with another one, the economy of plenty. But the methods of the old school are so ingrained among its adherents that they would destroy the surpluses of the world and meet the restored economy of want with charity for those in need, and taxation for those who are not. They would allow nature to take its course in starting an upturn, so that the world might rise to higher things on the remains of our generation.

The conservative mind desires to have habit and privilege undisturbed, even though this results in misery. For all purposes the distinction between the older and newer economics is the same as that between the conservative and liberal mentality. The new school argues that the methods which have proved successful in science and technology can be applied with equal success to the economics of production, distribution and consumption. It is particularly important to note that for the new school finance is now such an overwhelming factor in these processes that its reorganization is a prime necessity in any general readjustment of economic procedure. On the other hand, the older school is inclined to regard finance as an inner temple to which only the high priests may have access. That the older school is likely to be crushed under the attack of our industrial robots seems a foregone conclusion. In fact, events at Washington indicate that the process has already begun.

**A**POSTLES of the newer economics vary widely in their opinions. One wing believes that the reorganization of

industrial relations is the primary objective, and that finance will automatically adjust itself to an orderly industrialism, provided some additional safeguards are applied. The other wing maintains that financial methods have been mainly responsible for the industrial break-down, and that no revival can be permanently effective until the monetary system has been brought into parallel control as an integral part of the distributive system.

Both groups agree on certain fundamental ideas. One is that our great industrial plant can not function profitably, and in fact is faced with ruin, unless there is an outlet for the goods it can produce, the corollary of which is a purchasing power equaling the necessary volume of production.

The first group, out of which the policies of the Administration, the new banking laws and the NRA have apparently sprung, believes that by starting up industry under a control that maintains a fair relation between wages paid out and the price level of necessary goods, and at the same time staying the grinding process of forced debt-collecting, with its depressing effect on the banking structure and living standards, a renewed buying power will appear. This buying power, it is supposed, will guarantee sufficient income to relieve the existing unemployment and revivify national life.

According to this line of thought, the money now stowed away against the uncertain future will reappear in circulation and, coupled with the accumulated demand for necessities and replacements, financed by new commercial bank loans, will supplement the upward strength of the movement. In addition, there is the public works programme and as a last resort, the further

devaluation of the dollar, through credit or currency inflation and higher prices.

One of the key points in this reasoning is that higher prices are essential to adjust the equities between debtor and creditor, and to enhance the circulation of goods, because rising prices always make for more active business. For convenience, let us call the foregoing the Blue Eagle economic creed.

This article, however, is chiefly concerned with the second group of new economists. They are in accord with the Blue Eagle plan of campaign, except, they contend, that it fails to take into account several vital factors. These all-important factors are enumerated below.

(1) It is inherent in the present stage of advanced technology and machine production for more goods to be produced than can be purchased by the money released through wages, salaries and dividends, at the prices it is necessary to obtain to cover costs and profits.

(2) In the past this discrepancy has been made up through the expansion of private bank credits, issued for permanent investment. This involves constantly increasing fixed indebtedness and productive equipment, followed by forced credit contraction and shrinkage of buying power and prices. The resort to instalment buying is included as part of this process, and it illustrates how borrowing and spending eventually weaken future potential buying power.

(3) There is now no national medium of exchange that holds any relation to the requirements of our population, or provides a basis for living standards and a reasonably secure future. What we have is a private system of issuing bank deposits against indebtedness which circulate by cheque. The in-

discriminate way this so-called money is issued for profit, by thousands of bank officials, utterly out of touch with basic credit conditions, results in the steady upbuilding of the debt structure. Bank officials are powerless to prevent its mounting because of the necessity of keeping their deposits employed. The pressure exerted on them by the expectation of directors and shareholders of good profits also negatives good banking practice. As a matter of fact, bank officials have practically nothing of value to guide them. To repeat, keen competition among banks, supplemented by the profit incentive, is destructive of sound banking, so that a central bureau of credit information becomes a first necessity for any type of banking system, no matter how the banking system is aligned.

(4) It is the contention of this radical group of new economists that, far from the industrial requirements for money controlling the issuance and volume of money, the reverse is the fact. The bank managements and policies not only control, but dominate, the flow of trade from producer to consumer, in a way which sacrifices the whole national life to the profit incentive of the banks in good times, and to their fear of loss in poor times.

(5) It is a basic principle of the new line of thought that the money of the nation should be issued and controlled by a department of government, divorced from political control, and charged with harmonizing money with the flow of trade, so that price levels and living costs would follow the natural fluctuation of supply and demand, uninfluenced by speculative manipulation or the debt-credit relationship which has become so destructive.

So much for diagnosis. In their reme-



dies to meet the requirements of an industrial commonwealth based upon advancing technology and production, the advanced group of new economists go still further. Their primary postulate is that the means of satisfying legitimate desires must be brought up to equality with the productive capacity of our equipment. Consumption must be equated to production. An old jingle is instructive:

Lord Chatham with his sword drawn  
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.  
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,  
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham.

Producers clamor for orders. Consumers are longing to be at 'em. But in the absence of effective consumer-demand, stalemate is the result.

Heretofore bank credit in the form of loans issued to producers has been considered adequate for providing a supply of money necessary for trade. The most advanced group of economists claim that this is a wrong premise, camouflaged in recent years by the expansion of credits for construction and post-War replacement demand, and further disguised by the fact that our highly elastic system of bank money permitted us to expand foreign loans, in order to provide payment for the goods we shipped abroad in vast quantity. It seems now that we shall end by paying for these goods ourselves.

It is therefore contended that some new way must be found to get more money into the hands of the consuming public, for the reason that not all the money issued through investment and production channels reaches consumers. Much of it is held up for canceling previous loans or for reinvestment. Now this is the most difficult bridge finance has ever had to cross. It breeds questions. How prevent the volume of

long-term indebtedness from constantly increasing faster than the natural increase of production? How establish and maintain the quantity of national money in proper harmony with the volume of trade, thus mitigating unwarranted variations in the general price level due to other than their natural cause, *viz.*, supply and demand?

One thing is insisted upon. Ways and means to these ends must first be based on statistical data. It is unnecessary that the data should be more than approximately correct. Much more plotting of coördinated records must be accomplished before a really scientific formula of monetary control can be established. But the material available and the methods in use are quite ample for a beginning, and working formulas can be developed from them which, if applied, would have an immediately stabilizing effect.

Even among the new economic group there is wide difference of opinion as to how the available data should be coördinated and utilized. This is quite natural at present. Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Irving Fisher and one or two others are responsible for pointing the way to better coördination. The first is a staunch advocate of credit control by properly developed index ratios and has given many years to the study and dissemination of the principles involved. Irving Fisher's original index number system has been universally applied to industrial and trade statistics, and many modifications of it are now used, but the principle has become an integral part of our method of keeping industrial records. Note that its value in the field of finance is still unaccepted, which illustrates the maladjustment between industry and finance. It is not necessary,

however, to go into details of these mathematical formulæ in order to get a clear idea of how our system has worked in the past, and why the most advanced economic students have arrived at the conclusion that unless definite changes are made in financial procedure, it can not be made to work acceptably.

CONSIDERATION of some well known facts will explain the above contention. A statement recently issued by the Federal Reserve shows that one-tenth of one per cent of the deposit accounts in the system hold 44 per cent of the deposits, and 96.5 per cent averaged \$189.00 to their credit. It was shown by the report of the Hoover Committee on Recent Economic Changes that over 80 per cent of the population were living below a base of health and decency in 1929. The question arises, can such an uneven distribution of cash provide customers with sufficient buying power to utilize a volume of productive goods that will keep industrial machinery in profitable operation?

It was shown in the statistics compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board that the national wealth, as measured in current dollars, increased between 1915 and 1920 two-and-one-quarter times and that it fell in six months thereafter by about one-third. Since then the gyrations have been almost equally violent. Meantime, productive wealth on a stable dollar ratio (1913) increased over the fifteen years about four per cent per year.

But the indebtedness issued against this dollar wealth more than doubled while the increased production per man power increased only about thirty per cent, clearly a dangerously uneconomic condition.

It is claimed that such startling fluctuations are due almost entirely to handling the money of the nation through more than twenty thousand independent banks, and possibly sixty thousand individual officials, who have no yardstick to measure the credits they issue. It is likely that at least half the credits they issue are either unsecured, or secured by collateral appraised on its market price, which may be one hundred per cent or more above its true value.

It is further maintained that gold or any other commodity base for money is quite useless, even though the currency reserve may be rigidly maintained, as it has been, if the ratio of bank credit (i.e., loans resulting in circulating deposits) can be expanded ten to fifteen times the gold reserve, and contracted at will to half that amount when a wave of caution or fear strikes the banking community. The money that the population needs to maintain its exchange of goods in harmony with its living standards should only fluctuate with their needs, and the fluctuation should be controlled, and most certainly not reduced when slackness of trade sets in. The fluctuations of our monetary wealth cited above bear out this contention. Our gold and currency have been stabilized for years. But who can claim that we have stable money?

It is maintained by Professor Soddy and others that the adjustments sought should be made by the issuance by the Government of an additional amount of national money, over and above the four to five billions of currency in common use, so as to embrace all the money that is used for the purposes of passing goods from production to consumption. This is estimated at between twenty and twenty-five billions. The power of



banks to issue private credits which have really grown up as a substitute for Government money would, as a corollary, have to be limited to loans for investment purposes, on a basis of reasonable ratio to the volume of goods going into consumption. Ill-advised promotions of new plants, in industries where productive capacity was already sufficient to meet public demand, should not be able to obtain credit facilities, thus making it possible to create and sell securities to the public for unneeded plant capacity.

THE overbuilding and excessive promotion between 1922 and 1929 was due primarily to the lack of a centralized source of reliable information as to where and when enlargements were required, and to the temptation offered by the soaring prices of investments, out of all relation to their value as income producers. This condition was brought about by the post-War replacement demand of foreign nations. Our highly elastic credit system gave support to rising security prices, and the idea of an unlimited market for securities was established. It resulted in overbuilding, and on top of that overexpansion of investment-credits and bank money.

Two special cases may be cited to show how this worked. The published records of the New York Stock Exchange gave the number of shares listed in January, 1925, as 433,000,000, with a market value of \$27,000,000,000, and in addition there was a market value of listed bonds of \$33,000,000,000. In July, 1929, four and a half years later, there were 954,000,000 shares listed, with a market value of \$77,000,000,000, and \$46,000,000,000 of bonds.

It is clear that much of this new paper wealth was fictitious. It was pure in-

flation; it was fostered by the elasticity of the credit system; it was built largely upon debts and speculation; it was measured by market prices.

The second special case has been publicly discussed, but it is merely the counterpart of thousands of cases that exist throughout the country and are responsible for the real estate debacle in both urban and rural property. The Lincoln Building in New York was built at a cost of \$27,000,000. It was sold for \$4,750,000 on foreclosure, and is to be recapitalized at \$15,000,000. It was built with inflated money, this money being chiefly issued as the result of new indebtedness based on the inflated values. Unluckily for every one, such debts do not deflate when money is deflated, although they frequently have to follow suit, because under our credit system it is usual to create debts upon market values and not on true productive value. Thus, pyramiding prices and money values means also pyramiding debts. The vague credit policies of our banking system are chiefly responsible for this condition.

All groups of economists agree on the necessity for a better control. Their differences lie in the degree and method of control necessary. Recent bank legislation and the new codes for the leading exchanges are efforts in harmony with the views of the older group. But the newer groups maintain that these steps will be found futile. They fortify this position with the statement that no financial adjustments of this nature will meet the need of getting enough money into circulation. They flatly assert such adjustments will not produce the increased income necessary to provide a surplus for debt liquidation, either governmental or private. Moreover, they claim that the debt accruals are mount-

ing more rapidly than any surplus income available for meeting them.

On the other hand, this new economic viewpoint is not sterile. It starts afresh from well established postulates, derived from new economic factors. To be brief about it, the postulates are: (1) debts are only ultimately liquidatable by the surpluses derived from a full absorption of consumption goods; (2) the debt structure under existing conditions inevitably increases more rapidly per capita than the increase in actual production; (3) debts arising from the expansion of investment credits can only be ultimately liquidated out of surplus earnings; (4) these debts are immensely larger than the debts created and readily liquidated by the ordinary processes of trade; and (5) mass production as represented by the application of power to industry can only survive through full consumption by the masses. The outcome is that a diffusion of buying power throughout our population is required and this diffusion is clearly not attainable under existing conditions. Yet without it, wealth, as we know it, is doomed.

Deductions from the foregoing are fairly obvious. First, national spendable income must be restored and be more equitably distributed among the great mass of the population, in order that the financial impasse may be removed. This means that consumption must be at least doubled, say from forty billions in 1932 to the level of 1929, eighty-five billions. Second, the expansion of new production equipment should be governed by the indexes of demand, and should follow the average trend of the past half century, that is, between two and a half and four per cent annually.

To attain these objectives, the new economic viewpoint requires that credit,

heretofore a blind force in our national life, must be made a function of government. As to whether it is necessary to scrap the whole existing banking system, or whether it can be suitably modified, there is a difference of opinion. But it is fairly well agreed that credit as a prerogative should not be confined to producers, but must be extended to consumers equally.

It is admitted that industrial coördination and employer-employee relations are of ultimately equal importance, but these can not be achieved without an honest dollar to start from. The dictum is, therefore, that credit must be limited and divided equitably between producer, consumer and technological advance in accordance with indexes of trade, i.e., of consumption and production. The Blue Eagle economist has not yet flown in his thought to this conclusion.

Many ways for attaining these objectives have been proposed. For example, the issuance of stamped scrip as a direct bonus to consumers, or the distribution of a national dividend to all consumers, based upon the loss of national income now being experienced which it would recover. There is also the Government-assisted price of goods sold at retail, designed to take up the slack between rising prices and lagging purchasing power, but assuring the increase of both the demand and supply of consumption goods. The first of these proposals, the stamped scrip, arises from the practical economics of Silvio Gesell, a Swiss financier. The second two proposals arise from the economic philosophy of Major C. H. Douglas and Frederick Soddy.

The above proposals are designed to meet the realities of modern life. They are based on scientific analysis of trade processes and incentives, and cover in



their philosophy such pressing questions as government budgeting and taxation, and the use of now unused equipment for the purpose of abolishing poverty, unemployment and restoring a solvent State. They all aim at maintaining our established institutions and forestalling a general collapse which might result in socialism or communism.

WE ARE NOW confronted with the problem of organizing for consumption. Can this be achieved without as great a change in the technique of consumption as has already taken place in the technique of production? It is a daring question. More daring still is the new economist's reply: there must be a revolution in consumption. And the first essential change is in the approach to the ethics of the problem. The ingrained idea that only those who work shall eat must be changed. Circumstances call for a new formula, something like this: "Every one must live (or consume) *according to his capacity* to produce, so that production may prosper." The opportunity to produce, to render service, or to find suitable occupation would be revived under this new formula. Meantime, those lacking opportunity should not suffer. Their sufferings now only add to the difficulties of the whole group.

These facts are receiving a certain recognition already, but they have not yet permeated the mass-consciousness sufficiently to produce effective results. Until the full significance of the meaning of the economic changes becomes nationally understood, we shall probably continue to flounder. This floundering is well illustrated by the financial policies in vogue for the past several years. They recognize the facts but don't meet them. The Hoover policies poured

money, upwards of three billions, out of the national Treasury, and by credit instruments sluiced it through the regular entrepreneur channels of finance. But it did the nation little good, because only a small proportion could reach the consuming public.

In a lesser degree the present Administration's plans persist in the same idea, namely, to get Government money into the banks and into the corporations and business; let them produce, and all will be well. But we have already seen and are seeing today that this scheme is not working; prices rise faster than disbursements, inventories increase faster than volume consumption. Meantime, the Government is taking over private debts—not liquidating them, but carrying them.

A few billions more spent in public works would not continue to circulate as a true Government money would circulate. Most of it is swallowed up in overdue debt liquidation and goes out of existence in canceling private bank or other indebtedness. The argument that this in itself leads to a better financial position may be in part true, on the ground that the payment of one debt facilitates the incurring of another. But it did not in the past, and it does not now, represent buying of consumer's goods in multiple volume and in excess of the general price rise. And it is a truism to say that buying power must be released in equality with the price rise if the volume of debts is to be reduced to workable proportions. This means the release of double the purchasing power now circulating.

Hence it seems inevitable that the Government will be forced forward upon a direct grant of buying power to the consuming public as a whole, in such manner that a revolving fund of cir-

culating Government money will be created, indestructible like the national currency. But this carries with it the necessity to prevent inflation by controlling the volume of private credits issued through the banks. A controlled issue of Government money, based on trade turnover, can not cause inflation, but if it were followed by an expanded issue of private credits such as occurred from 1925 to 1929, based upon the optimism of business improvement, an inflation would result that would be destructive.

The effect of the adoption of a financial policy *tied tight to the consumption factor* would meet several pressing problems. Developed along the lines that have been proposed by some of the more far-sighted economists, it would relieve taxation and solve the problem of the budget. It would render present financial operations for Government funds unnecessary, and create instead a national money adequate to the needs of the nation, and make a permanent circulating medium, unlike the bank credits now created and destroyed when the wind blows south or north. With such a foundation to build upon, half the problems of the NRA would disappear.

ONE of the primary innovations of the new economic viewpoint is the conception of the "Cultural Heritage of the Nation," which is the ethical justification for the National Dividend. To the failure to recognize it as an economic force is laid much of the present disturbance. Edward Bellamy in *Looking Backward*, published over fifty years ago, indicated this cultural inheritance in the following words:

How happened it that your workers were able to produce more than so many savages

would have done? Was it not wholly on account of the heritage of the past knowledge and achievements of the race, the machinery of society, thousands of years in contriving, found by you ready made to your hand?

C. M. Hattersley in *This Age of Plenty* has modernized the definition thus:

This term comprises the vast heritage of discovery and invention, of culture and learning . . . which have been handed down and developed by generations from the dim beginnings of the race. Collectively these form the Common Cultural Inheritance of humanity, or more shortly, Civilization.

That there has been a vague recognition of a common right to this inheritance is found in various types of beneficial legislation such as old age pensions, unemployment insurance and special aids to weakened industries, subsidies, etc., but these in their very nature have limitations which fail to produce a comprehensive welfare and in some respects actually clash with the welfare of the majority. But advanced economics has assumed collective progress in the industrial arts, not as an ethical formula, but as a pragmatic element in the economy of advanced industrialism. As such, it takes its place as an important element in an economy of balanced production and consumption at capacity.

In a cruder form we might say that in self-defense *producers* must at least utilize the consuming power now going to waste in the indigent, the old and the reluctantly idle, and arrange through the financial power of the state to create a basis of credit whereby this utilization can be achieved.

This becomes of vital concern to all classes from the bankers and industrial captains to officials and wage earners, for otherwise the volume of products out of which they all can live goes to



waste. Practically the question again resolves itself into providing the adequate means of buying power, and this can only be provided to save mass production and mechanized industry by putting every one in the country on a health and decency basis. Money issued by the Government for this purpose, if properly controlled by the index ratios of production and consumption, becomes a revolving fund, so broad in its application that it renders all other forms of stimulus to special interests unnecessary and, in addition, places Government finance and taxation on a stable basis.

But all this means a fiscal policy governed entirely by trade records, centralized and coördinated in a bureau protected against politics or special interests.

It is a safe deduction from known

facts that no International Economic Conference will save a situation which calls for the stabilizing of internal conditions before external relations can be fairly measured. The hope inspiring the last conference that some nations would sacrifice themselves for the benefit of others has been permanently dashed. Foreign exchange of goods except as a matter of mutual advantage has faded from the picture. In future, nations, like business men, must approach each other from the standpoint of mutual advantage. To do this effectively the adjustment of domestic economics must first be achieved on the basis of a sane relationship of consumption, production and finance. When this is done the intense nationalism of the present time will dissolve in mutual coöperation.



# All Hottentots or Millionaires

BY NORMAN LOMBARD

*Who, agreeing with Edward F. Harvey that the Administration policies are inadequate, suggests a different monetary control*

SINCE the remedies for the depression thus far tried have not been altogether effective, it will not, perhaps, be considered unpatriotic if we analyze some of the popular fallacies of current thinking on which those remedies rest, and consider alternative measures that have not yet been given an adequate trial.

The basic fallacy of our times is our old friend, the "mercantile theory." Probably this error of thinking has been the greatest stumbling block to economic progress in all times.

The mercantile theory would lead us to believe that nations get rich by increasing their supply of money rather than by increasing their production of goods. It grows out of the natural feeling that, since men get rich by "making money," by piling up money and claims on money, therefore the same rule must apply to nations. This is not true; but we can not understand the error unless we understand money. And our vagaries on that subject arise out of a fundamental misconception as to what it is and a confusion of the terms "money" and "wealth."

In the widespread acceptance of the mercantile theory lie the explanations

of such phenomena as the perennial opposition to the use of labor-saving machinery; the common belief in the desirability of a "favorable balance of trade," with its consequent confusion over the subject of intergovernmental debts; and a group of four interrelated fallacies which are the immediate subject of this discussion. These are the belief that overproduction caused the drop in the general level of prices that brought on the depression; the belief that a country can be made prosperous by limiting production; the belief that, by increasing wages and shortening hours of labor, spending will be increased; the belief that governmental spending, as for public works, adds to the total purchasing power.

The most dangerous of these four fallacies is the belief that the drop in the price level that brought on the depression was caused by overproduction. We are plowing up growing cotton; domestically and even by international agreement we are trying to limit the production of wheat; we are destroying sows in farrow as a means of reducing the world's supply of pork; we are reducing the hours of employment or the



output per man in factories, even going so far as to prohibit the introduction of new labor-saving machinery and to restrict the entrance of capital into the erection of new factories. How long will it be before we start dynamiting a portion of each existing factory, burning down dwellings, filling up mines?

There is a deep-seated mistrust of these activities. Every one feels that there is something inconsistent in destroying food when men are hungry, but the idea nevertheless persists that, from a social point of view, production must be restrained; that it is uneconomic; that it leads to catastrophe.

Some say that the steps currently taken are necessary to meet a temporary situation. They say that we have, at the moment, too much wheat relative to other things and that, therefore, we must grow less wheat, or that we have too much sugar, and the remedy is to produce less sugar.

There is an obvious lack of consistency between these efforts toward lessened production and governmental activities to increase production, as in the fight on the boll-weevil and the Mediterranean fruit fly, in the efforts to bring new farm lands into use by irrigation and drainage, in power-plant construction, in the intensive scientific search for means to increase farm yields and the output per man in industry.

Further evidence of the instinctive feeling that there is something unsound in the overproduction theory is seen in the efforts to increase buying power by "spreading work," under the NRA, or in the proposals to expand governmental expenditures by engaging in "public works."

Are these not all expressions of an underlying consciousness that our difficulty is one growing, not out of over-

production, but out of underconsumption, that there can be no real and general overproduction "until the last Hottentot lives on the scale of a multimillionaire."

If this is a correct analysis of the situation, it becomes clear that our troubles grow out of our common failure to go to the bottom of the subject, and the explanation of this failure lies in the fact that, when we get well started in our study, when we begin to question our axioms, our prejudices, our superstitions, we encounter the subject of money and prices, and there an inferiority complex takes possession of our minds. We remember the discredited money movements of the past, the "free-silver" agitation, the greenback campaign, the Jacksonian episode, and, as a result, it is considered distinctly bad form, or it was until recently, to question the gold standard, to ask what is meant by the expression "sound money." "Tinkering with the currency" is looked upon as a crime comparable with treason. Men could starve before we would try to understand deflation, reflation and inflation.

It is vastly important that we should see that a fall in the general level of prices is not a necessary consequence of overproduction, providing the supply of the means of spending (money) increases along with the supply of everything else. If the production of two commodities increases proportionately, and nothing transpires to affect the relative demand for them, must not then their relative market price remain the same? For example, if we double the supply of corn and also the supply of wheat, the value of corn relative to wheat is not thereby affected, although the price of both may fall relative to other things. It is exactly the same when

you have money on the one hand, and commodities on the other. If everything increases in supply at once and the monetary supply keeps pace, increasing *pari passu* with trade, there can not result any fall in the general level of prices, no matter how large the general production becomes. When we remember that the law of demand and supply applies to money as it does to shoes or anything else, is it not clearly to be seen that a rise or a fall in the general level of prices, as distinguished from a change in the prices of individual commodities or groups of commodities, is solely a monetary phenomenon and not an indication either of general overproduction or of general underproduction?

THE second current fallacy is the belief that prosperity can be attained by reducing production. This fallacy is evident when we realize that what one man produces furnishes the means to buy what the other man has produced. Hence, if one man reduces his production, the other can not sell his goods to him in such large volume. In other words, a decrease of production results in a reduction of employment and hence deepens the depression.

Clearly, maximum national well-being is a product of large net production plus a net surplus of imports over exports and of leisure to enjoy the resultant supply of goods and human satisfactions. Reducing or limiting production inevitably lowers the average well-being. We could all use more clothes, houses, food, autos, yachts, books, entertainment and a million other things, and we might well have much more of these things than we now have.

Merely putting more people to work, or paying more people a higher hourly

wage, does not necessarily mean that there will result an increase of purchasing power, absurd as this statement may seem on casual consideration. It seems logical that, if one hires more men or pays his men more money, then there must result an increase of the total spending power. But that depends upon where the money to pay these men comes from. If it comes out of the employer's pocket or bank account, then it reduces his spending power just as much as it increases that of his employees. If any such apparent increase of spending power comes, by one route or another, out of existing money supplies, already in circulation and in use, then the process does not increase the total spending power. It simply transfers spending power from one individual or group to another, from one workman to another, from employers to employees.

Obviously there is a limit to such a procedure, unless profits are increased sufficiently to yield the larger wage payment. We can't forever keep taking water out of a vessel without putting more in. Furthermore, the net economic gain from merely transferring spending power is nil, howsoever valuable it may be as a social device to spread the good things of life.

In so far as any effort to raise wages without increasing production per man succeeds, it must inevitably result in an increase of manufacturing costs. It then follows that this must be offset by increasing the tariff to prevent foreign competition from getting all the business. This would reduce imports and consequently exports, because, in the long run, they must balance; and this would spell ruin to the farmer producing for export. The next step is to give the farmer a concealed dole, in the



form of an artificial boost of the prices of the things he produces, this to be financed by increasing the tax on consumers and on industry, which means still higher costs of production.

Once launched on a series of these attempts of the economic snake to live on his own tail, there is bound to be less snake; if it goes on long enough, the snake will have eaten himself up completely.

It is necessary, if we are to understand clearly this matter of increasing purchasing power, that we examine each proposal to see whether it will really increase spending power or merely transfer it. Suppose we consider governmental expenditures for public works. If the money is borrowed by the Government through the sale of bonds to individuals, then it merely comes out of one account and goes into another, possibly in the same bank. No actual increase of spending power takes place.

An example may help to make this clear. If the Government sells a bond to A, he draws his cheque on the bank to pay for it. The bank then is forced to ask some borrower, B, to pay his loan in order that it may meet A's cheque, unless the Government deposits the cheque in the same bank. Clearly, neither A nor B can then spend the money. The spending power has been transferred to the Government.

Of course, if the bank goes to the Federal Reserve for the funds to meet A's cheque, then there is an actual increase of spending power or bank credit. But this same result follows when the Federal Reserve banks buy bonds on their own volition. There is no necessity for the Government to issue new bonds to enable them to do this.

Was not the refusal of President Hoover's advisers to see the monetary

angle of the whole problem, or their reluctance or inability to follow its implications to a conclusion, the real cause of his failure to end the depression and of his resultant defeat? Did he not place reliance on the RFC and similar activities, which did not increase but merely transferred spending power, as the NRA is now doing? Did he not attempt artificially to control prices by operating on specific commodities, such as wheat, although in a less unsocial way than by destroying or dumping them? Did he not fail to assert society's mastery over this monetary Frankenstein monster, which alone determines the volume of purchasing power and hence is the only instrument that can control the price level and prevent booms and depressions?

**P**RAGMATICALLY, the non-monetary New Deal experiments, however well intended, have not worked. What would work?

Generally conceded, now, is the fundamental fact that the only cure for unemployment and depression is to increase spending power. There seems now to be no difference of opinion on this.

A related fact, not so generally recognized however, is that such increase of buying power can come in only three forms:

- (1) Increased supplies of coin or currency in actual circulation
- (2) Increased use of bank deposits subject to cheque
- (3) Increased circulation of existing monetary supplies, that is, increased "velocity of circulation."

Therefore, it is clear that our efforts should be directed toward one or more of these three objectives.

In order to avoid confusion of thought due to this fact that both the

money volume and the velocity of circulation of money are factors in the volume of spending power, I have ventured to coin a new term to express the concept of the total supply of money, bank cheques and other money-like instruments of payment, multiplied by the velocity of circulation thereof—to wit: “money-like volumocity.”

For securing the essential increase of spending power or volumocity, there are devices of two kinds. One kind is aimed at the increase of borrowing from their banks by business men. They consist in: (1) Spreading reports or making announcements that the price level is going to rise. (2) Open market purchases by the Federal Reserve banks—not by member banks, whose purchases merely transfer holdings. Such Federal Reserve purchases tend to increase the member bank reserves; but they are not effective in producing an actual increase of volumocity except when the increased reserves are used by the member banks to increase their loans and investments. (3) Increased rediscounts by member banks, which are encouraged by reducing the Reserve banks' rediscount rates. (4) Increase of gold supplies through imports or production or the taking of gold out of “earmark” or out of more popular forms of hoarding. The results are identical with those following open market purchases. (5) Reducing the weight of gold in the dollar (which is the same as increasing the mint price of gold), as a means of stretching a given supply of reserve gold to enable it to support a larger volume of credit and currency. (6) Using another sort of metal to supplement gold in the reserves or in the circulating medium. This is effective only when it results in an actual increase of volumocity.

The other kind of devices is aimed more directly at the circulating medium. They consist in issuing legal tender money solely on the faith of the Government or other issuer. This is called Fiduciary Issue in England. It provides a real and actual increase of volumocity and it can be effected by issuing the notes in purchase of outstanding bonds, in payment for public works or of Government expenses, etc. In the same general category is the increase of national bank notes, Federal Reserve notes and Federal Reserve bank notes, although these devices are under banker control.

Among the devices for *limiting* or *decreasing* the volumocity are:

(1) Decreasing the volume of borrowing from their banks by business men by spreading reports or making announcement that the price level is going to fall. (2) The sale of securities by Federal Reserve banks. (3) Increasing the rediscount rate as a means of discouraging rediscounting by member banks and, hence, of limiting or reducing the volume of their loans to their customers. (4) Exporting gold, or otherwise reducing the gold supplies, such as “earmarking gold,” circulating gold or gold certificates, taxing gold mining, etc. (5) Increasing the number of reserve cities, which has the effect of compelling the banks in those cities to carry larger reserve balances and hence to call loans. New reserve cities may be created by resolution of the Federal Reserve Board. (6) Calling the unpaid capital of Reserve banks. It is now only half paid up. (7) Increasing the legal minima of member bank reserve ratios. This would force the banks to call loans if their reserves were below the new minima. New legislation permits this to be done readily. (8) Calling



in Treasury balances in gold and hoarding it. (9) Retiring national bank notes, Federal Reserve notes, and Federal Reserve bank notes. (10) Increasing the weight of gold in the dollar, which would reduce the nominal gold reserves of the Federal Reserve banks. (11) Retiring United States notes. This can be done by issuing interest-bearing bonds in redemption thereof and by other means.

It will be noted that the devices for limiting and decreasing the volumocity, that is, for preventing inflation, are both more numerous and more effective and compelling in their effects than are those for expanding it. This is the answer to those who would tell us that, if we try to manage the monetary supply rationally and scientifically, we are sure to have such orgies of inflation as Germany experienced during and after the War.

**E**XPECTATION of a rise or a fall in the price level is a matter of major importance in this problem of controlling the volumocity. If people know or expect that there is going to be a rise in the price level, they will not only spend what funds they have, which means an increase of the velocity, but they will go to their banks and borrow more funds to buy more goods; and the banks will then lend them the funds willingly. This means an increase in the volume of money and credit in use. The combined result in a positive increase in the volumocity.

On the other hand, if people think there is going to be a fall in the price level, they will not only be slow to pay out money to buy goods, but they will use it to pay off their loans at their banks, thus bringing about a decrease of both volume and velocity.

Confidence in the future of the price level is what people usually mean when they speak of the necessity that "confidence be restored." They do not mean confidence that the budget will be balanced or in the credit of the Government, or in the "soundness" of our money. They mean confidence that prices will not fall, or that they will rise. This confidence can be assured by means of a public announcement of the future price level by the authority having the power to determine it—which means the President, under existing law.

The problem of regulating the volumocity so as to secure for society the boon of a stable price level is thus seen to be, not a problem of economics, but of management, comparable to that involved in controlling a lake so as to keep its surface at a stable level, plus the problem of assuring the public as to what to expect in the way of a future price level. This latter part of the problem is solved, however, when the public is taken into the confidence of the monetary authorities and a definite future price level is publicly announced and the public is assured that the monetary powers will be used to attain that level and to stay there when it has been reached.

Such a public announcement by the President would be the best possible safeguard against inflation (or a rise of the price level above the desired and announced point), because, as that point is approached, everybody will know that the monetary powers will be used to stop it there. Hence, they will govern their own borrowing and lending accordingly, and thus assist in the process of stopping the rise. Also, with a definite and equitable price level set in advance, public opinion would surely support the monetary authority in the

use of all its powers to stop it from rising farther.

The point at which the level of prices is to be stabilized is not nearly so important to society and to economic stability, however important it may be to individuals, as would be the definiteness given to the monetary policy and the assurance given to the business public by the announcement, if made by one having the authority to enforce it.

However, the level to which equity would dictate that the general average of prices should always be restored, after any departure therefrom, is the weighted average of the levels at which existing debts were contracted. This is the "level of maximum equity" because it is the level that would work the maximum equity between creditors and debtors and result in the minimum of injustice in the effort to right the wrongs already created by previous wobbles in the value of the monetary unit.

Its calculation is a purely administrative and comparatively simple task that offers little difficulty to those trained in such work, and for which all the necessary data are of record and available.

When the general level of prices continues for a considerable period at one stable height, then business hums under the universal impetus of profit-seeking and the general desire to increase earnings by increasing productivity.

This statement does not depend upon logic alone for its proof. It is supported by ample experience. A study by the International Labor Office covering over twenty countries confirmed it. It was proved beyond a doubt by the experience of the United States from 1922 to 1928, during which period Governor Strong, of the Federal Reserve Bank

of New York, maintained the general level of prices on an even keel, by the use of only such of the devices mentioned above as were available to him. And an irrefutable demonstration of the practicability and effectiveness of the policy is provided by the success of Sweden during the past two years, where the monetary authorities have, deliberately, successfully and in accord with announced intention, utilized their powers to keep the price level stable.

These advantages might now be ours if the President or the Congress should issue instructions to the Federal Reserve and other monetary authorities to utilize their powers as described above, and now granted to the President under the Thomas amendment, to the end that the price level be restored to the "level of maximum equity" and there stabilized.

Clearly, the paramount duty of government is to see to it that the monetary machine is so managed that the general level of prices does not fluctuate, rather than to permit it to fluctuate and then attempt the wholly impossible task of locating the victims and trying to compensate them for the injustices and inefficiencies and hardships that result.

In short, that government is best that keeps the price level stable, because then it will have to govern least!

If we restore the average of prices to the level of maximum equity and keep it there by scientific monetary control, we shall have taken the first essential and the longest possible step in the direction of efficient economic planning. Without it, society seems lost in a mental quicksand and headed for economic suicide.



# Retort to *The Fight Over Money*

BY RICHARD A. LESTER

*Some comments, from the more conservative point of view, on Paul Ernest Anderson's article in last month's*

REVIEW

THE nature of money is probably least understood by those who have the most of it. We, as a people, have been accused of being money-mad. Certainly, judging from the crack-brained notions about money that one hears so frequently nowadays, some of us must be mad.

Who hasn't, at least twice a week, been treated to that mercantilistic fairy tale of the local shopkeeper to the effect that chain stores drain a community of its money? But where is there a village that shows signs of such currency starvation? One might just as well argue against buying automobiles because such purchases mean sending money outside the town—to Detroit. How much better to use horses which reproduce themselves and feed on local fodder! Think of how rich the town would be from the funds so saved!

Monetary truth, I realize, is stranger than monetary fiction. Gresham's law, that bad money drives out good money, must sound strange to both Biblical students and movie fans. I admit that our economists, with their abstruse explanations and Crusoe-Island illustrations, have been of little assistance to the bewildered layman in his search for mone-

tary truth. But it doesn't help matters for journalists and fiction writers to go the professional economists one better, for them to offer a confused public pages of solemn nonsense and disproved or unproved notions. I refer particularly to Paul Ernest Anderson's article, *The Fight Over Money*, in the October issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and I shall have occasion to refer to it more particularly in just a moment.

It is a platitude that a man must make money to be prosperous. But it is far from true that a country can become prosperous by making (printing) money. Neither is it true that the more money a country has, the wealthier it is. Germany learned this sad lesson shortly after the War when a billion marks bought but a box of matches.

During a depression each person feels that what he needs is more money. Naturally, he assumes that this is what the country as a whole needs, whereas, as a matter of fact, if both the amount of money and all prices should double overnight, he would be no better off than he was the evening before, even though he had twice as much money in his pants' pockets and the dollar value of his assets had doubled. Wealth is a

relative matter, and purchasing power is increased by production, not by printing money. As Malthus pointed out in 1811, unless "the product of a country has been increased, it is impossible for one person to have more of it without diminishing the shares of some others." An increase in the amount of money without a proportionate increase in trade means a shift of purchasing power from one man's pocket to another's. The crux of the problem is the question whether an increase in the quantity of money means an increase in production and capital. Mr. Anderson believes that it does.

He introduces his discussion of the Colonial loan-office in Pennsylvania by stating that "the creation of new capital in a new country by the simple expedient of printing paper money and backing it up with the credit of the community (or the Government) very early became a definite part of American commercial and banking history, and maintained an unusual degree of local prosperity. Although much of this money finally depreciated, it must never be forgotten that it paid for a great many useful things, such as houses and improvements, land and education, thus creating values which did not disappear with time, as money itself did. The use of paper money in Colonial times was in one case [the Pennsylvania loan-office] especially successful."

E. S. Sparks, surveying the public loan-office experience of each of the original thirteen Colonies in his *History and Theory of Agricultural Credit in the United States* (1932), comes to no such happy conclusion. His remarks lead one to doubt that the Colonial loan-offices did any more than to redistribute the available capital, making capital cheaper and more plentiful for loan-

office borrowers and therefore scarcer and more costly for others. He doubts that these Colonial land banks directed capital into the most productive channels, which he states is necessary in order to increase production and the wealth of society. Without doubt, the inflation they brought about by issuing batches of paper money, as does every inflation, caused an uneconomic distribution of the existing capital funds. At the height of inflation in Germany there was not more but less capital than formerly. German capital took flight then as American capital is doing now.

IT WAS Jeremy Bentham, writing as far back as 1804, who explained that "all hands being employed, and employed in the most advantageous manner, wealth—real wealth—could admit no further increase; but money would be increasable *ad infinitum*. The effect of every increase of money (understand, of the ratio of money employed in the purchase of things vendible, to the quantity of things vendible for money) is to impose an unprofitable *income tax* on the incomes of all fixed incomists."

Bentham had been discussing the question, whether capital might be increased by governmental measures. He had explained that a government, by raising tax rates and thereby decreasing consumption ("sacrificing present comfort"), might add materially to "the mass of future wealth" of a country. A present-day illustration of this would be the five-year plan in Russia. This Bentham called "forced frugality"—known now as "forced saving."

He then went on to say that the effect of forced frugality is likewise brought about when the government or individuals print paper money. "In this



case, the effect is produced by a species of indirect taxation. . . . Here, as in the above case of forced frugality, national wealth is increased at the expense of national comfort and national justice." He is, of course, assuming that the additional currency is spent on capital goods rather than on consumers' goods.

With an increase in the use of money not offset by an increase in trade, some prices move faster than others, and, as a result, the incidence of price changes is always unequal. Wages rise less rapidly so that, in the words of Henry Thornton, "the labourer may be forced by his necessity to consume fewer articles, though he may exercise the same industry." Not that he wants to consume less, but his pay envelope doesn't reach as far as it used to. Furthermore, in the process of inflation, capital is redistributed along less economic lines; an economy already unsteady becomes more unbalanced. The very things happen which we today, by means of the NRA, are trying to prevent. Is it any wonder that economists claim that inflation does not settle problems, that it only postpones and intensifies them?

Of course, it is easy and very cheap to issue paper money, especially if one isn't forced to redeem it in specie, and to keep it up to par with some standard of value. To loan money to people by issuing notes is to receive interest for one's debts—a truly remarkable phenomenon; it is nothing less than lending one's engraved I.O.U.'s at interest.

Mr. Anderson complains: "When an Eastern banker demanded payment in specie, the pioneer community regarded the demand as destroying assets and property values; moreover, it did mean the wiping out of a portion of the

small banker's working capital, which was indeed scarce enough." Of course it caused inflated values to fall, but the small banker never lost much. All he needed to start in business was some paper, a printing press and the first month's rent, which he probably produced on the press. Had the Eastern bankers not attempted to halt this paper money orgy, the West would soon have gained control of most of the country's resources.

In this connection, it is well to recall Gresham's law, that an excess of cheap money will cause more valuable monies to disappear from circulation. Obviously, if the Western bankers printed money at a more rapid rate than their Eastern brethren, Westerners would be able to buy more property and more of the country's products. In other words, in making money by the printing press, as in so many other instances of making money, what is one man's gain is another man's loss.

Mr. Anderson points out that the Pennsylvania loan-office issued paper money "based on the wealth of the province" and "kept the amount of issue in due relationship with the growth of values in the province." Here, as in a number of other instances, he has put the cart before the horse. Values are dependent upon the amount of money in use. If the amount of money doubles overnight, values are apt to increase proportionately. To say that the amount of money was kept in due relationship with the growth of values is to tell how vigorously the tail wagged the dog.

After making such an elementary blunder, one might expect almost anything, and that is just what Mr. Anderson sincerely offers us. What this country needs, apparently, is not a good five-cent cigar, but a national money

based on the national wealth, a currency similar to the Colonial loan-office notes but manufactured at the mint in Washington. "Not alone does history speak for such a step forward," so he claims, "but also the events and conditions of the day."

Quite the contrary, Mr. Anderson. History does not speak for it, nor is it a step forward. Rather it would be a step backward, back to the late Seventeenth Century when land banks flourished in England, back to the infamous schemes of John Law, back to the worthless assignats of the French Revolution, back to the depreciated paper of our Colonial loan-offices and land banks, back to the days—bygone I had hoped—when it was commonly believed that banks were wealth-creating institutions and that it was only necessary to set the presses in motion to supply a poor people with manna.

The Germans have learned just how much wealth one can produce by printing presses. During their post-War monetary unpleasantness, "the great majority of the population was in extreme want." Can we learn from the costly experience of others? Can we learn from history, or must we repeat it?

THE loan-offices and land banks mentioned above issued paper bills which they loaned on land security. It is easy to see how such currency soon depreciated. The more bills that were put out, the higher prices went, the more the land was worth in terms of depreciated paper money, so that more paper notes could be issued and loaned on the same piece of land, and so on and on the vicious circle spun. Because the inconvertible currency issued was based on the *value* of property instead of a fixed

weight and fineness of metal, there were no restrictions on the rise of prices—the sky was the limit. In Germany in 1923, when the printing presses were belching forth billions of marks daily, the people complained of a shortage of currency. Prices kept rising as fast—they even rose faster—than the currency was increased, so that, like Alice in Wonderland, the Reichsbank officials had to run faster and faster in order to keep up with themselves.

As far back as 1740, William Douglas pointed out the fallacy of attempting to base a currency on wealth (the value of property). At that time he asserted: "A Land Credit or Bank may do in a Country of no Trade, but it is ridiculous to imagine that it can serve as a Medium for foreign Commerce. It does not lend itself to transfer as is the case of silver. Also as currency based on land is increased it depreciates, while land goes up in denomination values, whilst what is owing upon the land becomes so much less as the Denominations do depreciate: Hence it is, that a Land Bank is so much desired, by those who are in Debt by mortgage, or who desire to run in debt by mortgaging."

That great Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, in his younger days thought that a currency tied to the land was just the thing for the, at that time, confederated Colonies. But as he grew older and wiser in the ways and wiles of money, he publicly confessed his error in this matter.

Let me explain right here that it is not my ambition or intention to enter the lists as a self-appointed champion of the anti-inflation forces. Wiser heads have debated that perplexing problem, to inflate or not to inflate, which Will Rogers claims is the Democratic question. I am not arguing in defense of de-



flation and a "dishonest dollar," but in defense of truth and understanding.

That there is a case for inflation, I would readily admit. Stuart Chase has probably stated it as well as any one, though briefs on this question have been prepared by debtors from the time of continentals and assignats to the days of shinplasters and the present Rooseveltian rubber or commodity dollar. But that the inflationist cause can be supported by such sophistry as Mr. An-

derson offers us in the name of history, let me be the first one to deny and de-claim as bunk.

If, after all other remedies fail, the debtor class in this country forces us to down the bitter pill of currency inflation, let us do so with open eyes as well as open mouths. Above all, let us admit that it is a pill and not a plum; an emergency measure and not a choice morsel to be added to the daily diet of the dollar-chaser.

## Actual

BY FRANCES FROST

THIS day is good for I have seen  
 A wind that mowed the final green,  
 A rocky stream where leaves had been.  
 This day is good, because the cold  
 Is gray, and all the scattered gold  
 Has crumpled: earth lies dark and bare;  
 Even the birds are black that fare  
 On ragged wings through pewter air.

This day is good to taste and touch:  
 It has a sturdy flavor such  
 As summer does not proffer much.  
 The richness of the year has flown:  
 This day stands starkly and alone,  
 As honest and as staunch as stone.

# The Red Pony

BY JOHN STEINBECK

*A Story*

AT DAYBREAK Billy Buck emerged from the bunkhouse and stood for a moment on the porch looking up at the sky. He was a broad, bandy-legged little man with a walrus moustache, with square hands, puffed and muscled on the palms. His eyes were a contemplative, watery gray and the hair which protruded from under his Stetson hat was spiky and weathered. Billy was still stuffing his shirt into his blue jeans as he stood on the porch. He unbuckled his belt and tightened it again. The belt showed, by the worn shiny places opposite each hole, the gradual increase of Billy's middle over a period of years. When he had seen to the weather, Billy cleared each nostril by holding its mate closed with his forefinger and blowing fiercely. Then he walked down to the barn, rubbing his hands together. He curried and brushed two saddle horses in the stalls, talking quietly to them all the time; and he had hardly finished when the iron triangle started ringing at the ranch house. Billy stuck the brush and curry comb together and laid them on the rail, and went up to breakfast. His action had been so deliberate and yet so wasteless of time that he came to the house while Mrs. Tiflin was still ringing the triangle. She nodded her gray

head to him and withdrew into the kitchen. Billy Buck sat down on the steps, because he was a cow-hand, and it wouldn't be fitting that he should go first into the dining room. He heard Mr. Tiflin in the house, stamping his feet into his boots.

The high jangling note of the triangle put the boy Jody in motion. He was only a little boy, ten years old, with hair like dusty yellow grass and with shy polite gray eyes, and with a mouth that worked when he thought. The triangle picked him up out of sleep. It didn't occur to him to disobey the harsh note. He never had: no one he knew ever had. He brushed the tangled hair out of his eyes and skinned his nightgown off. In a moment he was dressed—blue chambray shirt and overalls. It was late in the summer, so of course there were no shoes to bother with. In the kitchen he waited until his mother got from in front of the sink and went back to the stove. Then he washed himself and brushed back his wet hair with his fingers. His mother turned sharply on him as he left the sink. Jody looked shyly away.

"I've got to cut your hair before long," his mother said. "Breakfast's on the table. Go on in, so Billy can come."

Jody sat at the long table which was



covered with white oilcloth washed through to the fabric in some places. The fried eggs lay in rows on their platter. Jody took three eggs on his plate and followed with three thick slices of crisp bacon. He carefully scraped a spot of blood from one of the egg yolks.

Billy Buck clumped in. "That won't hurt you," Billy explained. "That's only a sign the rooster leaves."

Jody's tall stern father came in then and Jody knew from the noise on the floor that he was wearing boots, but he looked under the table anyway, to make sure. His father turned off the oil lamp over the table, for plenty of morning light now came through the windows.

Jody did not ask where his father and Billy Buck were riding that day, but he wished he might go along. His father was a disciplinarian. Jody obeyed him in everything without questions of any kind. Now, Carl Tiflin sat down and reached for the egg platter.

"Got the cows ready to go, Billy?" he asked.

"In the lower corral," Billy said. "I could just as well take them in alone."

"Sure you could. But a man needs company. Besides your throat gets pretty dry." Carl Tiflin was jovial this morning.

Jody's mother put her head in the door. "What time do you think to be back, Carl?"

"I can't tell. I've got to see some men in Salinas. Might be gone till dark."

The eggs and coffee and big biscuits disappeared rapidly. Jody followed the two men out of the house. He watched them mount their horses and drive six old milk cows out of the corral and start over the hill toward Salinas. They were going to sell the old cows to the butcher.

When they had disappeared over the crown of the ridge Jody walked up the hill in back of the house. The dogs trotted around the house corner hunching their shoulders and grinning horribly with pleasure. Jody patted their heads—Doubletree Mutt with the big thick tail and yellow eyes, and Smasher the shepherd, who had killed a coyote and lost an ear in doing it. Smasher's one good ear stood up higher than a collie's ear should. Billy Buck said that always happened. After the frenzied greeting the dogs lowered their noses to the ground in a businesslike way and went ahead, looking back now and then to make sure that the boy was coming. They walked up through the chicken yard and saw the quail eating with the chickens. Smasher chased the chickens a little to keep in practice in case there should ever be sheep to herd. Jody continued on through the large vegetable patch where the green corn was higher than his head. The cow pumpkins were green and small yet. He went on to the sage-brush line where the cold spring ran out of its pipe and fell into a round wooden tub. He leaned over and drank close to the green mossy wood where the water tasted best. Then he turned and looked back on the ranch, on the low, whitewashed house girded with red geraniums, and on the long bunkhouse by the cypress tree where Billy Buck lived alone. Jody could see the great black kettle under the cypress tree. That was where the pigs were scalded. The sun was coming over the ridge now, glaring on the whitewash of the houses and barns, making the wet grass blaze softly. Behind him, in the tall sage-brush the birds were scampering on the ground, making a great noise among the dry leaves; the squirrels piped shrilly on the side-hills. Jody

looked along at the farm buildings. He felt an uncertainty in the air, a feeling of change and of loss and of the gain of new and unfamiliar things. Over the hillside two big black buzzards sailed low to the ground and their shadows slipped smoothly and quickly ahead of them. Some animal had died in the vicinity. Jody knew it. It might be a cow or it might be the remains of a rabbit. The buzzards overlooked nothing. Jody hated them as all decent things hate them, but they could not be hurt because they made away with carrion.

AFTER a while the boy sauntered down-hill again. The dogs had long ago given him up and gone into the brush to do things in their own way. Back through the vegetable garden he went, and he paused for a moment to smash a green muskmelon with his heel, but he was not happy about it. It was a bad thing to do, he knew perfectly well. He kicked dirt over the ruined melon to conceal it.

Back at the house his mother bent over his rough hands, inspecting his fingers and nails. It did little good to start him clean to school for too many things could happen on the way. She sighed over the black cracks on his fingers, and then gave him his books and his lunch and started him on the mile walk to school. She noticed that his mouth was working a good deal this morning.

Jody started his journey. He filled his pockets with little pieces of white quartz that lay in the road, and every so often he took a shot at a bird or at some rabbit that had stayed sunning itself in the road too long. At the cross-roads over the bridge he met two friends and the three of them walked

to school together, making ridiculous strides and being rather silly. School had just opened two weeks before. There was still a spirit of revolt among the pupils.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Jody topped the hill and looked down on the ranch again. He looked for the saddle horses, but the corral was empty. His father was not back yet. He went slowly, then, toward the afternoon chores. At the ranch house, he found his mother sitting on the porch, mending socks.

"There's two doughnuts in the kitchen for you," she said. Jody slid to the kitchen, and returned with half of one of the doughnuts already eaten and his mouth full. His mother asked him what he had learned in school that day, but she didn't listen to his doughnut-muffled answer. She interrupted, "Jody, tonight see you fill the wood box clear full. Last night you crossed the sticks and it wasn't only about half full. Lay the sticks flat tonight. And Jody, some of the hens are hiding eggs, or else the dogs are eating them. Look about in the grass and see if you can find any nests."

Jody, still eating, went out and did his chores. He saw the quail come down to eat with the chickens when he threw out the grain. For some reason his father was proud to have them come. He never allowed any shooting near the house for fear the quail might go away.

When the wood box was full, Jody took his twenty-two rifle up to the cold spring at the brush line. He drank again and then aimed the gun at all manner of things, at rocks, at birds on the wing, at the big black pig kettle under the cypress tree, but he didn't shoot for he had no cartridges and wouldn't have



until he was twelve. If his father had seen him aim the rifle in the direction of the house he would have put the cartridges off another year. Jody remembered this and did not point the rifle down the hill again. Two years was enough to wait for cartridges. Nearly all of his father's presents were given with reservations which hampered their value somewhat. It was good discipline.

The supper waited until dark for his father to return. When at last he came in with Billy Buck, Jody could smell the delicious brandy on their breaths. Inwardly he rejoiced, for his father sometimes talked to him when he smelled of brandy, sometimes even told things he had done in the wild days when he was a boy.

After supper, Jody sat by the fireplace and his shy polite eyes sought the room corners, and he waited for his father to tell what it was he contained, for Jody knew he had news of some sort. But he was disappointed. His father pointed a stern finger at him.

"You'd better go to bed, Jody. I'm going to need you in the morning."

That wasn't so bad. Jody liked to do the things he had to do as long as they weren't routine things. He looked at the floor and his mouth worked out a question before he spoke it. "What are we going to do in the morning, kill a pig?" he asked softly.

"Never you mind. You better get to bed."

When the door was closed behind him, Jody heard his father and Billy Buck chuckling and he knew it was a joke of some kind. And later, when he lay in bed, trying to make words out of the murmurs in the other room, he heard his father protest, "But Ruth, I didn't give much for him."

Jody heard the hoot-owls hunting

mice down by the barn, and he heard a fruit tree limb tap-tapping against the house. A cow was lowing when he went to sleep.

WHEN the triangle sounded in the morning, Jody dressed more quickly even than usual. In the kitchen, while he washed his face and combed back his hair, his mother addressed him irritably. "Don't you go out until you get a good breakfast in you."

He went into the dining room and sat at the long white table. He took a steaming hotcake from the platter, arranged two fried eggs on it, covered them with another hotcake and squashed the whole thing with his fork.

His father and Billy Buck came in. Jody knew from the sound on the floor that both of them were wearing flat heeled shoes, but he peered under the table to make sure. His father turned off the oil lamp, for the day had arrived, and he looked stern and disciplinary, but Billy Buck didn't look at Jody at all. He avoided the shy questioning eyes of the boy and soaked a whole piece of toast in his coffee.

Carl Tiffin said crossly, "You come with us after breakfast!"

Jody had trouble with his food then, for he felt a kind of doom in the air. After Billy had tilted his saucer and drained the coffee which had slopped into it, and had wiped his hands on his jeans, the two men stood up from the table and went out into the morning light together, and Jody respectfully followed a little behind them. He tried to keep his mind from running ahead, tried to keep it absolutely motionless.

His mother called, "Carl! Don't you let it keep him from school."

They marched past the cypress, where a singletree hung from a limb

to butcher the pigs on, and past the black iron kettle, so it was not a pig killing. The sun shone over the hill and threw long, dark shadows of the trees and buildings. They crossed a stubble-field to shortcut to the barn. Jody's father unhooked the door and they went in. They had been walking toward the sun on the way down. The barn was black as night in contrast and warm from the hay and from the beasts. Jody's father moved over toward the one box stall. "Come here!" he ordered. Jody could begin to see things now. He looked into the box stall and then stepped back quickly.

A red pony colt was looking at him out of the stall. Its tense ears were forward and a light of disobedience was in its eyes. Its coat was rough and thick as an airedale's fur and its mane was long and tangled. Jody's throat collapsed in on itself and cut his breath short.

"He needs a good currying," his father said, "and if I ever hear of you not feeding him or leaving his stall dirty, I'll sell him off in a minute."

Jody couldn't bear to look at the pony's eyes any more. He gazed down at his hands for a moment, and he asked very shyly, "Mine?" No one answered him. He put his hand out toward the pony. Its gray nose came close, sniffing loudly, and then the lips drew back and the strong teeth closed on Jody's fingers. The pony shook its head up and down and seemed to laugh with amusement. Jody regarded his bruised fingers. "Well," he said with pride—"Well, I guess he can bite all right." The two men laughed, somewhat in relief. Carl Tiffin went out of the barn and walked up a side-hill to be by himself, for he was embarrassed, but Billy Buck stayed. It was easier to

talk to Billy Buck. Jody asked again—"Mine?"

Billy became professional in tone. "Sure! That is, if you look out for him and break him right. I'll show you how. He's just a colt. You can't ride him for some time."

Jody put out his bruised hand again, and this time the red pony let his nose be rubbed. "I ought to have a carrot," Jody said. "Where'd we get him, Billy?"

"Bought him at a sheriff's auction," Billy explained. "A show went broke in Salinas and had debts. The sheriff was selling off their stuff."

The pony stretched out his nose and shook the forelock from his wild eyes. Jody stroked the nose a little. He said softly. "There isn't a—saddle?"

Billy Buck laughed. "I'd forgot. Come along."

In the harness room he lifted down a little saddle of red morocco leather. "It's just a show saddle," Billy Buck said disparagingly. "It isn't practical for the brush, but it was cheap at the sale."

Jody couldn't trust himself to look at the saddle either, and he couldn't speak at all. He brushed the shining red leather with his finger tips, and after a long time he said, "It'll look pretty on him though." He thought of the grandest and prettiest things he knew. "If he hasn't a name already, I think I'll call him Gabilan Mountains," he said.

Billy Buck knew how he felt. "It's a pretty long name. Why don't you just call him Gabilan. That means hawk. That would be a fine name for him." Billy felt glad. "If you will collect tail hair, I might be able to make a hair rope for you some time. You could use it for a hackamore."

Jody wanted to go back to the box



stall. "Could I lead him to school, do you think—to show the kids?"

But Billy shook his head. "He's not even halter broke yet. We had a time getting him here. Had to almost drag him. You better be starting for school though."

"I'll bring the kids to see him here this afternoon," Jody said.

SIX BOYS came over the hill half an hour early that afternoon, running hard, their heads down, their forearms working, their breath whistling. They swept by the house and cut across the stubble-field to the barn. And then they stood self-consciously before the pony, and then they looked at Jody with eyes in which there was a new admiration and a new respect. Before today Jody had been a boy, dressed in overalls and a blue shirt—quieter than most, even suspected of being a little cowardly. And now he was different. Out of a thousand centuries they drew the ancient admiration of the footman for the horseman. They knew instinctively that a man on a horse is spiritually as well as physically bigger than a man on foot. They knew that Jody had been miraculously lifted out of equality with them, and had been placed over them. Gabilan put his head out of the stall and sniffed them.

"Why'n't you ride him?" the boys cried. "Why'n't you braid his tail with ribbons like in the fair?" "When you going to ride him?"

Jody's courage was up. He too felt the superiority of the horseman. "He's not old enough. Nobody can ride him for a long time. I'm going to train him on the long halter. Billy Buck is going to show me how."

"Well, can't we even lead him around a little?"

"He isn't even halter broke," Jody said. He wanted to be completely alone when he took the pony out the first time. "Come and see the saddle."

They were speechless at the red morocco saddle, completely shocked out of comment. "It isn't much use in the brush," Jody explained. "It'll look pretty on him though. Maybe I'll ride bareback when I go into the brush."

"How you going to rope a cow without a saddle horn?"

"Maybe I'll get another saddle for every day. My father might want me to help him with the stock." He let them feel the red saddle, and showed them the brass chain throat-latch on the bridle and the big brass buttons at each temple where the headstall and brow band crossed. The whole thing was too wonderful. They had to go away after a little while, and each boy, in his mind, searched among his possessions for a bribe worthy of offering in return for a ride on the red pony when the time should come.

Jody was glad when they had gone. He took brush and currycomb from the wall, took down the barrier of the box stall and stepped cautiously in. The pony's eyes glittered, and he edged around into kicking position. But Jody touched him on the shoulder and rubbed his high arched neck as he had always seen Billy Buck do, and he crooned, "So-o-o Boy," in a deep voice. The pony gradually relaxed his tenseness. Jody curried and brushed until a pile of dead hair lay in the stall and until the pony's coat had taken on a deep red shine. Each time he finished he thought it might have been done better. He braided the mane into a dozen little pig-tails, and he braided the forelock, and then he undid them and brushed the hair out straight again.

Jody did not hear his mother enter the barn. She was angry when she came, but when she looked in at the pony and at Jody working over him, she felt a curious pride rise up in her. "Have you forgot the wood box?" she asked gently. "It's not far off from dark and there's not a stick of wood in the house, and the chickens aren't fed."

Jody quickly put up his tools. "I forgot, ma'am."

"Well, after this do your chores first. Then you won't forget. I expect you'll forget lots of things now if I don't keep an eye on you."

"Can I have carrots from the garden for him, ma'am?"

She had to think about that. "Oh—I guess so, if you only take the big tough ones."

"Carrots keep the coat good," he said, and again she felt the curious rush of pride.

JODY never waited for the triangle to get him out of bed after the coming of the pony. It became his habit to creep out of bed even before his mother was awake, to slip into his clothes and to go quietly down to the barn to see Gabilan. In the gray quiet mornings when the land and the brush and the houses and the trees were silver-gray and black like a photograph negative, he stole toward the barn, past the sleeping stones and the sleeping cypress tree. The turkeys, roosting in the tree out of coyotes' reach, clicked drowsily. The fields glowed with a gray frost-like light and in the dew the tracks of rabbits and of field mice stood out sharply. The good dogs came stiffly out of their little houses, hackles up and deep growls in their throats. Then they caught Jody's scent, and their stiff tails rose up and waved a greeting—Doubletree Mutt

with the big thick tail, and Smasher, the incipient shepherd—then went lazily back to their warm beds.

It was a strange time and a mysterious journey, to Jody—an extension of a dream. When he first had the pony he liked to torture himself during the trip by thinking Gabilan would not be in his stall, and worse, would never have been there. And he had other delicious little self-induced pains. He thought how the rats had gnawed ragged holes in the red saddle, and how the mice had nibbled Gabilan's tail until it was stringy and thin. He usually ran the last little way to the barn. He unlatched the rusty hasp of the barn door and stepped in, and no matter how quietly he opened the door, Gabilan was always looking at him over the barrier of the box stall and Gabilan whinnied softly and stamped his front foot, and his eyes had big sparks of red fire in them like oak wood embers.

Sometimes, if the work horses were to be used that day, Jody found Billy Buck in the barn harnessing and currying. Billy stood with him and looked long at Gabilan and he told Jody a great many things about horses. He explained that they were terribly afraid for their feet, so that one must make a practice of lifting the legs and patting the hooves and ankles to remove their terror. He told Jody how horses love conversation. He must talk to the pony all the time, and tell him the reasons for everything. Billy wasn't sure a horse could understand everything that was said to him, but it was impossible to say how much was understood. A horse never kicked up a fuss if some one he liked explained things to him. Billy could give examples, too. He had known, for instance, a horse nearly dead beat with fatigue to perk up when told



it was only a little farther to his destination. And he had known a horse paralyzed with fright to come out of it when his rider told him what it was that was frightening him. While he talked in the mornings, Billy Buck cut twenty or thirty straws into neat three inch lengths and stuck them into his hat band. Then during the whole day, if he wanted to pick his teeth or merely to chew on something, he had only to reach up for one of them.

Jody listened carefully, for he knew and the whole country knew that Billy Buck was a fine hand with horses. Billy's own horse was a stringy cayuse with a hammer head, but he nearly always won the first prizes at the stock trials. Billy could rope a steer, take a double half-hitch about the horn with his riata and dismount, and his horse would play the steer as an angler plays a fish, keeping a tight rope until the steer was down or beaten.

Every morning, after Jody had curried and brushed the pony, he let down the barrier of the stall, and Gabilan thrust past him and raced down the barn and into the corral. Around and around he galloped, and sometimes he jumped forward and landed on stiff legs. He stood quivering, stiff ears forward, eyes rolling so that the whites showed, pretending to be frightened. At last he walked snorting to the water trough and buried his nose in the water up to the nostrils. Jody was proud then, for he knew that was the way to judge a horse. Poor horses only touched their lips to the water, but a fine spirited beast put his whole nose and mouth under, and only left room to breathe.

Then Jody stood and watched the pony, and he saw things he had never noticed about any other horse, the sleek sliding flank muscles and the cords of

the buttocks, which flexed like a closing fist, and the shine the sun put on the red coat. Having seen horses all his life, Jody had never looked at them very closely before. But now he noticed the moving ears which gave expression and even inflection of expression to the face. The pony talked with his ears. You could tell exactly how he felt about everything by the way his ears pointed. Sometimes they were stiff and upright and sometimes lax and sagging. They went back when he was angry or fearful, and forward when he was anxious and curious and pleased; and their exact position indicated which emotion he had.

Billy Buck kept his word. In the early fall the training began. First there was the halter breaking, and that was the hardest because it was the first thing. Jody held a carrot and coaxed and promised and pulled on the rope. The pony set his feet like a burro when he felt the strain. But before long he learned. Jody walked all over the ranch leading him. Gradually he took to dropping the rope until the pony followed him unled wherever he went.

And then came the training on the long halter. That was slower work. Jody stood in the middle of a circle, holding the long halter. He clucked with his tongue and the pony started to walk in a big circle, held in by the long rope. He clucked again to make the pony trot, and again to make him gallop. Around and around Gabilan went thundering and enjoying it immensely. Then he called "Whoa," and the pony stopped. It was not long until Gabilan was perfect at it. But in many ways he was a bad pony. He bit Jody in the pants and stomped on Jody's feet. Now and then his ears went back and he aimed a tremendous kick at the boy.

Every time he did one of these bad things, Gabilan settled back and seemed to laugh to himself.

Billy Buck worked at the hair rope in the evenings before the fireplace. Jody collected tail hair in a bag, and he sat and watched Billy slowly constructing the rope, twisting a few hairs to make a string and rolling two strings together for a cord, and then braiding a number of cords to make the rope. Billy rolled the finished rope on the floor under his foot to make it round and hard.

The long halter work rapidly approached perfection. Jody's father, watching the pony stop and start and trot and gallop, was a little bothered by it.

"He's getting to be almost a trick pony," he complained. "I don't like trick horses. It takes all the—dignity out of a horse to make him do tricks. Why, a trick horse is kind of like an actor—no dignity, no character of his own." And his father said, "I guess you better be getting him used to the saddle pretty soon."

Jody rushed for the harness room. For some time he had been riding the saddle on a sawhorse. He changed the stirrup length over and over, and could never get it just right. Sometimes, mounted on the sawhorse in the harness room, with collars and hames and tugs hung all about him, Jody rode out beyond the room. He carried his rifle across the pommel. He saw the fields go flying by, and he heard the beat of the galloping hoofs.

IT WAS a ticklish job, saddling the pony the first time. Gabilan hunched and reared and threw the saddle off before the cinch could be tightened. It had to be replaced again and again until at

last the pony let it stay. And the cinching was difficult, too. Day by day Jody tightened the girth a little more until at last the pony didn't mind the saddle at all.

Then there was the bridle. Billy explained how to use a stick of licorice for a bit until Gabilan was used to having something in his mouth. Billy explained, "Of course we could force-break him to everything, but he wouldn't be as good a horse if we did. He'd always be a little bit afraid, and he wouldn't mind because he wanted to."

The first time the pony wore the bridle he whipped his head about and worked his tongue against the bit until the blood oozed from the corners of his mouth. He tried to rub the headstall off on the manger. His ears pivoted about and his eyes turned red with fear and with general rambunctiousness. Jody rejoiced, for he knew that only a mean-souled horse does not resent training.

And Jody trembled when he thought of the time when he would first sit in the saddle. The pony would probably throw him off. There was no disgrace in that. The disgrace would come if he did not get right up and mount again. Sometimes he dreamed that he lay in the dirt and cried and couldn't make himself mount again. The shame of the dream lasted until the middle of the day.

Gabilan was growing fast. Already he had lost the long-leggedness of the colt; his mane was getting longer and blacker. Under the constant currying and brushing his coat lay as smooth and gleaming as orange-red lacquer. Jody oiled the hoofs and kept them carefully trimmed so they would not crack.

The hair rope was nearly finished. Jody's father gave him an old pair of



spurs and bent in the side bars and cut down the strap and took up the chain-lets until they fitted. And then one day Carl Tiflin said:

"The pony's growing faster than I thought. I guess you can ride him by Thanksgiving. Think you can stick on?"

"I don't know," Jody said shyly. Thanksgiving was only three weeks off. He hoped it wouldn't rain, for rain would spot the red saddle.

Gabilan knew and liked Jody by now. He nickered when Jody came across the stubble-field, and in the pasture he came running when his master whistled for him. There was always a carrot for him every time.

Billy Buck gave him riding instructions over and over. "Now when you get up there, just grab tight with your knees and keep your hands away from the saddle, and if you get throwed, don't let that stop you. No matter how good a man is, there's always some horse can pitch him. You just climb up again before he gets to feeling smart about it. Pretty soon, he won't throw you no more, and pretty soon he *can't* throw you no more. That's the way to do it."

"I hope it don't rain before," Jody said.

"Why not? Don't want to get throwed in the mud?"

That was partly it, and also he was afraid that in the flurry of bucking Gabilan might slip and fall on him and break his leg or his hip. He had seen that happen to men before, had seen how they writhed on the ground like squashed bugs, and he was afraid of it.

He practised on the sawhorse how he would hold the reins in his left hand and a hat in his right hand. If he kept his hands thus busy, he couldn't grab

the horn if he felt himself going off. He didn't like to think of what would happen if he did grab the horn. Perhaps his father and Billy Buck would never speak to him again, they would be so ashamed. The news would get about and his mother would be ashamed too. And in the school yard—it was too awful to contemplate.

He began putting his weight in a stirrup when Gabilan was saddled, but he didn't throw his leg over the pony's back. That was forbidden until Thanksgiving.

Every afternoon he put the red saddle on the pony and cinched it tight. The pony was learning already to fill his stomach out unnaturally large while the cinching was going on, and then to let it down when the straps were fixed. Sometimes Jody led him up to the brush line and let him drink from the round green tub, and sometimes he led him up through the stubble-field to the hill-top from which it was possible to see the white town of Salinas and the geometric fields of the great valley, and the oak trees clipped by the sheep. Now and then they broke through the brush and came to little cleared circles so hedged in that the world was gone and only the sky and the circle of brush were left from the old life. Gabilan liked these trips and showed it by keeping his head very high and by quivering his nostrils with interest. When the two came back from an expedition they smelled of the sweet sage they had forced through.

TIME dragged on toward Thanksgiving, but winter came fast. The clouds swept down and hung all day over the land and brushed the hill-tops, and the winds blew shrilly at night. All day the dry oak leaves drifted

down from the trees until they covered the ground, and yet the trees were unchanged.

Jody had wished it might not rain before Thanksgiving, but it did. The brown earth turned dark and the trees glistened. The cut ends of the stubble turned black with mildew; the haystacks grayed from exposure to the damp, and on the roofs the moss, which had been all summer as gray as lizards, turned a brilliant yellow-green. During the week of rain, Jody kept the pony in the box stall out of the dampness, except for a little time after school when he took him out for exercise and to drink at the water trough in the upper corral. Not once did Gabilan get wet.

The wet weather continued until little new grass appeared. Jody walked to school dressed in a slicker and short rubber boots. At length one morning the sun came out brightly. Jody, at his work in the box stall, said to Billy Buck, "Maybe I'll leave Gabilan in the corral when I go to school today."

"Be good for him to be out in the sun," Billy assured him. "No animal likes to be cooped up too long. Your father and me are going back on the hill to clean the leaves out of the spring." Billy nodded and picked his teeth with one of his little straws.

"If the rain comes, though—" Jody suggested.

"Not likely to rain today. She's rained herself out." Billy pulled up his sleeves and snapped his arm bands. "If it comes on to rain—why a little rain don't hurt a horse."

"Well, if it does come on to rain, you put him in, will you, Billy? I'm scared he might get cold so I couldn't ride him when the time comes."

"Oh sure! I'll watch out for him if

we get back in time. But it won't rain today."

And so Jody, when he went to school, left Gabilan standing out in the corral.

Billy Buck wasn't wrong about many things. He couldn't be. But he was wrong about the weather that day, for a little after noon the clouds pushed over the hills and the rain began to pour down. Jody heard it start on the school house roof. He considered holding up one finger for permission to go to the out-house and, once outside, running for home to put the pony in. Punishment would be prompt both at school and at home. He gave it up and took ease from Billy's assurance that rain couldn't hurt a horse. When school was finally out, he hurried home through the dark rain. The banks at the sides of the road spouted little jets of muddy water. The rain slanted and swirled under a cold and gusty wind. Jody dog-trotted home, slopping through the gravelly mud of the road.

From the top of the ridge he could see Gabilan standing miserably in the corral. The red coat was almost black, and streaked with water. He stood head down with his rump to the rain and wind. Jody arrived running and threw open the barn door and led the wet pony in by his forelock. Then he found a gunny sack and rubbed the soaked hair and rubbed the legs and ankles. Gabilan stood patiently, but he trembled in gusts like the wind.

When he had dried the pony as well as he could, Jody went up to the house and brought hot water down to the barn and soaked the grain in it. Gabilan was not very hungry. He nibbled at the hot mash, but he was not very much interested in it, and he still shivered now and then. A little steam rose from his damp back.



It was almost dark when Billy Buck and Carl Tiflin came home. "When the rain started we put up at Ben Herche's place, and the rain never let up all afternoon," Carl Tiflin explained. Jody looked reproachfully at Billy Buck and Billy felt guilty.

"You said it wouldn't rain," Jody accused him.

Billy looked away. "It's hard to tell, this time of year," he said, but his excuse was lame. He had no right to be fallible, and he knew it.

"The pony got wet, got soaked through."

"Did you dry him off?"

"I rubbed him with a sack and I gave him hot grain."

Billy nodded in agreement.

"Do you think he'll take cold, Billy?"

"A little rain never hurt anything," Billy assured him.

Jody's father joined the conversation then and lectured the boy a little. "A horse," he said, "isn't any lap-dog kind of thing." Carl Tiflin hated weakness and sickness, and he held a violent contempt for helplessness.

Jody's mother put a platter of steaks on the table and boiled potatoes and boiled squash which clouded the room with their steam. They sat down to eat. Carl Tiflin still grumbled about weakness put into animals and men by too much coddling.

Billy Buck felt bad about his mistake. "Did you blanket him?" he asked.

"No. I couldn't find any blanket. I laid some sacks over his back."

"We'll go down and cover him up after we eat then." Billy felt better about it then. When Jody's father had gone in to the fire and his mother was washing dishes, Billy found and lighted a lantern. He and Jody walked through

the mud to the barn. The barn was dark and warm and sweet. The horses still munched their evening hay. "You hold the lantern!" Billy ordered. And he felt the pony's legs and tested the heat of the flanks. He put his cheek against the pony's gray muzzle and then he rolled up the eyelids to look at the eyeballs and he lifted the lips to see the gums, and he put his fingers inside the ears. "He don't seem so chipper," Billy said. "I'll give him a rub-down."

Then Billy found a sack and rubbed the pony's legs violently and he rubbed the chest and the withers. Gabilan was strangely spiritless. He submitted patiently to the rubbing. At last Billy brought an old cotton comforter from the saddle room, and threw it over the pony's back and tied it at neck and chest with string.

"Now he'll be all right in the morning," Billy said.

JODY's mother looked up when he got back to the house. "You're late up from bed," she said. She held his chin in her hard hand and brushed the tangled hair out of his eyes and she said, "Don't worry about the pony. He'll be all right. Billy's as good as any horse doctor in the country."

Jody hadn't known she could see his worry. He pulled gently away from her and knelt down in front of the fireplace until it burned his stomach. He scorched himself through and then went in to bed, but it was a hard thing to go to sleep. He awakened after what seemed a long time. The room was dark but there was a grayness in the window like that which precedes the dawn. He got up and found his overalls and searched for the legs, and then the clock in the other room struck two. He laid his clothes down and got back into bed. It

was broad daylight when he awakened again. For the first time he had slept through the ringing of the triangle. He leaped up, flung on his clothes and went out of the door still buttoning his shirt. His mother looked after him for a moment and then went quietly back to her work. Her eyes were brooding and kind. Now and then her mouth smiled a little but without changing her eyes at all.

Jody ran on toward the barn. Half way there he heard the sound he dreaded, the hollow rasping cough of a horse. He broke into a sprint then. In the barn he found Billy Buck with the pony. Billy was rubbing its legs with his strong thick hands. He looked up and smiled gaily. "He just took a little cold," Billy said. "We'll have him out of it in a couple of days."

Jody looked at the pony's face. The eyes were half closed and the lids thick and dry. In the eye corners a crust of hard mucus stuck. Gabilan's ears hung loosely sideways and his head was low. Jody put out his hand, but the pony did not move close to it. He coughed again and his whole body constricted with the effort. A little stream of thin fluid ran from his nostrils.

Jody looked back at Billy Buck. "He's awful sick, Billy."

"Just a little cold, like I said," Billy insisted. "You go get some breakfast and then go back to school. I'll take care of him."

"But you might have to do something else. You might leave him."

"No, I won't. I won't leave him at all. Tomorrow's Saturday. Then you can stay with him all day." Billy had failed again, and he felt badly about it. He had to cure the pony now.

Jody walked up to the house and took his place listlessly at the table. The

eggs and bacon were cold and greasy, but he didn't notice it. He ate his usual amount. He didn't even ask to stay home from school. His mother pushed his hair back when she took his plate. "Billy'll take care of the pony," she assured him.

He moped through the whole day at school. He couldn't answer any questions nor read any words. He couldn't even tell any one the pony was sick, for that might make him sicker. And when school was finally out he started home in dread. He walked slowly and let the other boys leave him. He wished he might continue walking and never arrive at the ranch.

Billy was in the barn, as he had promised, and the pony was worse. His eyes were almost closed now, and his breath whistled shrilly past an obstruction in his nose. A film covered that part of the eyes that was visible at all. It was doubtful whether the pony could see any more. Now and then he snorted, to clear his nose, and by the action seemed to plug it tighter. Jody looked dispiritedly at the pony's coat. The hair lay rough and unkempt and seemed to have lost all of its old lustre. Billy stood quietly beside the stall. Jody hated to ask, but he had to know.

"Billy, is he—is he going to get well?"

Billy put his fingers between the bars under the pony's jaw and felt about. "Feel here," he said and he guided Jody's fingers to a large lump under the jaw. "When that gets bigger, I'll open it up and then he'll get better."

Jody looked quickly away, for he had heard about that lump. "What is it the matter with him?"

Billy didn't want to answer, but he had to. He couldn't be wrong three times. "Strangles," he said shortly, "but don't you worry about that. I'll pull



him out of it. I've seen them get well when they were worse than Gabilan is. I'm going to steam him now. You can help."

"Yes," Jody said miserably. He followed Billy into the grain room and watched him make the steaming bag ready. It was a long canvas nose bag with straps to go over a horse's ears. Billy filled it one-third full of bran and then he added a couple of handfuls of dried hops. On top of the dry substance he poured a little carbolic acid and a little turpentine. "I'll be mixing it all up while you run to the house for a kettle of boiling water," Billy said.

When Jody came back with the steaming kettle, Billy buckled the straps over Gabilan's head and fitted the bag tightly around his nose. Then through a little hole in the side of the bag he poured the boiling water on the mixture. The pony started away as a cloud of strong steam rose up, but then the soothing fumes crept through his nose and into his lungs, and the sharp steam began to clear out the nasal passages. He breathed loudly. His legs trembled in an ague, and his eyes closed against the biting cloud. Billy poured in more water and kept the steam rising for fifteen minutes. At last he set down the kettle and took the bag from Gabilan's nose. The pony looked better. He breathed freely, and his eyes were open wider than they had been.

"See how good it makes him feel," Billy said. "Now we'll wrap him up in the blanket again. Maybe he'll be nearly well by morning."

"I'll stay with him tonight," Jody suggested.

"No. Don't you do it. I'll bring my blankets down here and put them in the hay. You can stay tomorrow and steam him if he needs it."

The evening was falling when they went to the house for their supper. Jody didn't even realize that some one else had fed the chickens and filled the wood box. He walked up past the house to the dark brush line and took a drink of water from the tub. The spring water was so cold that it stung his mouth and drove a shiver through him. The sky above the hills was still light. He saw a hawk flying so high that it caught the sun on its breast and shone like a spark. Two blackbirds were driving him down the sky, glittering as they attacked their enemy. In the west, the clouds were moving in to rain again.

Jody's father didn't speak at all while the family ate supper, but after Billy Buck had taken his blankets and gone to sleep in the barn, Carl Tiflin built a high fire in the fireplace and told stories. He told about the wild man who ran naked through the country and had a tail and ears like a horse, and he told about the rabbit-cats of Moro Cojo that hopped into the trees for birds. He revived the famous Maxwell brothers who found a vein of gold and hid the traces of it so carefully that they could never find it again.

Jody sat with his chin in his hands; his mouth worked nervously, and his father gradually became aware that he wasn't listening very carefully. "Isn't that funny?" he asked.

Jody laughed politely and said, "Yes, sir." His father was angry and hurt, then. He didn't tell any more stories. After a while, Jody took a lantern and went down to the barn. Billy Buck was asleep in the hay, and, except that his breath rasped a little in his lungs, the pony seemed to be much better. Jody stayed a little while, running his fingers over the red rough coat, and then he took up the lantern and went back to the

house. When he was in bed, his mother came into the room.

"Have you enough covers on? It's getting winter."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, get some rest tonight." She hesitated to go out, stood uncertainly. "The pony will be all right," she said.

JODY was tired. He went to sleep quickly and didn't awaken until dawn. The triangle sounded, and Billy Buck came up from the barn before Jody could get out of the house.

"How is he?" Jody demanded.

Billy always wolfed his breakfast. "Pretty good. I'm going to open that lump this morning. Then he'll be better maybe."

After breakfast, Billy got out his best knife, one with a needle point. He whetted the shining blade a long time on a little carborundum stone. He tried the point and the blade again and again on his calloused thumb-ball, and at last he tried it on his upper lip.

On the way to the barn, Jody noticed how the young grass was up and how the stubble was melting day by day into the new green crop of volunteer. It was a cold sunny morning.

As soon as he saw the pony, Jody knew he was worse. His eyes were closed and sealed shut with dried mucus. His head hung so low that his nose almost touched the straw of his bed. There was a little groan in each breath, a deep-seated, patient groan.

Billy lifted the weak head and made a quick slash with the knife. Jody saw the yellow pus run out. He held up the head while Billy swabbed out the wound with weak carbolic acid salve.

"Now he'll feel better," Billy assured him. "That yellow poison is what makes him sick."

Jody looked unbelieving at Billy Buck. "He's awful sick."

Billy thought a long time what to say. He nearly tossed off a careless assurance, but he saved himself in time. "Yes, he's pretty sick," he said at last. "I've seen worse ones get well. If he doesn't get pneumonia, we'll pull him through. You stay with him. If he gets worse, you can come and get me."

For a long time after Billy went away, Jody stood beside the pony, stroking him behind the ears. The pony didn't flip his head the way he had done when he was well. The groaning in his breathing was becoming more hollow.

Doubletree Mutt looked into the barn, his big tail waving provocatively, and Jody was so incensed at his health that he found a hard black clod on the floor and deliberately threw it. Doubletree Mutt went yelping away to nurse a bruised paw.

In the middle of the morning, Billy Buck came back and made another steam bag. Jody watched to see whether the pony improved this time as he had before. His breathing eased a little, but he did not raise his head.

The Saturday dragged on. Late in the afternoon Jody went to the house and brought his bedding down and made up a place to sleep in the hay. He didn't ask permission. He knew from the way his mother looked at him that she would let him do almost anything. That night he left a lantern burning on a wire over the box stall. Billy had told him to rub the pony's legs every little while.

At nine o'clock the wind sprang up and howled around the barn. And in spite of his worry, Jody grew sleepy. He got into his blankets and went to sleep, but the breathy groans of the pony sounded in his dreams. And in his



sleep he heard a crashing noise which went on and on until it awakened him. The wind was rushing through the barn. He sprang up and looked down the lane of stalls. The barn door had blown open, and the pony was gone.

HE CAUGHT the lantern and ran outside into the gale, and he saw Gabilan weakly shambling away into the darkness, head down, legs working slowly and mechanically. When Jody ran up and caught him by the forelock, he allowed himself to be led back and put into his stall. His groans were louder, and a fierce whistling came from his nose. Jody didn't sleep any more then. The hissing of the pony's breath grew louder and sharper.

He was glad when Billy Buck came in at dawn. Billy looked for a time at the pony as though he had never seen him before. He felt the ears and flanks. "Jody," he said, "I've got to do something you won't want to see. You run up to the house for a while."

Jody grabbed him fiercely by the forearm. "You're not going to shoot him?"

Billy patted his hand. "No. I'm going to open a little hole in his wind-pipe so he can breathe. His nose is filled up. When he gets well, we'll put a little brass button in the hole for him to breathe through."

Jody couldn't have gone away if he had wanted to. It was awful to see the red hide cut, but infinitely more terrible to know it was being cut and not to see it. "I'll stay right here," he said bitterly. "You sure you got to?"

"Yes. I'm sure. If you stay, you can hold his head. If it doesn't make you sick, that is."

The fine knife came out again and was whetted again just as carefully as

it had been the first time. Jody held the pony's head up and the throat taut, while Billy felt up and down for the right place. Jody sobbed once as the bright knife point disappeared into the throat. The pony plunged weakly away and then stood still, trembling violently. The blood ran thickly out and up the knife and across Billy's hand and into his shirt sleeve. The sure square hand sawed out a round hole in the flesh, and the breath came bursting out of the hole, throwing a fine spray of blood. With the rush of oxygen, the pony took a sudden strength. He lashed out with his hind feet and tried to rear, but Jody held his head down while Billy mopped the new wound with carbolic salve. It was a good job. The blood stopped flowing and the air puffed out the hole and sucked it in regularly with a little bubbling noise.

The rain brought in by the night wind began to fall on the barn roof. Then the triangle rang for breakfast. "You go up and eat while I wait," Billy said. "We've got to keep this hole from plugging up."

Jody walked slowly out of the barn. He was too dispirited to tell Billy how the barn door had blown open and let the pony out. He emerged into the wet gray morning and sloshed up to the house, taking a perverse pleasure in splashing through all the puddles. His mother fed him and put dry clothes on him. She didn't question him. She seemed to know he couldn't answer questions. But when he was ready to go back to the barn she brought him a pan of steaming meal. "Give him this," she said.

But Jody did not take the pan. He said, "He won't eat anything," and ran out of the house. At the barn, Billy showed him how to fix a ball of cotton

on a stick, with which to swab out the breathing hole when it became clogged with mucus.

Jody's father walked into the barn and stood with them in front of the stall. At length he turned to the boy. "Hadh'n't you better come with me? I'm going to drive over the hill." Jody shook his head. "You better come on, out of this," his father insisted.

Billy turned on him angrily. "Let him alone. It's his pony, isn't it?"

Carl Tiffin walked away without saying another word. His feelings were badly hurt.

All morning Jody kept the wound open and the air passing in and out freely. At noon the pony lay wearily down on his side and stretched his nose out.

Billy came back. "If you're going to stay with him tonight, you better take a little nap," he said. Jody went absently out of the barn. The sky had cleared to a hard thin blue. Everywhere the birds were busy with worms that had come to the damp surface of the ground.

Jody walked to the brush line and sat on the edge of the mossy tub. He looked down at the house and at the old bunk house and at the dark cypress tree. The place was familiar, but curiously changed. It wasn't itself any more, but a frame for things that were happening. A cold wind blew out of the east now, signifying that the rain was over for a little while. At his feet Jody could see the little arms of new weeds spreading out over the ground. In the mud about the spring were thousands of quail tracks.

Doubletree Mutt came sideways and embarrassed up through the vegetable patch, and Jody, remembering how he had thrown the clod, put his arm about the dog's neck and kissed him on his

wide black nose. Doubletree Mutt sat still, as though he knew some solemn thing was happening. His big tail slapped the ground gravely. Jody pulled a swollen tick out of Mutt's neck and popped it dead between his thumb nails. It was a nasty thing. He washed his hands in the cold spring water.

Except for the steady swish of the wind, the farm was very quiet. Jody knew his mother wouldn't mind if he didn't go in to eat his lunch. After a little while he went slowly back to the barn. Mutt crept into his own little house and whined softly to himself for a long time.

BILLY BUCK stood up from the box and surrendered the cotton swab. The pony still lay on his side and the wound in his throat bellowsed in and out. When Jody saw how dry and dead the hair looked, he knew at last that there was no hope for the pony. He had seen the dead hair before on dogs and on cows, and it was a sure sign. He sat heavily on the box and let down the barrier of the box stall. For a long time he kept his eyes on the moving wound, and at last he dozed, and the afternoon passed quickly. Just before dark his mother brought a deep dish of stew and left it for him and went away. Jody ate a little of it, and, when it was dark, he set the lantern on the floor by the pony's head so he could watch the wound and keep it open. And he dozed again until the night chill awakened him. The wind was blowing fiercely, bringing the north cold with it. Jody brought a blanket from his bed in the hay and wrapped himself in it. Gabilan's breathing was quiet at last; the hole in his throat moved gently. The owls flew through the hayloft, shrieking and looking for mice. Jody put his head down on his



hands and slept. In his sleep he was aware that the wind had increased. He heard it slamming about the barn.

It was daylight when he awakened. The barn door had swung open. The pony was gone. He sprang up and ran out into the morning light.

The pony's tracks were plain enough dragging through the frost-like dew on the young grass, tired tracks with little lines between them where the hoofs had dragged. They headed for the brush line halfway up the ridge. Jody broke into a run and followed them. The sun shone on the sharp white quartz that stuck through the ground here and there. As he followed the plain trail, a shadow cut across in front of him. He looked up and saw a high circle of black buzzards, and the slowly revolving circle dropped lower and lower. The solemn birds soon disappeared over the ridge. Jody ran faster then, forced on by panic and rage. The trail entered the brush at last and followed a winding route among the tall sage bushes.

At the top of the ridge Jody was winded. He paused, puffing noisily. The blood pounded in his ears. Then he saw what he was looking for. Below, in one of the little clearings in the brush lay the red pony. In the distance, Jody could see the legs moving slowly and convulsively. And in a circle around him stood the buzzards waiting for the moment of death they know so well.

Jody leaped forward and plunged down the hill. The wet ground muffled his steps and the brush hid him. When he arrived, it was all over. The first buzzard sat on the pony's head and its beak had just risen dripping with dark eye fluid. Jody plunged into the circle like a cat. The black brotherhood arose

in a cloud, but the big one on the pony's head was too late. As it hopped along to take off, Jody caught its wing tip and pulled it down. It was nearly as big as he was. The free wing crashed into his face with the force of a club, but he hung on. The claws fastened on his leg and the wing elbows battered his head on either side. Jody groped blindly with his free hand. His fingers found the neck of the struggling bird. The red eyes looked into his face, calm and fearless and fierce; the naked head turned from side to side. Then the beak opened and vomited a stream of putrefied fluid. Jody brought up his knee and fell on the great bird. He held the neck to the ground with one hand while his other hand found a piece of sharp white quartz. The first blow broke the beak sideways and black blood spurted from the twisted, leathery mouth corners. He struck again and missed. The red fearless eyes still looked at him, impersonal and unafraid and detached. He struck again and again, until the buzzard lay still, until its head was a red pulp. He was still beating the dead bird when Billy Buck pulled him off and held him tightly to calm his shaking.

Carl Tiflin wiped the blood from the boy's face with a red bandanna. Jody was limp and quiet now. His father moved the buzzard with his toe. "Jody," he explained, "the buzzard didn't kill the pony. Don't you know that?"

"I know it," Jody said wearily.

It was Billy Buck who was angry. He had lifted Jody in his arms and had turned to carry him home. But he turned back on Carl Tiflin. "'Course he knows it," Billy said furiously, "Jesus Christ! man, can't you see how he'd feel about it?"

# “False *and* Fraudulent”

BY T. SWANN HARDING

*As an instigator of eccentric judicial decisions the present Food and Drugs Act approaches some kind of record*

ONCE upon a time there was a remedy for diabetes. It was called Banbar and it contained, as active ingredient, not horse-feathers but horsetail, which is an herb, in case you are interested. The Government contended that horsetail, with a few other common drugs, did not constitute an effective remedy for diabetes and that it should not be so labeled as to encourage victims of the disease to think they could take it, eat about what they wanted to, and trust in Providence. For at that time diabetes was known to be a serious disease, too serious to be treated by self-medication, and insulin, under a doctor's direction, was the material to use as a remedy.

However, the case came to trial and the Government, prosecuting under the Food and Drugs Act, lost. How could it lose when the consensus of medical opinion, as represented by expert testimony at the trial, was all adverse to the remedy? It lost for legal, not for scientific reasons. It lost because it had to show that label claims on medicines are not only “false or misleading” but are actually “false *and* fraudulent,” meaning that the manufacturer placed them there with intent to defraud. In this case the judge charged the jury that

if they thought the manufacturer sincerely believed the fine testimonials for his remedy written by those who supposed it had cured them, he should be acquitted. The jury, twelve good men and true, so found and the Government lost.

The genius who wrote “false *and* fraudulent” into the present Food and Drugs Act evidently knew what he was about. He prepared a loophole big enough to get thousands of dollars through, and that has been done. For many long years officials in charge of the enforcement of the Food and Drugs Law have been pointing out its weaknesses and asking for revisions. No one heeded their cries, though certain reformers first charged them with criminal negligence, then took up their message and belatedly made it their own. Under the New Deal it became apparent that consumers, as a group, deserved better Government protection. Consequently the revisions long suggested by Food and Drugs Administration officials at last got active, intelligent Administration backing, and a revised bill has been introduced by Senator Copeland that will close the gaping loopholes in the present Act.

The present bill is largely legalistic



in tone and in effect; the revision is based on broad scientific principles. Consider again that matter of belief. In the case of Banbar the fact that the manufacturer sincerely believed lay testimonials made it impossible for the Government to prove fraud and hence the case was lost. But nearly a year before that, in the case of B. & M., a very ordinary liniment, recommended as an effective treatment for tuberculosis of the lungs and other serious diseases, the Government won a case prepared in precisely similar manner. Why?

Because the judge in this case charged differently. He took the viewpoint that if a man set out to market a remedy for tuberculosis he should be expert on the subject. He should be informed about medical opinion on the matter. However, in the trial all the prominent medical specialists testified that his liniment could not possibly be an effective remedy for the conditions in which he recommended its use. Since this was true and since the consensus of expert medical opinion was available to the manufacturer when he caused the labels to be affixed to the product, he must have known they were false when he affixed them. This was fraud. The jury so found and the Government won.

The Government won what? you ask, and rightly. It won the right to destroy some thousands of dollars' worth of the misbranded liniment. It won the right to demand that the labels printed for the liniment in future and the printed matter sold as part of the package be free from false therapeutic claims. That was all. The manufacturers of the remedy immediately got in touch with their customers by advertising in the leading drug and popular journals, new labels were printed, a legal advertising booklet was used, and

sales went on as before. Two points should be noted here. The first is that the Government can, under the present law, win one case and lose another when, scientifically, its contentions are as correct in the one case as in the other. The second is that legalistic and not scientific issues are paramount.

Indeed it may truthfully be said that the final test of court action is based not upon chemical, scientific, or technical accuracy even in a label, but rather upon its generally understood significance as a whole to lay persons of ordinary intelligence, familiar with the product and with the English language. What the public needed in the two cases cited was protection from the free advertisement and sale of a remedy which, according to the consensus of medical opinion, could not do what was claimed for it. That issue was lost sight of in a fog of legality.

Take the case of a remedy called Lee's "Save the Baby." It bore on its label such statements as "Save the Baby," "For Croup," "For Sore Throat," "For Coughs," "Used in cases of Grippe, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Tonsilitis, Pneumonia, etc." The Government lost its case. The court held that "Save the Baby" was a distinctive trade name, not a descriptive name; that the ingredients could have some curative or therapeutic effect in the treatment or mitigation of the diseases mentioned; and that no statement was made on the label or in the printed matter sold with the package that could be construed as false *and* fraudulent. The sale went on. Legally one may agree that the court was right.

But this point was lost sight of: how much faith would such labeling and such claims generate in the average mother? If awakened in the night by a

child ill of some of the conditions mentioned, would she, or would she not, if familiar with this remedy, decide she could save her baby easily enough by using it, and thus fail to call a doctor when the need was urgent? It is true that one of the Government's medical experts testified that a preparation containing Canada balsam and volatile oils in a fatty base, as did this one, might be used as a soothing but not a curative treatment in the conditions indicated. This evidence was cited by the court as persuasive, but the patients were then under the care of a physician. The question whether such a remedy should be freely sold and advertised in the terms indicated remained undecided.

MEDICAL testimony in a court case takes curious turns anyway. An acid preparation for the treatment of colds and bronchitis was on trial. A high-priced Government expert under examination admitted with true scientific detachment—and when skilfully questioned—that the stuff would quite certainly kill some germs if it came in contact with them. The case would have been lost except for the further testimony of a country doctor who, when asked whether the product was an effective germ-killing remedy, heartily replied, "Hell no; what's the use of pouring a tumbler of water on the doorstep when the house is burning down?"

When it comes to sincerity of belief what could be done about, say, some native Chinese remedy widely sold in this country but, according to our doctors, wholly ineffective? It is a mess of herbs so complex that they are difficult indeed to identify even after long months of effort. However, the Chinese manufacturer declares heartily that he believes in its efficacy. In his ardor he

points out that the Chinese toad, used in their medicine three or four hundred years, actually contained epinephrin and hence even Western doctors now admit its efficacy. This is all somewhat irrelevant, but impressive. In 1596 Pentsao Kang Mu recommended dried Chinese toad for gum hemorrhages and today American dentists inject epinephrin to check hemorrhage, along with the local anesthetic when they extract teeth.

But upon what is the belief in the efficacy of the Chinese herb remedy founded? Chinese medicine differs utterly from ours. It is based on certain philosophical concepts. The principal belief of ancient Chinese medicine was that there were two opposing forces, *yang* and *yin*, positive and negative, active and passive, hot and cold. All bodily functions and organs were classified under these categories. There were also five primary natural elements—metal, wood, water, fire and earth—which must be harmonized, and disease was loss of harmony. Hence, to diagnose, the doctor first decided whether he had to do with a *yang* or a *yin* disease, then which elements were out of proportion. Hot diseases could be cured only by administering *yang* drugs; physical disturbances induced by the action of one of the five elements could only be remedied by medicaments from that group—and so on.

So a Chinese doctor might very sincerely believe in the efficacy of a remedy in a certain condition, whereas our doctors would ridicule the idea. The president of the company making B. & M. external remedy for tuberculosis affirmed under oath that he sincerely believed testimonials he had received saying that his liniment cured a wide variety of serious ills. A man may sin-



cerely believe that pernicious anemia is caused by little worms in the large intestine and may produce a remedy for killing the worms. Some Chinese doctors seriously believe there is healing power in the excrement of certain animals if voided while the animal is running, not walking, in a certain direction. These beliefs are sincere and officials enforcing the Food and Drugs Act meet them in their work every day.

There are two sets of beliefs to hurdle before the Government can win a case, the beliefs of the manufacturers and of the judges and juries. Take the instance of a product sold under the name Bred Spred. It appeared, for instance, in strawberry flavor, so labeled, with a picture of a strawberry on the label. It passed among wholesalers, retailers and housewives as a strawberry jam, but it contained only twenty-two per cent of fresh fruit, with added sugar, pectin and starch, whereas strawberry or other jams, as mother made them, contain forty-five pounds of fruit to fifty-five of sugar. So the Government prosecuted, contending that this was an imitation jam.

But the Government lost. It lost legally. Scientifically speaking jam should consist of fifty parts of fresh fruit and fifty parts of sugar by volume, if jam were defined, but jam has never been defined legally. Butter has been defined to contain eighty per cent butter fat and the definition is legal. But there is no legal definition of jam. Naturally the judge did not believe that a product, itself undefined, could be imitated. The label said "Bred Spred." The product made no label claim to be jam. It was not misbranded. That it contained fewer strawberries than some other product did not show it to be inferior to jam.

For who called for such a comparison

anyway? A product is adulterated under the law if inferior or damaged, or if it contained an added poison in quantities that might render it deleterious to health. But this product is inferior to what? What would you suggest? It is not damaged because no ingredient has lost its strength. It is not harmful. It contains no ingredient deleterious to health. No evidence was presented to show that it was deliberately palmed off to the public as jam, and a grocer's "expert" testimony that such a product was not jam was believed irrelevant. Libel order dismissed!

Another judge went even further in legality. The Pure Food Law says that a product is in violation "if it be an imitation of another article under a distinctive name." That is Section 8. All right; does it mean an imitation of another article, or an imitation of another article under a distinctive name? Does the Section refer to an imitation of another article or to an imitation of another distinctive name? This judge decided it had reference to the latter and, since "Bred Spred" was not an imitation of another distinctive trade name, the product was quite legal.

A somewhat similar argument arose in the case of a product named Germania Herb Tea, only it was carried on out of court. The product began to make people ill. It was found to contain a powerful drug derivative of bella donna. It was also found to be counterfeit, a mere imitation of the real Germania Herb Tea, a reducing remedy composed largely of senna leaves but containing no powerful harmful drug. All right—remove it from the market? Yes, but how? The officials can only act against such a product if they can defend their act successfully in court, should necessity arise.

This counterfeit drug was dangerous for self-medication. It contained a dangerous and harmful adulterant. But the section of the Food and Drugs Act that deals with added poisons deleterious to health refers to foods, not to drugs, and this counterfeit was decidedly a drug product. How could it be seized then? The label made no false claims. The drug did not have to be declared on the label. However, the article was proven misbranded because it was falsely branded as to the State in which it was manufactured; also it bore a distinctive trade name which was all too close an imitation of the distinctive trade name of another product—indeed it was the very self-same name. Seizure was so justified.

In both these cases, however, the basic consideration was lost sight of. From the standpoint of scientific consumer protection, as well as from that of protecting legitimate business from unscrupulous and unfair competition, the important thing is that consumers should not get an imitation of jam when they think they are getting real jam. In the same way it is important that they are not harmed by a counterfeit drug product hastily made up and containing a drug so powerful and so dangerous potentially as atropin. Those things are, after all, the things which a revised Food and Drugs Act, based squarely on broad scientific principles, would prohibit.

**O**F COURSE the law itself backed into the Constitution by way of the Commerce Clause. It prohibits neither misbranding, nor adulteration, nor the addition of poisonous ingredients to foods *per se*. It simply denies the facilities of importation and interstate transportation to those who would pro-

vide consumers with misbranded or adulterated goods. Contamination of the stream of interstate commerce and not fabricating, misbranding, adulterating, or adding poison, is the violative act. That should always be remembered.

Therefore, the law not only contains jokers, it is based upon what might be called a joker. Under our Constitution, State's rights being what they are, it proved impossible to place a law on the statute books the primary purpose of which was to protect the health and pocketbooks of American citizens from the onslaughts of unscrupulous manufacturers. That scientifically fundamental social end had to be incidental to the major legal purpose of the act which was, augustly, to prevent the pollution of the stream of interstate commerce. This sounds very grand and magnificent, but it opens an enormous loophole at once that it will be very difficult for any revision to stop.

It makes the Food and Drugs Act apply to the shipment and the delivery for shipment, or the receipt in original, unbroken packages of food products in interstate commerce. If an individual State has no food and drug law of its own, practically anything may be manufactured within the borders of the State and sold there; it simply must not pass the State line. The Federal law does, however, apply to shipments of raw materials intended for making a more complex product, yet milk could not be shipped across a State line by a dairy in order to have it pasteurized in the dairy's own plant across the line. On the other hand, since the crime inheres only in interstate shipment, an unscrupulous shipper can, with perfect legality, send products across State boundaries unlabeled and thereafter attach outrageously deceptive labels—



precisely what happened, indeed, in the case of "Ginger Jake."

For "Ginger Jake" was often made from bootleg alcohol which was thereafter shipped across State lines as a medicinal product and unlabeled. The product contained an economical substitute for part of the extractives of ginger root, which substitute, though cheap, was a dangerous poison causing paralysis. After its shipment across State lines and its arrival in the State where it was to be sold, the adulterated Jamaica ginger was misbranded. But then it came under State rather than under Federal jurisdiction and it proved the devil's own job to apprehend and jail the malefactors. The criminals were finally jailed, but only after long months of the most difficult sleuthing of a type that would scarcely be credited if written up in a detective tale.

It is no more than natural that a law with such notable defects should receive a wide variety of judicial interpretations. It is one thing, for instance, to know that a food or drug is unfit for use and quite another to prove that—to prove it legally, that is. Since 1923 to 1925, when suitable adhesives were developed, the use of arsenic and lead sprays for protecting fruits and fresh vegetables from insects has increased by leaps and bounds. The growers have to have this protection or else they could not raise sufficient fresh fruits and vegetables for our use, but the poison spray residue offers a complex problem.

It is rather difficult to remove, but it can be removed by thorough washing with hydrochloric acid, at least sufficiently to render the product harmless for food. But it is a stupendous job to keep the market free from such products containing too much of these poison chemicals. Shipments have to be appre-

hended in interstate commerce—what happens within the borders of a single State is legally up to that State. Analysis must be made rapidly and action taken quickly—and lead analyses are at best slow and difficult processes.

But there can be no snap judgments. That is the rub. A committee of eminent poison experts might meet and register it as their opinion that more than twelve one-thousandths of a grain of arsenic per pound of food was dangerous to health, but that decision has no legal status today. What the Food and Drugs officials do must stand the test of court procedure. That means they must always feel able to prove to a jury that so much arsenic or lead found by analytical means in this specific lot of fruit or vegetables might be deleterious to health.

There are many barriers here, including what the judge and jury believe and what expert medical witnesses and toxicologists believe—for all doctors and poison experts are not agreed upon the possibility of danger to health from slow, chronic poisoning due to minute quantities of arsenic or lead spray residues. Especially in fruit-growing States doctors are likely to testify, quite sincerely, that really very considerable quantities of these poisons found on fresh fruits or vegetables are harmless to human health. Leading entomologists, who helped develop these sprays and appreciate their effectiveness in killing bugs, can not imagine why food officials should be agitated over their possible poisonous effects on human beings. Many fruit and vegetable growers will glibly testify that no possible harm could come to consumers even when products contain relatively enormous quantities of arsenic and lead, and will base their testimony on years of experience.

What would you expect of a jury confronted with such evidence? It is also true that an article of food is legally adulterated if, because of any added poisonous or other deleterious ingredient, it may by any possibility injure the health of the strong or the weak, the old or the young, the well or the sick. It would, therefore, be perfectly easy to convict any food on the market of being adulterated, because minor added ingredients possibly nearly always cause injury to the health of some weak or unusually susceptible soul. But, conversely, the officials must remember that an article of food is not adulterated within the meaning of the Act "if it contain any added poisonous or other added deleterious ingredient which may render such article injurious to health . . . if it can not by any possibility, when the facts are reasonably considered, injure the health of any consumer" even though it contain "a small addition of poisonous or deleterious ingredients." That, distilled from legal obfuscation, means that if the shipper can show that there is no reasonable possibility of injury to health caused by eating the product he shipped, the case is lost, and such cases can be lost with the greatest ease, because many medical and poison experts will testify that rather considerable quantities of added arsenic and lead are not injurious. Today nobody knows what the true consensus of medical opinion is upon the subject and, if such consensus were ascertained, it would have no legal status.

The efforts of a judge sincerely to decide what a law means may go to almost incredible lengths also. In 1925 the Government seized certain shipments of Sky Lark Brand Red Sour pitted Cherries, alleging that the shipment consisted in whole or in part of "a filthy,

decomposed, and putrid vegetable substance," and also that "cherry pits had been mixed and packed with the article and had been substituted wholly or in part for pitted cherries." The latter count was also charged to constitute misbranding because the consumer was falsely led to believe that all the cherries were pitted. The case came to trial and the finding was in favor of the Government, but the circumlocutions of an honest and sincere judge in his efforts legally to justify his action were curious indeed.

He could not find the cherries adulterated within the meaning of the Act. To be sure they were wormy, but were they "filthy, decomposed, or putrid," as the Act declared they had to be if violative thereof? Fortunately, previous court decisions had relieved him of the necessity for deciding that fruits were vegetables within the meaning of the Act. Therefore he could assume that cherries constituted vegetable substance. "But they are certainly not decomposed or they would not be in existence as cherries." Were they therefore so "afflicted with rot" as to be unfit for food? Here, indeed, was vegetable substance mixed with animal substance, the worms, but worms are neither filthy nor putrid, if you view them with a worm's eye. They are merely out of place in cherries.

Does the misplacement of worms render the cherries liable under the Food and Drugs Act? The cherries are in cans which contain about 1,000 each. Could any one hope to get 1,000 cherries together without including at least one or two bad ones? "The problem then becomes how many bad ones would give such character to the whole as to condemn the lot?" Indeed what is a "bad" cherry—a cherry bruised in handling,



one rotted with disease, or one inhabited by a worm? "How many worms would condemn the lot or how many wormless cherries would save it? The only historical guide we know of is that applied by the angel to the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. We would hesitate to accept this standard because we suspect that the angel knew what the count would disclose before he agreed to abide by it or he would not have been so liberal." Indeed you can not tell a wormy cherry from a good one by mere inspection anyway.

From this discussion he reverted to the fundamental purpose of the Act, which he conceived to be that of assuring the supply of wholesome food to the public. The cherries were not wholesome and should have been seized. The judge therefore found for the Government. His argument may be regarded as ridiculous by the thoughtless, but it is absolutely sound from a legal standpoint. Such basic words as "adulterated," "putrid," "filthy" and "decomposed" have never been precisely and definitely defined for all purposes. The record of this actual case may be found published as Notice of Judgment No. 14,339 of the Food and Drugs Law cases. It exactly illustrates the matter here under discussion.

IT ALSO shows very conclusively the necessity for revision of the Act which will make it less legalistic and more scientific in character. That will be accomplished under the revision in various ways. For one thing foods will be defined by the Secretary of Agriculture and the definitions will have the force and effect of law. If a food is of complex or unusual character and does not come under an established definition it must bear on its label a list of its in-

gredients in the order of their preponderance by weight. That will end such incipient deceptions as Bred Spred represented.

Whereas the present law covers only added poisonous ingredients that may be deleterious to health, the revision will cover poisons contained by foods, whether they arrived there naturally—as did the arsenic in prawns and clams—or whether added thereto. Furthermore, the consensus of medical and toxicological opinion will be invoked to help the Secretary of Agriculture to decide upon the maximum quantity of any poison that it is safe to have in any food product; this tolerance will have legal status and a food containing more than the tolerated minimum will be illegal *per se*.

In the matter of drugs, and also of cosmetics, not only must the labels be truthful but they, like food package labels, must contain whatever information the Secretary of Agriculture thinks the consumer should have to protect his health and to prevent him from buying an inferior product at a high price. Moreover, drugs and cosmetics must not be dangerous to the user when used as directed on their labels, nor must drugs be offered to the general public for the self-medication of diseases which should be treated only by expert physicians. Even the general advertising of foods, drugs and cosmetics must be truthful also.

Again, it will be unnecessary, under the revised Act, for the Government to prove that a label or advertising statement is false and fraudulent; if it be false and misleading that is enough. The old legal necessity for proving intent to defraud goes by the board. What is important is the consensus of medical opinion and if that decrees that a certain

reputed remedy is not truly a remedy for the diseases indicated, or that a remedy would be dangerous to use in self-medication if taken as directed on the label, that ends the matter. In short, the broad scientific principle that the health of the consumer must be protected in accord with the best medical opinion of the day replaces the minor legal technicalities as the matter of basic importance.

The onus of responsibility is upon the manufacturer. It is up to him to market a truthfully labeled and advertised product which is wholesome and is not dangerous to health and is also what it purports to be on its label. The onus of responsibility is no longer upon the Government, under the revision, to prove that the article is unwholesome, harmful to health or constitutes an economic fraud or an adulteration. Broad, general principles rule, and that is important.

Today, of course, the decision in one case establishes a legal precedent for future cases, as throughout the world of law generally. But the real decision whether a specific case on trial does or

does not subsume under a certain previous case rests largely with judges who arrive at a variety of opinions though all may sincerely believe in their logic. Thus a medical fraud case may be lost today though prepared in precisely similar manner as a previous medical court case which was won two or three years ago in another jurisdiction, and so on.

Under the revised law the decision is not so much a legal as a scientific one. The questions to be decided are specific: Does this food shipment contain more poison than is legally tolerable? Will this remedy harm the consumer if used as directed on the label? Does this drug mixture constitute a rational treatment for tuberculosis according to the consensus of medical opinion? Is this product jam, as jam is legally defined—containing, say, forty-five pounds of fresh fruit to fifty-five of sugar—or is it not? Obviously such a law offers immensely greater consumer protection than the present Act, and it is such a law that we shall soon have—if we want it badly enough to ask for it in no uncertain manner.





# Mist on the Mirror

BY GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

*The breath of life is still in rural New England, notwithstanding all its mourners*

IT is unwise to declare a person dead without very definite evidence. To see him lying still is not enough, he may be asleep. To find his hand cold is not enough; he may have poor circulation. It is customary for certain tests to be made, sometimes among them the old one of holding a mirror before the mouth to determine whether or not breathing continues. The embarrassment of an attendant who has too hastily declared a patient deceased is probably less only than that of the patient himself when he opens his eyes to find his relatives already tacking on their mourning bands.

Rural New England is not dead.

To be sure, she has for some time been so reported. Long ago somebody from New York journeyed through the White Mountains on a vacation trip, saw a telephone wire strung across a field, and returned to his metropolitan fastnesses with the news that the germ of the world had seized the little old lady and there was every chance she would succumb to it. A tender, grieving group who had known this woman in the days of her strength met and sorrowed and went apart to write editorials and poems in praise of her. She had been a fine creature, a sweet crea-

ture, a peculiarly interesting and productive creature; we should not know her like again. A little later a sorrowing few drove over the line from New York into Connecticut and found wide cement highways with inns alongside, saw the picturesque old houses taken over by city people, discovered many shining new residences with all modern conveniences and attachments, and found the uglier sections of the country settled by a foreign element. Turning away their eyes, the mourners wept. It was all over. New England had once been a place of fields and woods with villages scattered here and there; men had tilled their land, sober, hard-working men of good English stock; women had kept their houses and borne their young; these had been their lives, quiet, independent, aloof, they a people of tradition, conviction, philosophy, dialect, pride. Now they dwelt in villages if not in cities. Only summer residents lived on the farms. There was a telephone, a bathroom, a radio in every house, an automobile in every barn. All work was done by machinery. Weep, write, send flowers and treasure priceless memories of a bygone day. The old lady was dead.

Such old ladies are, however, extraor-

dinarily difficult to kill. In this case life is far from extinct. There is not only mist on the mirror, but a steady pounding in the pulse, good color in the cheeks and vitality in every muscle. The attendants, and they are many, have made a mistake which can not be accounted for except by the possibility that they have based all their conclusions upon Connecticut. No old lady should be judged solely by what the hem of her skirt has picked up as she passed down the years.

Maine is still isolated, local, rural, New England. So are New Hampshire, Vermont and western Massachusetts. For the rest of the little Northeast family I can not vouch, but these I know at present, did know twenty years ago, and have known by hearsay through many generations. And the degree to which the country people, their speech, their ideas, their modes of living, have been affected by their increasing ease of contact with the outside world is incredibly small, perhaps partly because contact is not so easy, after all, as a casual observer might suppose.

THE three-ply cement highway by which the tourist motors from Boston to Portland is no doubt a factor in the development and change of the few towns it touches, and of the occasional farming family which increases a small annual income by keeping a roadside stand and overnight guests. But Portland is not far into Maine, and even along that white highway, every mile or so, a narrower road wanders off to the left, some of them oiled for a brief distance before they become rocky, grassy, or hub-deep in sand, others frankly country roads at the outset. Alongside these avenues so unappeal-

ing to the motorist old men and women are finishing their lives, young people are working and marrying, children are being born. Not one family only but dozens, and at some four-corners, at the end of a lane, beside a river, each road joins one or two or three other roads, every one of which has its share of taxpayers. The southern part of Maine is honeycombed with these tortuous trails, until it is the vain ambition of the native to have ridden over them all before he dies, to know where this one "strikes York Road," or that one "comes out." It is a characteristic of the inhabitants of these little Maine neighborhoods that they have far less desire to reach the main traffic lines, there to absorb offshoots of metropolitan culture and sparkle. Even though the cars they own, if any, might be capable of covering the intervening distance of ten or fifteen miles, they do not care to put them to such strain for nothing more than the thrill of being frightened. For they admit to fear of speed and numbers.

"Never see such goin' of it in your life," one says, a trim fellow of sixty-odd, sitting on his neighbor's step in early morning sunshine, his checked shirt fresh, his galluses tight, his waistcoat buttoned, a flower in his hat band. "I landed down there last Sunday about eleven o'clock in the morning, tryin' to get over to Gust's for a while. Hadn't seen him for two years and he works on the yard so he's only to home on Sundays, but I shan't try it again. I told Gust when I got up to his door, I said to him, I said, 'Gust, I wouldn't live this near to that beach road if it was the only place on earth. I set there on the other side for twenty-five minutes by my watch before I could get acrost it, them things comin' at me,



three strings, goin' as if they was all drunk and crazy.' I told Gust, I said, 'When I did light in, I didn't have any more idea of gettin' here whole than I had of goin' to heaven, but I said to myself, I said, "I've set here long enough and I'm goin' through,"' and I went, but I bet there was as many as six of them buggars scattered in all directions."

These little roads which only the natives use receive no support from the State, and New England country towns are careful in their spending. In spring and fall the bottom drops out of marshy stretches, clay sucks at wheels like a monstrous leech and water rises in rivers and brooks to cover low land and wash away bridges. In summer the sand is deep, dust is thick and everybody is busy; in the only season when automobiles are practical there is no time for play. Many New England farmfolk own no car, and most of those to be found are well worn and constantly undergoing repairs. The automobile is still a subject for good-natured ridicule in sparsely settled communities. "They may be all right," one man said, "but they do fool things." In winter hundreds of families are as completely marooned in their kitchens as were those of Whittier's time. For days, along a road I know, children can not pass to school, a doctor is not to be expected whatever the emergency and mail does not come. The town owns and operates a snow plow but its sphere of usefulness is largely confined to the village streets and the few main thoroughfares.

"Why don't they send the plow up through Kilgore?" some one asks. The farmer chuckles, sitting astride a tub, shelling corn. "Maybe they will," he says, "when they've been the rest of the way around. Course when they do get

into Kilgore, they're euchred. That thing set up in there most all last winter broke down. They ain't made nothin' yet can plow out Kilgore but a shovel."

THE radio as a means of bringing rural districts into touch with the world has been vastly overrated. Contrary to popular impression, electricity has not been carried into the country to any considerable extent, and if battery sets are reliable, the farmer, at least, has not found his so. Many women skimped their tables and went without new coats to replace by a radio the phonograph for which they could no longer buy records of a type which pleased them, but the great box with its fan-shaped loudspeaker on top and its dusty, wired cylinders underneath now sits idle in the parlor it was bought to grace.

"Most of the time we couldn't get nothin' over it but an awful racket," men say. "Time I got my newspaper anything I might have wanted to listen to was gone by. And they're awful expensive. Seemed as though I was after something for that thing every time I went to market."

And women, young as well as old, say, "I don't know. Don't seem as if the music they sing now had any tune to it. I never can get much sounds right to me."

Telephones are often found, but far from invariably. The New England community which I know best totals nineteen families, of which nine are listed in the directory, the remaining ten depending upon the courtesy of their neighbors in time of illness, the only occasion necessitating their instant communication with any one at a distance. Those who subscribe to the service are generally the families where

illness is most common or where old people live alone and their children provide them with this protective device. Not that mouthpieces and receivers, once installed, are not put to enjoyable use; but even as a social instrument they can hardly be said to connect the rural districts with the main arteries of modern life.

"Hello, Mame; that you?" the housewife asks, leaning against the wall of a dark entry when her supper dishes are done. "Well, how are you? . . . That so? Well, we ain't here, either. I don't know. Fred, he's workin' himself about to death trying to get them beans thrashed out; we've got an awful mess of beans this fall; and Agnes she's got a cold onto her so's I ain't dared let her outdoors for two days; and my back is dretful bad again. If I didn't have such awful great washings it seems as if I could get along, but there, I never could stand to see dirt. I don't know. Seems like some can, but I can't. Is Fanny lame now? . . . I say, is Fanny still lame? . . . I say, is *Fanny* LAME?"

The farmer taps his pipe smartly against the front of the stove and says, "You'd better talk about something else, Jess. She ain't goin' to tell you about Fanny and you might as well give it up. Mame's just like Lindbergh—ain't got nothin' to say."

But Jess is going on, "No, I can't understand you very well either. It's most as bad as it was that time Sadie's folks called down here from up to Boston and I couldn't make out who they was nor what they wanted any more than if they'd been talkin' Chinese. I think myself it's folks havin' their receivers down makes all the trouble but I guess there's nothin' can be done about it; they're bound to have their

way. I suppose you cooked up some-thin' good this mornin. . . . I'll bet that'll taste nice. . . . Yes, that's good, ain't it? Marm used to make that but I never had any luck at it. How many pies did you bake? . . . Will they last you through Sunday? . . . Well, I guess your menfolks don't eat like mine do. I use up one a meal anyway, and sometimes more. . . . Oh, I don't mind baking much. Lucky I don't, I guess. Did you raise a good lot of cabbages? . . . Well, we may buy of you before spring. A lot of ours rotted that wet spell we had. Fred always says Harry's cabbage is the only ones tastes like our own." Silence. Yawns. Both women are tired. "Fred's going to butcher tomorrow. . . . Yes, 'tis a long job, but fresh meat makes a good change. . . . Yes, Fred does have good pork. . . . Oh, how's Ray Lederer; you heard from him? . . . Oh, ain't that awful? . . . Well, I hope he will, but I don't know. . . . My geraniums are every one in bloom, Mame. I wish you could see 'em. . . . Yes, they're handsome. . . . Well, I won't keep you standin' there. You call up sometime, and come over when you can. . . . Yes, I will, and you do the same. Goodbye."

The farmer twinkles up sideways from his pipe and asks, "Is Fanny lame? I *say*, is Fanny lame?" His wife jerks her head and makes a disparaging sound but a new expression has been born and will flourish, not only in this family but among others who will be told the homely joke in the weeks ahead. Whenever a woman lingers too long at the telephone or speaks in too high and insistent a tone on any subject, some indulgent male voice will inquire, "Is Fanny lame? I *say*, is Fanny lame?" There people not only



live their own lives and think their own thoughts but make their own jokes, of a type suited to their group personality. It may be this ability to produce among themselves whatever they need which has saved them so long from the encroachments of a leveling civilization.

A RECENT popular history of the past generation describes a flail as an instrument used for threshing grain or beans, declaring that one was seen in a New England barn as late as 1916, and concluding, "In the 1880's, however, the large mechanical thresher had come into use as a community institution." If this be true, then the New England I know is still of the 'Seventies, for I saw a thresher for the first time in the State of Michigan after I was well grown up out of a childhood spent on a Maine farm, and flails are to be found in 1933 in dozens of barns I could name. The historian goes on to say that "the 'hay-fork' became common during the eighties." But I saw my first hayfork about 1915 and journeyed to an adjoining town for the experience, nor, now that I think of it, have I ever seen another in the truly rural sections of the Northeast. Hay is still swung from the cart to the mow by the effort of the muscles in a man's arms and back, and a lesser man or a growing boy, sometimes a pair of children, drag it in and spread it smooth under the mows. The air is close up there on hot summer days and the hay harsh to bare feet, swallows dart and squeak, and sometimes a snake from the meadow curls around the prongs of the fork. This pitching on and off is a position, an office, a sign of the place which a man holds among his family. As a very small girl I was accustomed to see my grandfather stoutly

perform the rite, my father only making loads and taking away, working from the top as an assistant, as another man's son. But a little later their duties became reversed; it was my father's fork which plunged and swung and grandfather only drew a rake behind the cart, we children doing the rest. I have often wondered with what words or silent understanding the exchange was made, for they were reserved with each other, and it was a matter of moment to them both.

Not long ago a woman of sixty was asked what type of food composed the meals which she had eaten as a child living in northern New Hampshire. Her reply came with some surprise, as if she saw no point to the question. "Why, about the same as we have now," she said, "as near as I can remember. We never went hungry. Some folks didn't have much but mush and milk and salt fish in them times, but we always had our boiled dinners, and fresh fish once a week when the fish peddler come, and baked beans Saturday nights, and fresh pork twice a year when we butchered. Father most always got some corned beef market day. Just about the same as now. Pie at breakfast, cake and pie at noontime, and maybe a pudding and the pie come night."

Woman's work is somewhat easier than it used to be, though not greatly changed. Bread is usually bought nowadays, rarely made, and little or no knitting and quilting is done except as a pastime. But places near enough to the source of supply to have electricity installed are the wonder and the gossip of other neighborhoods. Most women still wash clothes with the simple equipment of tubs on a bench, scrubbing board, hand wringers and copper boiler over a wood fire, and many of them

bring their water in pails from a well in the yard.

The kitchen remains the centre of rural New England houses, a room in which to cook, eat, wash, iron, sew, feed the kittens, grease the chickens' heads, talk and read. Here is a couch where the mother may drop down to rest her back in the midst of a busy day, hanging shelves where the children keep their toys, the chair under which the farmer leaves his shoes when he goes to bed at night. In the cellarway are kept the medicines for every known indisposition; the woman who feels she must call in a doctor to treat indigestion, colds, croup, cuts, boils, or frazzled nerves is not considered by her neighbors to have much courage. A little ammonia, some skullcap or peppermint, a good stick salve, and the patient will be better in the morning—or when the weather turns warm. Cream is churned by hand in these kitchens, the butter salted and "worked" and molded into squares with an ivy leaf or a sheaf of wheat as a design with which to stamp it. Eggs are counted carefully each week, the largest saved for the best customers; hens are dressed, pork "tried out," sap boiled down and preserving done. To buy modern machinery for all these little businesses would cost far more than they bring in. Just as a hayfork is too expensive and unwieldy a contraption to transfer a horse-load of hay to the narrow mow of a Maine barn, and a tractor ill suited to upturning a half acre of hilly, rocky ground in western Massachusetts, so refrigeration, motor-driven churns and washers, meat rooms, sugar houses, and large scale canners are unavailable to lighten the labor indoors. A stove, a table and a woman's hands are equipment enough.

There, then, is the ordinary New England farm home. It is not very old, nor at all pretentious. Most of the houses of Revolutionary memories in the more remote country sections have crumbled into their cellars for lack of hands interested to preserve them. Nor are there many new buildings. The usual New England home has outlasted from fifty to a hundred winters and is a story-and-a-half structure with three rooms downstairs (sitting-room, parlor and back bedroom) and two up, an ell which is the kitchen, an attached shed and at the end of the shed a barn about twice the size of the house. Ordinarily the house and shed are white, clapboarded, and the barn is unpainted, shingled, with red doors, or red frames and white doors. In the barn are two enclosed horse stalls and a long row of stanchions with at one end a pen for calves and at the other a harness closet and heap of sawdust for bedding. The winter wood supply is in the shed, also the toilet, the carpenter's tools, the barrels of chips saved from fencing time, the potato baskets, Paris green cans and pictures of prize-winning racing horses pasted on the walls below hanging crosscut saws and flintlock guns.

IN THE houses few antiques remain—for the reason that they have been broken beyond repair and replaced by stouter pieces, not because city dealers have profited by the dull wits of sons of the soil. Nothing makes the New England farmer cling to what he has more than learning that some one else wants it. Especially to white shirts and suave voices he is determined to yield nothing. I have known an old woman to cough away her last days in actual want, her only comfort the ten-cent boxes of ice cream a kindly country



doctor brought her on his rounds, while a Boston attorney persistently offered her a hundred dollars for an applewood chair, a hundred and fifty for a clavichord standing in her barn, two hundred for a barrel of mirrors and pictures and candlesticks. "If they're worth that to him, they're worth it to me," said she, with unanswerable logic, and lived as she was until she died.

In the yard of the usual New England house there is an elm or a row of maples along the driveway. Gnarled apple trees are here and there, with rope swings dangling from their limbs. A flower garden, a woodpile, a mail box, a red pump, a watering trough, a barnyard, a grindstone, a side porch, a front doorstep—these are the immediate landscaping, with pasture pines and alders forming the background.

Forth from such surroundings comes the family of a Sunday on its way to worship. Some country churches have closed their doors of late years, as have their city sisters, but others remain open, active, important, the centres of community life. The Meeting House to which my great-grandfather drove his wife, two soprano-singing daughters and one bass-singing son every Sunday is as useful today as when he knew it. Horses are still hitched under the same rude shelter, while automobiles stand about the yard, and many worshipers come on foot, warm and breathless, entering on tiptoe the clean, bare little room whose windows look out upon thick woods. The Sabbath School attendance numbers anywhere from fifty to seventy, depending upon the weather, and the minister is a full-time servant of his people, occupying a house placed by them at his disposal. The Ladies' Aid holds strawberry festivals, ice cream socials, harvest suppers, and

Christmas Eve always finds a laden tree in the vestry. Once a year this church holds conference with others like itself from all over the country.

Nor is the district school relegated to history. Ideas of consolidation and buses which collect children like so much market produce have closed many of them, on the theory that centralized education is cheaper, fewer teachers mean better teachers and the young of the country will profit by association with village or city pupils. Possibly. But something in the nature of a major operation has been performed upon the rural community which sees its school deserted, heroic treatment which the patient himself has not sought. Feeling which drives country children to sit on the steps of a locked schoolhouse each morning for the whole first week of the fall term, refusing to enter the bus which stops for them every day and every day goes on empty, is not to be disregarded; nor is that of their parents who later, vanquished, join together to buy the schoolhouse so that they can be sure it will stand where it has always stood. Any man who has little in his life except his work, his family and his club would be shaken if his club were disorganized, especially if the same club had been an element in his childhood, of his father's and his grandfather's lives, and had just admitted his son to membership with full privileges. But, luckily, many district schools yet remain; if the roads are bad enough, the bus can not traverse them; if the community is large enough, the town officers dare not coerce so many voters. So children still walk from mother to teacher, carrying their dinner pails, leaning over the bridges, listening to creaking oak limbs, finding secret paths through the woods, mailing letters in

hollow trees, leaving trails of golden-rod behind them; parents still dress up twice a year and go to hear their children repeat poetry and sing, to see the teacher and ask her what she thinks of June and Archie, to visit for a little while with one another. School is an institution in neighborhoods I know, a pride, an assurance, a faith.

THE newcomers of strange inheritance—French, Polish, Armenian, Norwegian—are a complication in the life of the native Yankee. He is troubled by their happy-go-lucky architecture, their sudden, tight little houses with doors and windows scattered helter-skelter over the walls, and the many smaller shacks adjoining. He can not understand why the houses are neither placed on hilltops, to be “sightly,” nor cuddled into the sides of hills for warmth; he wishes the Poles had dug their cellar near enough to the elm tree so that its shade would cross their yard, for he can not see that it is of any use out behind the barn; he speculates anxiously as to what the Frenchman thought he was doing when he cut a door three feet above the ground and built no steps to it. But a complication is not a death potion; rather a tonic. Rural New England needs new blood, and lusty foreigners, far better than pale-faced cities, will supply it. Young, strong, ready to work as the first English settlers worked, the French and Polish are clearing virgin land with

spade and hoe, not because cleared land is unavailable but because cleared land has been drained of its first strength and they seek fertility. Not content with what has been used over and over—land, houses, customs—they come building their own.

There are natives who fear them, hold them off, resent them, but the majority only watch, wonder, wait. All who are honest admit that French planted pieces are better kept and Polish barns in better order, on the average, than those of inhabitants of longer standing. The log cabins of the first English settlers may not have been beautiful but beauty was in what they represented and in the promise that they held. The wise Yankee farmer does his own work, greets his neighbor civilly, and leaves it to the future to erase the sharp lines which now divide nationalities. Before necessity drew these lines across New England farming districts, the atmospheric effect was softer, gentler, one family blending more easily into another, the whole like an old tapestry, faded but lovely; I remember it so. Now the boundary lines are sharp, a little shocking, red feather stitches on a black and white quilt, but this will change with weathering, and in time we shall have the tapestry again, freshened, vivid, significant. Meanwhile old New England retains its dignity, waiting for the new to attain an age, a state of mind, with which it can speak on equal terms.





# For "Them on the Fence"

BY E. PENDLETON HERRING

*An answer to those critics who berate the Democrats and Republicans for not having clearly discernible differences in principle and policy*

ONE result of the war on depression has been a truce in politics. During the crisis the leadership of a man has transcended allegiance to a party. The free coöperation of the Republicans made possible the smooth and speedy enactment of emergency legislation by a Democratic Administration, and it is debatable whether the recent achievements on Capitol Hill can be definitely identified with either political party.

Yet the campaigning in the Congressional elections looming a year hence will be largely a struggle by aroused partisans to assume credit and allot blame for the actions of the present Administration. Before this confusion closes down upon us an examination of our system of party government seems desirable.

What can we expect of our political parties and how can they be evaluated?

It was Will Rogers at the last Democratic convention who noted in his impromptu remarks that even the clergymen had prepared their opening prayers in advance since it was apparently impossible for any one extemporaneously to think up anything that would incline Divine Providence

toward the political parties. There has indeed been much dissatisfaction, both spontaneous and studied, with our parties, and though much of it has been well deserved, its effects have not been altogether fortunate. The conviction that political parties are inept and meaningless leads to apathy on the part of the voter and induces much unfounded criticism of Congress. The attitude of "Oh-what's-the-use-parties-don't-mean-anything-anyway" is the result of a general misinterpretation of our party system. Much of this carping and criticizing is due to *a priori* assumptions concerning the nature of parties rather than to their actual shortcomings. The critics are looking through faulty spectacles.

The thesis is here advanced that our political parties, despite their many weaknesses, do answer a definite need and fulfill an essential function.

In this country today the whole ideology of party is still too closely bound to Edmund Burke's definition—the view which regards a political party as a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavor the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed.

If this be our definition of political parties, something is very wrong with our system. The only bodies answering this description are the short-lived and ineffective third parties, fatally dedicated to forwarding limited interests or specific panaceas.

Organizations with a clear purpose upon which all the members agree are numerous in the United States, but they do not function as political parties. André Siegfried found the counterpart of French parties in these national associations and pressure groups of the United States. Our major parties cut across a social matrix made diverse by these group loyalties, and one of their characteristic duties is to hold under the party banner individuals who at the same time acknowledge allegiance to these special-aim organizations.

In such a confusion of wills and interests the party can not be expected to stand forth boldly as the exponent of a consistent programme. How can this view of the complex basis of party be reconciled with its task of aligning opinion into opposing camps—the goal so generally set for the political party? A. Lawrence Lowell states: "The true function of political parties is that of formulating and presenting the alternatives between which the people are to choose." This attitude is implicit in most of the criticism of our party system. But the disapproval is really due to dismay at the murder of a beautiful theory by a gang of brutal facts. Even a cursory examination of social, economic and political factors in this country points to the impossibility of any political party under our system meeting the demands made upon it by this generally accepted theory. This being the case, it is wrong to expect a clear-cut presentation of opposing

creeds from our political parties. To borrow Walter Lippmann's metaphor: "It is wrong, just as it is wrong for a fat man to attempt to be a ballet dancer." The ideal is faulty because it is unattainable.

IN THE first place, the character of the electorate is such that it is cut through and through by a variety of allegiances. This makes the political party but one of many associations competing for the loyalty of the individual. Any party which declared for specific proposals would immediately find itself confronted with many associations opposing or forwarding these doctrines. Sponsoring a multiplicity of interests would lead to unavoidable contradictions. Again, what possible political division could, with any consistency, cut down through national politics, through State problems and even into local affairs? The sectional, the cultural and the racial factors that a national party would encounter in such a process would prove insuperable barriers.

Constitutional and procedural limitations restrict the legislative programme for any party. None, however well intentioned, can through its platform commit itself in advance on problems which have not been adequately investigated, debated or discussed. Lawmaking can not be anticipated by platform-framing. That party platforms are little more than political ballyhoo can no longer be seriously questioned. Perhaps the last word on this subject was that of the Pullman porter who explained to the politician loitering in the car vestibule that platforms were not made to stand on but to get in on. In practice it is impossible to guarantee definite accomplishment of campaign promises and



usually politically inexpedient to make unequivocal commitments on controversial questions. A survey of the platforms of recent minor parties demonstrates the error of such tactics.

The contention of these parties has been that the old parties "have become the tool of corporate interests which use them impartially to serve their selfish purposes." It is upon these familiar lines that the necessity has been urged for reconstituting our party system so as to align political forces into two clearly distinguished camps. A liberal party has been repeatedly suggested, but with little consideration as to whether a party could be founded upon our cloudy conception of liberalism. The term, devoid of any well defined content, has been used simply as a rallying cry for the malcontents. Can liberalism be institutionalized into a political party? Specific policies, it is true, have been associated together under the ægis of liberalism, but as a consistent philosophy providing a lasting foundation for party it has not yet demonstrated its adequacy.

The arguments in favor of a party realignment in large measure can be reduced to two heads. On the one hand, it is urged that parties should be based upon economic and class distinctions, or, on the other, that they should be founded upon a collection of issues generally denominated as liberal, progressive, popular, socialist and the like. There is implicit in this view a conception of the political party as an organization based upon principles and concerned with policies. But the shifting character of issues is unsuitable as the basis for a continuing party life. Stimuli which evoke a response under one set of circumstances lose their force under another.

As one writer has explained: "Every group is possessed of some common point or points of resemblance, whether it be a physical or social characteristic, a common experience, or a similar state of mind concerning a political question. So long as the stimuli playing upon individuals call attention to this common character, those who possess it will constitute a group in actuality. But no two or more individuals are alike in all things. When the stimuli change so that new points of resemblance among individuals are brought into the centre of social consciousness, there will be a re-grouping of these individuals. The old points of resemblance may still exist, but the old groupings to which they gave rise are no longer actual but only potential."

The organic character of a political party demands more constant and stable foundations. A political party is essentially a corporate entity with a body of members and a hierarchy of officers. It has a will to power and an urge to continue its existence. From this viewpoint the emphasis is not upon the party in its concern with public issues or community problems, but rather with the party as an organization. In a word, the purposive side of party *per se* must be contrasted with the party used as the means to accomplish the purposes of other interests not directly identified with the party itself. Confusing these two views of party befogs clear judgment as to the extent to which the party is accomplishing its ends. There are the factors which affect the party as a party, and there are the many other external purposes with which various interests strive to associate the party. Two aspects of the party become evident. The party can be viewed as an association concerned with

attaining to office, rewarding its followers, adding to its power and continuing its life; or the party can be regarded as a means through which the underlying interest groups may exploit this machine for forwarding their own affairs. In the first case the concern is not with policy or principle. In the second instance too close an identification with any of these social or economic groups may endanger the party's own existence.

IF THE organization is to survive it must attract the loyalty of members and hold them. If the party is accepted as a useful and responsible agency of government, allegiance to the organization as such is demanded. The sponsorship of particular measures as a means of holding the membership and of winning support is not enough. Allegiance must be based upon a general recognition of the usefulness of the party as an association with a valid and independent purpose of its own. The party machine has a place under our system. The abuses to which parties are prone are defects characteristic of any organization.

"Bossism" results when the party in a locality includes too few of the electorate and when the leaders are not held directly answerable for their actions by an alert and interested party membership. Bosses are generally found in the *opposite* party. To condemn the political party in its entirety because of certain inherent defects means likewise scrapping its great potentialities for good. We can not thus afford to throw out the baby with the bath water.

In a word, our party system had better be tested not by traditional theoretical assumptions but rather in terms of its political environment in the

United States. Does it meet the demands made by this environment? A tendency still persists to judge parties without a full consideration of the delimiting factors which surround them. Over thirty years ago A. T. Hadley wrote: "We see parties primarily arranged, not to promote certain measures of legislation, but to do the work of government. The party machine as an administrative body becomes the main thing; the legislative measures with which it is identified are only an incident. I believe this to have been the usual condition in the United States, especially in recent years. . . . Under ordinary circumstances the work of persuading the executive and legislature to work in harmony with each other under the somewhat strained conditions presented by the United States Constitution seems more important than the passing of any particular measure, and that side of the party organization naturally comes to the front."

Nevertheless, critics continue to insist that our parties "stand for something" and by that *something* is meant either a definite legislative programme or a particular set of principles. But can not our party system be judged in close relationship to its peculiar political setting?

The chief function of party in this country is not to accentuate differences but rather to ignore them. Paradoxically enough our party system is to the baneful spirit of faction the strongest antidote. The interlacings of interest that make up the crazy-quilt of our industrial community introduce so many variations in the social pattern that the major party cleavages serve to introduce order and simplicity. The division into two sides, if arbitrary and largely



artificial, at least makes for order and agreement. Both parties seeking a wide support must necessarily appeal to the large moderate middle group and this unavoidably makes for sameness. One can not bemoan the fact that the result means an absence of partisan bitterness and no great revulsion of policy when one party succeeds the other in power.

National issues should be the last test to use for parties in this country, since the sectional allegiances practically assuring to the parties control of certain regions require that they both turn to the doubtful States, and the well known phrase of James Russell Lowell's can be very well applied:

Every fool knows that a man represents  
Not the fellers that sent him but them on the  
fence.

The fact that both sides must appeal to the same doubtful group tends to neutralize the distinctive elements in either party. Any appeal likely to prove convincing is made. The paradox is carried further when it is remembered that the seniority rule in Congress operates to place authority in the hands of the veteran legislators rather than with those freshly returned with a mandate from the people of their district.

In a word, the desirability of testing our party system in terms of the distinctive stand of parties with regard to issues may well be questioned. This is far from admitting the failure of party government and urging the substitution of parties that may stand more clearly for a definite programme. Since there are, strictly speaking, no national party organizations in this country, but rather confederations of State organizations loosely joined under national committees for guidance in campaign strategy, there can be little

concerted control from a single headquarters. Parties must hold themselves together as organizations before they can turn to other matters.

OUR present system does not mean the negation of politics because the parties seem so similar in viewpoint. There is ample room for positive programmes, but our parties are not the channels best suited to bring about their consummation. The real springs for policy occur without reference to the formal organization of parties or the legal framework of government.

Creative impulses resulting in the formulation of views or in plans for action necessarily arise in the mind of some individual. These positive elements of thought gather strength as they are accepted by other individuals and become of increasing social significance as those in agreement clarify and expand their common purpose and formalize their relations for the realization of their goal. Hence special-aim organizations inevitably appear. The community bristles with the diversities arising from this basis, but in the name of orderly government another step must be added. To identify parties with such organizations would be simply to substitute bloc rule for party government.

It is here that the American political party takes its rightful place as providing an accepted form of order through which differences of viewpoint upon public questions may in large measure be either disregarded or compromised. As Walter Lippmann has stated: "It is not a system adapted to the execution of great controversial policies. Major policies can be carried out only with bi-partisan coöperation. But it is a system under which the frictions of

federalism are reduced to manageable proportions. And that may not be a small service to popular government."

Faced with the necessity of holding together in one organization the many varied elements that go to make it up, the party leaders find it inexpedient and unwise to commit themselves in advance to a definite programme. In the first place, they could not get general support for any programme nor could they secure agreement upon its contents. This causes much head-wagging as to the meaninglessness and futility of our parties. But the very lack of agreement results in a degree of personal freedom for the individual Congressman that would be impossible were the party to sponsor a set of specific issues. The legislator may stand forth as the spokesman of the most powerful and aggressive elements within his constituency, or under the pressure from divergent interests, he may take a conciliatory attitude. Whatever his reaction may be, he is seldom interfered with by the stand of the party. This situation has prompted some to decry the influence of special minorities which are thus left free to make their power felt. It is protested that "Congress has become the tool of selfish interests." But in what more appropriate place than in Congress, pray, could such forces come forward with their demands? The conflict and even confusion there is indicative of the vital character of this assembly. Our Congressmen may at times appear as quarrelsome politicians, but this very independence protects them from becoming automatons. They retain a greater degree of personal political responsibility than do most law-makers in other countries. It is their manifest duty as public representatives to weigh

the forces of various interests according to their conception of the general welfare.

Nothing could be gained by shifting the struggle to the party conclave and compromising differences in private caucuses in order that the party might bring forward a set of definite proposals. In a parliamentary government the ministers do this bargaining and commit their followers to a particular course of policy in the light of such arrangements. To say that a party has a programme is to say that it has agreed upon a *modus operandi* with the social and economic interests that constitute the underlying power in political affairs. Party leaders in this country count themselves fortunate if they can hold the allegiance of their followers to the party as an organization and hence do not endanger this loyalty by making undue demands. Moreover, it is highly questionable if the interests concerned would have the situation other than as it is. As John Dickinson has pointed out: "The various interests may be unwilling to put themselves so completely in the hands of a supreme board of adjustment responsible only to the electorate as a whole. This is doubtless true of the United States today."

In the days of Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon the Senate and House were held to a stern party discipline. But the flaws of such control became manifest over twenty years ago. Parties may have "stood for something," but Congress eventually demonstrated that it would not stand for such leadership. Rule in the hands of a few men responsible to but a small fraction of the electorate was not to be tolerated. Strict control by party leaders was broken. What has been the result?



Party leadership now stresses co-operation, and insurgent elements secure serious consideration. Responsibility is less clearly focused on Congress. The party is of less significance in an executive rôle, but it establishes a milieu in which differences can be better composed and it serves to prevent deadlock.

A CLEAR commitment of the party organization to definite policies is workable under a system that makes possible the control of the legislature by the executive and is tolerable under a system that provides for an alteration in the ministry in the event of serious disagreement between the two branches. But where fixed terms of office and staggered election times make an appeal to the country well nigh impossible, should not different criteria be used in judging the validity of party government?

The theory of parties should be discarded which charges them with the responsibility of formulating opinion. A revaluation of the major parties seems desirable. The tests utilized must have a clear relation to the peculiar conditions of our party system. An acceptable theory of party must take into full account the factual context of policies. The development of new criteria, rather than the repetition of old criticisms, would make for a better understanding of political problems. This might serve to show the voter where and how to direct his attention to politics. The apathy of the citizen is not due to a lack of interest in public affairs but rather to a feeling of helplessness at the booming, buzzing confusion. Accordingly, any standards of judgment, if they are to prove usable, must be simple and understandable.

The achievement of harmony within the party suggests itself as an appropriate criterion. Has the party demonstrated its power to compromise the differences of its members coming from the various localities? During the course of one administration the unity or disunity within the party is sure to appear. Has the party developed among its followers a consciousness of party responsibility that stimulates a willingness to coöperate in the solution of public questions?

To what extent has rule by the party in the majority resulted in efficient administration? Accomplishments certainly provide a superior basis for judgment than promises. Viewed as an organization with a continuing life and a definite leadership and membership, the political party stands forth as a responsible body that can be called to task for the standards of public conduct of the politicians enrolled; it can be demanded of the party that the candidates put forward in its name be honest and able public servants.

It can be judged according to the quality of its personnel. What kind of men are in the party? The public is quick to decide as to the personalities associated with the party. If "stuffed shirts" are placed in positions of authority and bosses left to connive in the background, the situation soon becomes common gossip. Is authority within the party exercised directly and openly or deviously and darkly? Politicians can not depend upon the force of party discipline to guarantee control of the legislature. Has the party sponsored an executive official who has succeeded in winning wide-spread support? Has the party picked a leader?

Having asked these questions of the party, the candidate can be questioned

directly as to his stand on particular measures of concern to groups or individuals. To require the party to stand behind an issue is simply another way of demanding that a particular position be urged upon the elected representatives through the party leaders. The contact had better be direct, and the party discipline accordingly less onerous. For the proposal of policies and the responsibility of promises individual statesmen can alone be held accountable. Commitments on specific issues demand an answerability that is clear and direct.

Limitations upon the party as an expounder of principles and supporter of issues make the need of leadership in the Presidential office all the more urgent. With conditions as they are in this country, who is better able than the Chief Executive to initiate policy and gain national support for legislative measures? His is the only nation-wide constituency. Not only Chief Executive, but often national Representative-at-large, he holds the strongest mandate from the electorate. With party lines providing too little guidance as to public policy, with control in the legislative body disparate and uncertain, the Presidential will must be positive and clear if Congress is to pass constructive legislation.

For a statesman to secure a following in support of his measures it is not necessary or even desirable to identify the party itself with these policies. Under our system government must be conducted on a personal rather than a partisan plane. The problem is one of individual and not party leadership, and the American political party can not be expected to adhere to a fixed set of doctrines nor to sponsor definite policies. It can do no more than launch off responsible leaders selected for their ability and their integrity.

The need is for better rather than for fewer politicians. The full-time politician may be the salvation of politics in this country. But there must be a professionalization of such practitioners. Through responsible party organization elected officials can best be held to high standards of honesty, competency and public service. The voter can judge the political party more clearly in terms of men rather than of measures. If the validity of appraising our party system in accordance with simpler and more practicable tests were recognized, much artificial dissatisfaction with political parties would disappear. The political system could then be evaluated not by criteria removed from reality, but by standards that are human, direct and comprehensible to all.





# Martial Law for Litigants

BY ANDREW SLEDD

*The Governor of Georgia finds a new use for the national guard*

ON JUNE 19, 1933, the governor of Georgia proclaimed martial law, absolute in quality but limited in scope, in the State. In his proclamation, after a lengthy statement of authority and reasons for his unusual act, he said: "There is but one course for an official, sworn to support the laws and constitution of his state and of the United States, to do"; and then he proceeded to put under martial law "the heads and employees of all state departments composing the executive department, i.e., the state treasurer, comptroller general, secretary of state, and supervisor of purchases," and also the State highway department, with all of its activities and possessions. "Any matters," the proclamation continued, "which may now be pending in any civil court in this state with regard to [the departments above indicated] will be transferred to said military court for adjudication." Thus all these departments of the State government—even cases pending in the civil courts involving them—were taken out of the hands of the civil courts and placed under military control. And that meant—since the governor is the commander-in-chief of the military forces of the State—that their control was to be transferred from the civil courts to the governor.

It will be observed:

(1) that the governor's action was taken on the ground of his oath of office—"sworn to support the laws and constitution of his state"; and yet

(2) that the entire executive department—the governor is already exempt from certain civil processes—is removed from the operation of those laws, so that none of the persons specified shall be subject to civil processes, at least to such processes originating in the highway department; and

(3) that the entire highway department is also removed from the operation of those laws, so that none of the persons of that department, if they deem themselves aggrieved by the governor's course, may seek redress of their grievances through the civil courts, at least if such redress is sought against any branch of the executive department.

The second and third of these restrictions have now been relaxed, as will presently appear; but they were an essential part of the governor's procedure, and they show—especially the third—its acknowledged motivation. For the whole procedure is the outgrowth of a deep and long-standing controversy between the governor and the State highway board, and the declaration of mar-

tial law was the governor's method of settling that controversy. This may be condemned or approved, but the fact is not disputed.

THE present governor was elected last year over numerous competitors and by a large majority, and entered upon his office on the first of last January. There had been four chief planks in his platform as a candidate, only two of which, and those rather closely related, are directly pertinent to the present inquiry. The first of these was the promise that all automobile tags should be sold at a uniform rate of three dollars each—the proceeds of tag sales are a part of the funds administered by the highway board; and the second was to “restore the highway board to the control of the people.” What follows is the record of the governor's procedure in the redemption of these two campaign pledges.

One of the new governor's first acts was to call a special ten-day session of the legislature, which was immediately followed by the regular sixty-day session provided for in the new law changing the date of the meeting of that body. This gave an actually continuous session of the legislature of seventy days—though the distinction between the called and the regular session gave the members an opportunity, of which, over a protesting minority, they cheerfully availed themselves, to vote themselves a double mileage of about \$17,500 out of the depleted treasury of the State. But the chief result of this long session was the deep discrediting of the legislature itself, and the State breathed a sigh of relief when at last it adjourned.

The governor's influence was strong in the house, but broken in the senate,

which he said was dominated by the highway board; and the final adjournment of the legislature, in spite of his efforts to get results in line with his platform, left the highway board and the tag charges for motor vehicles unchanged. The governor's campaign promises could not be fulfilled by the duly provided processes of legislation. Unless he were willing to surrender, or at least to defer, their fulfilment, he must find some other way for their redemption; and this he promptly proceeded to do.

The existing law concerning motor vehicle tags provided a system of charges graduated according to the weight of the vehicles, and running, roughly, from twelve to twelve hundred dollars per vehicle. But immediately after the adjournment of the legislature, the governor issued a proclamation declaring his uniform rate of three dollars in effect and authorizing all owners of motor vehicles to buy their tags at that price. “Under the code section 162,” he said (March 19, 1933), “which gives the Governor of Georgia the right to suspend all or any part of any tax, I hereby suspend the motor vehicle tag tax in Georgia, except the amount of \$3.00 for a license for all cars and trucks and busses.”

The code section cited in support of this act was a statute of 1821, which provides that “The governor may suspend the collection of the taxes, or any part thereof, due the state until the next meeting of the General Assembly, but no longer; nor shall he otherwise interfere with the collection thereof.” Legal opinion seems to be divided as to the adequacy of this ancient statute to sustain the governor's act; but there is no division of opinion that it authorizes only a suspension, and not a



cancellation, of the taxes. The present law governing the cost of motor vehicle tags is still in force: its operation is only suspended until the next meeting of the legislature, which, unless the governor calls a special session, will take place in January 1935.

When the chief of the license tag bureau refused, on the basis of the present law and the obligations of his bond, to sell the tags at the price fixed by the governor, the governor promptly removed him from office; and, by a supplementary executive order, relieved the other officers and their bondsmen from any financial responsibility that might be involved in their obedience. "When the members of this [the revenue] commission collect \$3.00 and personally account for this amount to the state, neither they personally nor their bondsmen are responsible for the remaining amount now assessed by law as the price of automobile, truck and bus, and trailer tags." And then the tags were sold at the uniform rate of three dollars; and those who had paid within the time, and at the higher and varying rates, prescribed by the law—for the governor had urged all owners to disregard the time payment set by law and wait for the three-dollar rate, assuring them that they should suffer no penalty for their delay—presently received refunds of the excess of their legal payments over the rate established by the proclamation of the governor. And now all users of motor vehicles in our State are operating them under the uniform three-dollar tags.

THE governor's act in this matter, which preceded by three months his declaration of martial law, was not challenged in the civil courts. That it involved a serious reduction of funds

administered by the highway department for the maintenance of public highways, and that it gave a great advantage in savings to the operators of heavier vehicles, are patent facts; but the hard-pressed owner of the family flivver was glad enough to have the cost of his tag reduced, and the operator of a fleet of ten commercial trucks or buses would naturally prefer to pay thirty rather than twelve thousand. Neither would be disposed to look a gift horse too critically in the mouth. And when the possibility of court procedure in restraint of his action was suggested to the governor, he is reported to have said, "If I can't enforce an executive order, I might as well resign as governor of Georgia. However, I have no intention of resigning" (Atlanta Constitution, March 21, 1933).

How the governor could "enforce an executive order" appears in the further development of his controversy with the highway board—and the answer is, "By declaration of martial law."

The State highway board consists of three men, severally appointed by the governor in office when a vacancy occurs, for specified terms of office; but once they are appointed, and confirmed by the senate, they are, for the terms of their office—which overlap the terms of the governors—largely out of the governor's control. This gives the board very considerable power and independence, and it has in its hands great responsibilities, including the expenditure of large sums of public money. But the statute is quite detailed and specific in its definition of rights and duties.

The highway department, it says, "shall consist of the state highway board and such other subordinate employes, including the chief engineer and other assistants, as the highway

board may deem necessary to carry out the provisions of this act" (1919). . . . "Said highway board shall be the executive and administrative head of the state highway department of Georgia, with full power and authority and in full control of the highway department and all road work and highway work within the state as provided for under this act. . . . The said Board shall employ a state highway engineer, [who] shall hold office during the pleasure of the board. . . . The board shall employ such other engineers, clerks, and assistants as may be needed, and at such salaries and for such terms as may appear necessary, and prescribe and fix their duties" (1925).

These quotations from the laws of 1919 and 1925 show the legal basis on which the highway board had been conducting its operations prior to the inauguration of the present governor. These laws have not been repealed; and there is no provision for the removal of these men from office as long as they are discharging their duties within the law.

But an old statute (1836) provides that "All payments from the treasury, unless otherwise provided, shall be made upon the warrant of the governor, and he may withhold his approval on any account audited and certified by the comptroller general. The warrant shall clearly specify on what appropriation or fund it is drawn." And the law of 1931 made the governor the director of the budget for all departments and provided that "he may in his discretion revise all estimates, except those for the legislative and judicial departments." But the same law further provides that "Such requisition [i.e., the detailed requisition that each department is required to submit to the director of the budget] shall be approved by the gov-

ernor as to all its requests, except such as, in the judgment of the governor, do not conform to the provisions of the act of the General Assembly making appropriations"; and, when the budget is approved, with this single limitation, by the governor as director of the budget, the funds "shall be disbursed upon receipt of an executive warrant in a lump sum to the official or officials of said departments."

The governor interpreted these statutes not only as giving him authority over the total of any departmental budget (except legislative and judicial), but as authorizing him to modify or reject any single item of the budget and to reject the whole if any single item did not meet with his approval. Whether this is a correct interpretation of the law or not would seem to be a matter for the civil courts to determine, but the governor's further dealings with the highway board are based upon its assumed correctness.

In accordance with this assumption, when the highway board submitted its budget for the first quarter of the current year, the governor made a great many changes in it that affected not only its total but its distribution. To all of these changes the highway board, after some hesitation, unanimously acceded, except in one particular. And it was on that one particular that the issue was finally joined between the board and the governor.

THE governor demanded that the board dismiss its chief engineer and four assistant engineers, whom he specified by name, and declared that the board should receive no funds until that demand also was complied with. One member of the board—whose later treatment by the governor is another



and interesting story—was in favor of acceding to this demand; but the chairman of the board, and its third member, elected to stand upon the law above cited that gives the board, and it only, the exclusive right to hire and dismiss its own employees. And the remainder of the controversy lies between them and the governor, and is now reduced to this single point, as is recognized in the governor's own statement of the issue.

"You have had ample hearing on these alterations and amendments," he wrote them on April 28, 1933, "and have concurred in all of them with the exception of elimination from the budget of" the five engineers specified by name.

"The law confers upon me the right and authority to strike these names from the budget. . . . My action is final. No requisition from your department will be honored unless this budget is carried out to the letter."

The two members of the board above indicated denied the validity of this claim, and refused to dismiss these men upon the governor's demand. There seemed to be only two ways out of this impasse. The one was for the two members of the board to resign, and let the governor replace them by his own appointees, thus surrendering to him in fact the complete control of the highway department that he claimed. The governor demanded their resignations: they refused. That left the way of the civil courts for the decision of the issue. But the governor was not willing to take that way; and when the board members undertook to take it, he blocked their attempt by the declaration of martial law.

Prior to that declaration, the State treasurer had withdrawn highway de-

partment funds to the amount of \$2,000,000 from the local banks and deposited the cash in the State treasury in the capital, where it was guarded by an armed detachment of the national guard. This removed the possibility of tying up these funds in the local banks by civil processes addressed to them, and put the governor in control of the actual cash. The governor himself is not subject to injunction or mandamus; but this exemption does not extend to the comptroller general or the State treasurer. Consequently, the highway board sought injunction against these two officers to restrain them from expending the highway funds except through the duly authorized channels of the highway department.

Thereupon the governor issued his proclamation of martial law. A detachment of the national guard was called out; and the chairman of the highway board was removed from his offices, under the orders of the governor as commander-in-chief, by the adjutant general; and the governor's member of the board, with the adjutant general, was put in charge of those offices.

Armed soldiers were stationed at the highway offices and the State capitol, and a military guard attended the person of the governor. Orders were issued to the soldiers not to receive any processes of the civil courts, nor to admit any servers of such processes. Some deputies bearing such papers were placed under military arrest; and on two or three occasions, when they managed to present their papers, the papers were torn up or thrown away either by the military or by the governor himself. The five engineers were dismissed, as the governor had demanded; part of the highway funds were disbursed in settlement of claims against the depart-

ment; and the whole matter, as above set forth in quotation from the governor's proclamation, was transferred from the civil to the military courts, of which the governor is the head.

Thus blocked from the civil courts of their own State, the board turned to the Federal courts in search of relief. They made two such appeals, but in neither case did the court come to, or pass on, the merits of the case itself. In the first case, the attorney general, who supports the governor, and who at first appeared as the defendants' attorney, declared himself the only legally authorized attorney for the highway board itself and, in that capacity, moved the dismissal of their case. And this motion was granted, and the case dismissed. In the second case, the attorney general amended his reply to the petitioners' plea with a formal agreement to accept service from the State courts and permit any case that might be made to go to trial in them—*provided* that this agreement should not be construed as waiving any of the rights, privileges and immunities enjoyed by the governor under the State law. In the light of this amended reply, the court held that it was not apparent that the State courts were closed to the petitioners, that the case properly belonged in the State courts and should be adjudicated there. Thus the board members were left to seek such relief as they could in the State courts—having gained this, that access to the State courts would be permitted to them, subject to the proviso above cited.

The governor has now declared vacant the offices of the two members of the board who refused to discharge the five engineers at his demand, and has appointed two of his personal and political friends in their places. In the At-

lanta *Constitution* for July 20, 1933, he gives this explanation of his actions: "The proclamation of martial law was declared on account of the condition of the highway department caused by the abandonment of the office of [the chairman of the board] and [the other member who refused his demand for the dismissal of the engineers], and their ceasing to perform the functions of the office and their defying of the law, and enjoining the state treasurer, the comptroller general, and seeking to enjoin the governor and defying the law in refusing to operate under an approved budget.

"This is only one of the grounds which caused the proclamation and I merely mention it as a news item to refresh everybody's memory." The new board, he says, "is a legally constituted board under the protection of martial law. This [i.e., the constitution of a new board] is the first step towards abolishing martial law in Georgia. I hope the remaining steps can be consummated in the near future."

And on July 29, 1933, the governor issued a brief proclamation declaring martial law at an end, since "the conditions which made necessary the proclamation of martial law no longer exist." And thus the governor has taken control of the highway department in fulfilment of his campaign pledge to restore it to the control of the people.

ALL this, of course, does not touch the fundamental question. It assumes that the governor was justified in his declaration of martial law, and his course of action thereunder. But there are only two cases in which, under our law, the governor is authorized to call out the military forces of the State; and they are worthy of citation. First,



then: "It is the duty of the governor to see that the laws are executed. For this purpose he shall have power, as commander-in-chief, to call out the military whenever, in his discretion, the due enforcement of the process of the courts is so resisted and set at defiance as to require such interposition." And, second: "In case of invasion or insurrection the governor has power to call out all volunteer military companies, or the militia, for the defence of the state, until such time as the General Assembly meet; and when so called into action, he has power to make all necessary provision for their transportation, accommodation, equipment, and support." Both of the provisions contemplate only the maintenance of the orderly processes of civil government, and neither lends any countenance to the violent supersession of civil processes by martial law. And yet the governor's whole course has been designed not to protect, but to supersede, the civil courts; and no legal device has been left untried to prevent the issues from coming to a purely judicial decision.

Under the concession made before the Federal court, as cited above, that the case would be permitted to come to trial before the State courts, the chairman of the board whom the governor removed by military force brought *quo*

*warranto* proceedings against his successor whom the governor appointed under martial law. Such a case does not have to be tried before a jury; but the governor's attorneys demanded a jury trial. The case was tried in a rural village, before a jury ten members of which were farmers. The governor was formerly commissioner of agriculture, and he has publicly stated that "no county in which there was a street car supported him in his race for governor." One wonders how far the demand for a jury trial was influenced by these facts. Certainly that demand reduced the probability of a searching and impartial judicial decision of the case.

The jury found for the governor's military appointee. But, through the court's certification of exceptions filed by the plaintiff's attorneys, the case now goes to the State Supreme Court. And there the matter rests at this writing.

This whole matter is of more than local interest, as another symptom of the deep disintegration of our social and political institutions. In that light it is commended to the consideration of those who are concerned for that nice balance between personal liberties and social control which is the necessary basis of an efficient and enduring democracy. Military despotism is ruin, not remedy.



# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



order to help the Government carry out its projects.

## *The Shadow of Fascism*

A LIBERAL who believes that Fascism may emerge from the present situation in this country is John Strachey, whose *The Menace of Fascism* (Covici,

HOME once more, and at the very opening of another literary season, the Landscaper looks again upon a world troubled and torn, with none of the larger questions that have vexed it since the close of the World War really settled, and with this country in the midst of a highly interesting, if exceedingly dangerous, economic experiment. Perhaps the final phrase of that introductory sentence needs clarifying: to this detached observer, President Roosevelt's New Deal is interesting for many reasons, most of all, for the obvious reason that it might work; it is exceedingly dangerous for the reason that it might lead us into Fascism. It might, in fact, lead us into a good many things, including communism, although it is safer to hazard a guess that Fascism of one variety or another would sit better with the American people. Optimists who gaze enraptured upon the attainments of the Blue Eagle insist that it has already brought us important modifications of our capitalist system, but this the Landscaper doubts; the firm rock of American capitalism seems just as firm as ever, and will hardly be shaken to any very great extent even if the capitalists are forced to pay their income taxes next year in

Friede, \$3.25) has a great deal to say about the future of the United States, although it also treats at length of England and Germany. Mr. Strachey sees Fascism wholly as a capitalist, and therefore, anti-labor, phenomenon, and his book is a ringing appeal to all laboring men to get together against the post-War form of government that seems to be sweeping the world, as much as anything else as a protest against the inefficiency of parliamentary governments. Mr. Strachey declares that the spread of Fascism is bound to lead to another World War, and upon this point it is difficult not to agree with him, although Italian Fascism, much to the surprise of all who have observed it, has not as yet meant war at all. The simple answer to this statement may be, of course, that Il Duce has not found the time propitious. In any case, Mr. Strachey has written an intelligent and valuable book upon a question that ought to be of concern



to every thinking person in the world. And this is as good a place as any to amplify a little further the suggestion made in an earlier paragraph that the National Recovery Act may lead to Fascism. It may for the very good reason that such sweeping economic changes as it has brought about will meet with more and more opposition as the first burst of enthusiasm dies down. There can be no turning back, so force seems the obvious answer.

### *The Sign of the Swastika*

EVERYWHERE, at home or abroad, the existing situation in Germany is the topic of conversation. In Spain, Hitler and all his works are anathema; the walls of little towns are scrawled with curses upon Fascism and all its works, and the German embassy in Madrid has to have a special guard to protect the swastika flag that flies over its gate. In Paris the bookstalls are lined with books bearing upon different phases of the Hitler régime and, as is well known, France is willing now to discuss in the open the possibility of an attack upon Germany before the Fascists can carry through their plans for rearming. The fate of Europe hangs upon the stability of the Hitler régime, and two books lie before the Landscaper, both of which insist that no matter what happens, the Brown Shirts are in power to stay. *Germany Enters the Third Reich* by Calvin Bryce Hoover (Macmillan, \$2.50), a sound and careful study of the contemporary political situation, insists that Hitler will remain in office and that he means to carry through every one of his proposals, no matter how fantastic they may seem to the rest of the world. Bearing upon the question of a future war, Mr. Hoover makes the point that Hitler came into power on a platform of

revenge and the wiping out of the Treaty of Versailles. The other book already mentioned is *Hitler's Reich: The First Phase*, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong (Macmillan, \$1), Mr. Armstrong being the editor of *Foreign Affairs*, and his book a fresh, first-hand summary of the situation. He believes that Hitler will stick, and that the future course of European history will depend upon the skill with which other nations handle the delicate situation that has been brought about by the rise to power of the party of the swastika. These are both short books and easy to read, both very much to the point, and both upon what is probably the most important subject in the world of politics today.

### *Some Books on Russia*

THE centre of interest that remained so long in Russia has now very definitely shifted to Central Europe, but books are still published on the Soviets, and one of the most interesting of these of recent date is a two-volume work called *Memoirs of Lenin*, by N. K. Krupskaya (International, \$1.50 the volume). Madame Krupskaya was the wife of Lenin, the woman who lived and worked at his side through the long and stormy years, and her intimate chronicle is not only highly readable, but will be an invaluable source book for future historians and biographers. Volume One takes up the life of Lenin at the time he arrived in Moscow in 1893, thoroughly grounded in Marxian principles, and Volume Two ends with Lenin's arrival in Russia in 1917 and his preliminary work for the October Revolution. Naturally all the important figures of this period appear in the crowded and exciting pages of Madame Krupskaya, and the book is one that all

who care for the drama of history will find worth looking into, no matter where their prejudices lie. *The World Revolution and the U.S.S.R.* by Michael T. Florinsky (Macmillan, \$2) deals principally with the changed attitude of the Soviets toward the matter of making the world communist. In 1917, the communization of the world was a cardinal tenet of the U.S.S.R. régime; now the capitalist nations move into steadily closer relationships with the Russians, and bankers, instead of trembling at the mention of Moscow, simply smile sweetly, and think how much money is to be made out of the great unexploited markets for our products. Mr. Florinsky explains the whys of this changed attitude, and sketches the entire political and economic background of the situation. Another book on Russia of an entirely different sort is *Kapoot: Carveth Wells in Soviet Russia*, by Carveth Wells (Macmillan, \$2.50), in which Mr. Wells, a world-traveler of some reputation, pays his respects to Intourist, the Soviet Travel Bureau, and to communism in general. In fact, he writes like an American who is all put out because he can not get apple pie for breakfast in Rome, but his book can not be dismissed so lightly, for he has traveled far and wide, and is used to hardships. Also, he has a keen eye for the unusual, and there are some excellent chapters in his book about strange things and people.

### *Our Little Friend Cuba*

THOSE readers who are sincerely interested in the causes of Cuba's troubles, and who are willing to accept the point of view of an outspoken liberal are fortunate in having available *The Crime of Cuba* by Carleton Beals (Lippincott, \$3), a complete and docu-

mented history of the island from before the time when this country stepped into a sad situation and, under the cloak of various high-sounding slogans, assumed the rôle of master of the destinies of an alien people. A good deal of the earlier part of the book of necessity repeats Walter Millis's history of the Spanish-American War, *The Martial Spirit*, but when Mr. Beals gets into the machinations of American capitalists in the island, and more particularly into the part played by our citizens in keeping Machado in power, he breaks entirely fresh ground, and he names names without any hesitation. We may thank our stars that the Roosevelt Administration, whatever else may be wrong with it, has one of its best-trained and most upright diplomats in the island at present as ambassador, and too, that the Administration is sincerely opposed to intervention. Naturally, by the time this article appears in print the marines may have landed, but at least there has been no unseemly hurry and it has been patent enough that everything possible has been done to encourage friendly relations with Central and South America through a policy of non-intervention. The title of Mr. Beals's book is not exaggerated; our treatment of Cuba has been nothing short of a crime, and the blood of hundreds who have been slain belongs on the heads of American capitalists who went into the island to make as much money out of it as they could, without any regard whatever for the welfare of the Cuban people. Trusting Americans, who believe in the reasonable honesty and decency of their fellow-citizens, have probably wondered at the attitude of suspicion and distrust manifested toward this country by Central and South America; they have only to read Mr. Beals's book to understand



that this attitude is all too often perfectly justified. It is the old story of Haiti and Nicaragua again—we send in the money and then send in the marines to protect the money, and the missionaries to pray over the money and the marines.

The present highly complex situation in the Irish Free State, which is probably not of such burning interest to the world at large because the Irish are fighting comfortably among themselves, is explained in full and clearly, in *Political Parties in the Irish Free State* by Warner Moss (Columbia University Press, \$3).

### *An American Labor Party?*

AS FOR the situation in our own country, there seems to be a definite lull in the flood of books explaining what is wrong with us and what ought to be done about it, maybe because something is being done about it at last. We have with us, however, Leon Samson's *Toward a United Front* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), a call to the labor elements in this country to form a political party and to prepare themselves to take over the country when Roosevelt gets through steering us in the direction of socialism. More people than Mr. Samson have been puzzled at the complete lack of any political organization on the part of American labor, but lack there is, and it will take more than one book filled with capital letters and exclamation points to change the situation, even though it is socialism we are headed for. It does not seem to this author that the reason assigned for this lack of organization is true, that is, a lack of class-consciousness in Americans, but there is this lack, and we shall have to suffer a long time before we can rid ourselves of it. Nobody has ever devised a way to

tell the difference between an American capitalist and a successful labor leader; in fact, there isn't any, so until this situation is remedied, the "United Front" that seems to Mr. Samson to be so badly needed will continue to be needed. This is a rather roundabout way of saying that the Landscaper did not find Mr. Samson's book of any importance, nor did it seem to him that the author had any very deep understanding of the fundamentals of American character. The other book mentioned is H. A. Overstreet's *We Move in New Directions* (Norton, \$3), an optimistic book which will prove consoling to all who believe that God's in his Heaven, etc. It does not seem to this observer that Mr. Overstreet is noticeably profound, but he writes clearly and gracefully, and he thinks we're all right.

### *The War in Pictures*

BEFORE we pass on to the early crop of fall fiction, there is another book in the general category that will interest any one of this generation who lived through the years of the World War, and who remembers its emotions. This is *The First World War: A Photographic History*, with an introduction and captions by Laurence Stallings (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50). This is a remarkable collection of photographs, arranged chronologically and dramatically, without national prejudices, and without overplaying the horrible side of the business. It does succeed in recapturing to a remarkable degree the feelings of the times, and it is, one may say without hesitation, the best pictorial history of a great war that has ever been published. Many of the photographs are new, that is, they have never been printed before; they were taken here, there and everywhere by all sorts of

people, and they miss none of the points of human interest. Some of them are gruesome; the Landscaper wishes he thought there might be a lesson for pacifism in these, but he doesn't. Mr. Stallings's captions have the proper journalistic snap, and the book is one that ought not to be neglected. What effect it will have upon people who were not yet alive in 1914-1918, it would be hard to say, but it proved terribly fascinating to one, at least, who remembers.

### *A Delightful Satire*

THE most entertaining of the recent novels, it seems to the Landscaper, is Winifred Holtby's *Mandoa, Mandoa!* subtitled *A Comedy of Irrelevance* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a satire on our civilization that is full of acute and highly diverting observations. Miss Holtby's *Mandoa* is a mythical African state, with many strange customs, which is opened to the world by Prince's Tours of London. This very simple sketch of the plot has nothing to do with the consistently delightful quality of the book, which sustains a mood of intelligent comedy such as one will seldom find in the contemporary novel. There are some very good swipes, indeed, at our movies; four films were left in *Mandoa* by an American movie company working on location, and one of these was *College Girls Must Love*, which was an education, indeed, to the Mandoans. Miss Holtby is doing much more than merely having a good time in this book, however; she has set down some profound truths about the gaps that lie between races and civilizations. But her profundity is worn with an air, and without using up any more of the limited space at the Landscaper's disposal, he urges that this book be read.

For writing *No Second Spring*, Janet Beith, who is a niece of Ian Hay (Beith) received \$20,000 in an International Prize Novel Competition. The book is published on this side by Stokes at \$2.50. It is a quiet novel about a Scotch couple, a minister and his wife, although mostly about his wife, who very nearly has a love affair with a painter who is doing her portrait, never to be finished. It is a first novel with a good deal of distinction, and the character of the wife, Allison, is portrayed with firm, sure strokes. There were six hundred novels offered in the contest. Most novels offered in such contests are unusually bad, and the winners are always picked on by the critics because they somehow resent the injustice of the award. *No Second Spring* is no exception to this rule, a good, sound novel by a highly promising and talented young woman, who had a great stroke of luck. Prize novel contests are of no use to anybody except the people who win them, and the more official and hoity-toity they are—the Pulitzer Prizes, for example—the dumber the awards.

### *The Last Galsworthy*

THE last novel of John Galsworthy, *One More River* (Scribner, \$2.50), is one of the autumn books for which a great many readers will be waiting. It was finished not long before his death, and ends Dinny Charwell's story. The Landscaper has not had time to do more than to skim the book, and so is not embarking at this point upon an essay placing it in the work of its author. If it is up to the mark of his later novels, it is worth anybody's attention, and one has no reason to suspect that it falls below his slightly second-best. Susan Ertz is another novelist of the most reliable



sort, and she has done one of her most earnest and penetrating books in *The Proselyte* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50), a novel written with her usual grace and charm, and with a real theme, treated with becoming gravity, but without dullness. It is a book about the Mormons, specifically about a young English couple who are converts, and who find their conflict in compulsory polygamy when they love each other very much. The theme is a worthy one, and the whole background of this extraordinary movement is unusually well done.

An earlier novel, which the Landscaper just missed having a chance to read before he ran off to Spain, and which is far too good to overlook, is *England, Their England* by A. G. Macdonell (Macmillan, \$2), which is a Scotsman's impressions of England, and not only hilariously amusing to any one who knows the English, but also deliciously true. There is a foreword by Christopher Morley, but the book needs no such push really; it is well able to stand on its own merits. It ought also to open the eyes of some people who do not understand that the Scot is a foreigner in England.

### *Other Good Novels*

OTHER notable novels of recent weeks include François Mauriac's *Viper's Nest* (Sheed and Ward, \$2.25), the strange story of an old atheist's battle with the faith because of the worldliness of his pious family, told with power; *The Summer Flood* by Geronwy Rees (John Day, \$2.50), a love-story in a Welsh setting; *Requiem* by A. E. Fisher (John Day, \$2.50), one violent week in the history of an American family; and *The Kaiser Goes . . . The Generals Remain* by Theodore

Pliver (Macmillan, \$2), an historical novel of Germany from the outbreak of the War until the Peace, omitting none of the horrible details of the breaking of a nation's morale, and setting forth in dramatic form the reasons for the existing state of affairs in the Republic. An amusing story of sophisticated people is Hans Duffy's *Seven by Seven* (Morrow, \$2), an account of the carryings-on of a decadent family of aristocrats, and from the same publishing house comes James Hilton's *Lost Horizon*, the story of three men and a woman who find themselves out of the world and do not wish to come back into it. Mr. Hilton has grown steadily in power through several novels and has done a really excellent piece of work in the present book. He is a young novelist well worth watching.

And Roark Bradford's *Kingdom Coming* (Harper, \$2.50), a novel of Southern Negroes before and during the Civil War, is a good book, rich in correctly spoken dialect, in humor, in pathos, and in knowledge of another time. This is Mr. Bradford's second novel, and for the Landscaper, at least, he is much more successful with his long fiction than with the sketches such as *Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun*, which were turned into the play *Green Pastures*. The sketches appear to this observer to be exaggerated, and therefore unreal; the Landscaper has never been willing to accept Mr. Bradford's Negroes in the short pieces as authentic, any more than he is willing to accept Mr. Connelly's famous play as a great drama. But the characters of the novels have reality and genuineness, and are therefore important. *Kingdom Coming* seems to the Landscaper the best thing Mr. Bradford has written up to this time and, what is more important, per-

haps, a promise that he will do even better, although how long the interest in Negroes and Negro dialect novels will continue is anybody's guess.

### *A Novel of the Boom*

A NOVEL that has its faults, perhaps, as a piece of fiction, but which is a tremendously impressive social document, is George Tichenor's *Glibson* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50), the story of a "big shot" during the days before the crash. It is a lusty tale, would not be true to its times if it were not, and at the same time an exposure, by a man who very evidently knows what he is talking about, of the degree of charlatantry that was common in this country during the days of the great boom, and of all its accompanying evils. *Glibson* was a publicity man who turned banker, and who is still going strong at the end of the book under the New Deal. Mr. Tichenor's theme is, to some extent at least, the general unhappiness that prevailed in this country during the time when everybody had money. Perhaps his novel does not cut as deep as it might, and it is not great satire, but it makes most excellent reading, and furnishes plenty to think about at the same time. We have long had *Glibsons* in this country—they are, to our shame be it said, typically American.

Two books of short stories of recent publication will appeal only to readers of somewhat delicate taste in this field. They are Zona Gale's *Old-Fashioned Tales* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50) and H. E. Bates's *The Black Boxer* (Ballou, \$2). Miss Gale's work is too well known to call for detailed comment and she has done some of her finest and most subtle stories for this volume. Mr. Bates is a young Englishman who is rightfully regarded in his country as one of the

best of contemporary short story writers. He is unconventional in the handling of the form, and would never sell to the *Saturday Evening Post* unless he learned a lot, but he writes with skill and taste, and there are three or four stories in this collection that are of anthology calibre.

### *Mr. Bradford's Journal*

IT IS, perhaps, a little too early in the season to say what we shall have in the way of biography, although one may venture the generalization that this branch of literature is less in vogue at present than it has been for several years. Two of the men who made it as popular as fiction are dead, Gamaliel Bradford and Lytton Strachey. One of them left behind him a record of the development of his keen and subtle art, and *The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford*, edited by Van Wyck Brooks (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50) is to the Landscaper a most unusual and exciting volume. Mr. Brooks has done a short biographical sketch of Bradford by way of introducing his selections from the *Journal*, which was a day-to-day diary, kept from 1883 to 1932, without the omission of a day in all this long stretch. Bradford was almost an invalid his life through, and what he accomplished in spite of this handicap is at once an inspiration and a rebuke to the rest of us time-wasters. He did everything as he wrote in his diary, by rule, and his days counted for much; it was really he, as H. L. Mencken pointed out some time ago, and not the Englishman Strachey who fathered the whole school of modern biography. His *Journal* makes delightful reading, and it has been edited with skill and judgment.

A curious autobiography, which is, in effect, a history of our own times from



the point of view of an Englishwoman, is *Testament of Youth* by Vera Brittain (Macmillan, \$2.50), the full account of the author's life from 1900 to 1925, written with a proper appreciation of literary values and a sufficient amount of candor.

### *A Mexican Hero*

SEVERAL biographies of Pancho Villa have appeared in recent years, but no full life-story of another Mexican leader even more picturesque than Villa has been available until now. *The Crimson Jester* tells the life-story of the Aztec Zapata, who often controlled Mexico City, and was for a good while a dictator; the author is H. H. Dunn, who knew Zapata intimately, and rode with him on many a wild adventure (McBride, \$3). Zapata was actually a superbandid, an appellation that might fit many of Mexico's leaders—some of ours, too, for that matter, although ours don't ride horses except in Central Park—but Mr. Dunn says he is rapidly becoming one of the gods of the Indians. He killed a large number of people, many of them with his own hands, and married many women, a primitive with a sense of humor about such matters as death, whose story makes excellent reading, and also throws some light on Mexican mentality. The best picture in fiction of a man of Zapata's type is to be found in Ramon del Valle-Inclan's *Tirano Banderas*, published in English under the title of *The Tyrant*; an imperishable portrait of an Indian dictator in a Central American republic. But this Zapata was of our own times, and was more than once an important factor in international relations. His portrait by Mr. Dunn is well worth an examination.

Macmillan's continues to add to their

list of small biographies published under the title of *Great Lives* at seventy-five cents. H. E. Wortham has told the story of Edward VII, W. A. Darlington of Sheridan, and Alan Clutton-Brock of Blake; there are many other titles available and more will be forthcoming. The series is of excellent quality up to the present, and very well done as an example of inexpensive book-making.

### *The Fur Trade's Story*

AN ADVENTURE into the early history of this continent is *Beavers, Kings and Cabins* by Constance Lindsay Skinner (Macmillan, \$2.50), the full and detailed history of the fur trade from its inception to its decline, written by an author who not only knows her material, but who is sincerely interested. This is an inexhaustible story, of course, and more than one book has already been written on the subject, but none, one may safely venture, any more thorough than this, nor more engaging to read.

Travel books are scarcer than usual at present, or perhaps it is that books in general are somewhat scarcer, and that the reduction in publishers' lists so long talked of is at last a reality. *Passports for Asia* by Beatrice Borland (Stokes, \$3.50) is a spirited and interesting account of the long journey of a society girl from San Francisco to Istanbul, with many maps and illustrations; *My Farm in the Lion Country* by Joyce Boyd (Stokes) is not a travel book, really, but the account of day-to-day life on a farm in Africa which is owned and operated by a woman. Then, for another kind of travel altogether, travel through space and into realms stranger than are to be found on this earth, there is Sir William Bragg's *The Universe of*

*Light* (Macmillan, \$3.50), a book with many helpful diagrams that explains some of the many mysteries of light that have been solved by modern physics.

### *How to Drink Politely*

UNDER the safely catch-all heading of "miscellaneous," there is a book that ought to be bought and put away until the Amendment has been successfully repealed. This is *Bacchus Behave: The Lost Art of Polite Drinking* by Alma Whitaker (Stokes, \$1.25). Long ago the Landscaper suggested that courses be given in all our universities on what to do with liquor in all circumstances, and Miss Whitaker's book will do for a text when the courses begin. It is, in other words, a civilized book which tells the proper uses of all sorts of drinking liquor and suggests that even gin, a good drink with its reputation blasted by Prohibition, has its proper uses. There are useful suggestions about sandwiches and oddlets to serve with drinks, also recipes for mixing drinks, but it is the spirit of the volume that meets with the Landscaper's approval, the recognition that Bacchus can and should behave, and is under no obligation to be the complete roughneck he has been for the most part since the beginning of the Noble Experiment. Will polite drinking come back with legitimate liquor, or are we lost forever?

### *The Roman Way*

HOW Rome managed a privately owned and operated Society of Nations is the theme of *The Achievement of Rome: A Chapter in Civilization* by William Chase Green (Harvard University Press, \$4.50), a companion volume to Mr. Green's earlier *The Achievement of Greece*. Rome's *pax*

meant that free nations dwelt together under the protection of the Empire, and were able to carry on commerce in their products without tariff barriers, and this in turn meant business for everybody. We may, therefore, deduce from Mr. Green's book that there is sometimes reason to doubt the ascending spiral theory of human society, since with the need multiplied a thousand times for a free exchange of goods, all the nations are at present doing everything in their power to cut themselves off from all the others. This is what is known as progress. Which has nothing whatever to do with the excellence of Mr. Green's scholarly and well written book.

Two books on English literature of unusual interest are the work of J. W. Cunliffe, of the faculty of Columbia University, one, *English Literature in the Twentieth Century* (Macmillan, \$3), a carefully considered and complete study of the important English writers of the past decade; the other, *A Pictured Story of English Literature* (Appleton-Century, \$5), a history of English literature, with many illustrations all the way from Beowulf to Shaw.

The story of the part prejudice plays in our courts is told by Arthur Garfield Hays in *Trial by Prejudice* (Covici-Friede, \$2.50), the account of many celebrated cases of recent years in which emotion upset all principles of justice.

### *How Not to Make Peace*

PERHAPS there will be a chance later to report in great detail upon one of the most significant and interesting books the Landscaper has seen for months, but which he has not had a chance to finish. This is *Peacemaking* by Harold Nicholson (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.50), which tells the story of the Eu-



rope of 1918-1919, against which, as a background, the Versailles Treaty was made. With every opportunity for a study of the situation at first hand, and admirable skill as a writer, Mr. Nicholson's book could not be otherwise than quite unusual, and this it is indeed. His violent attack on Woodrow Wilson will not please all Americans; his contention that the statesmen at the confer-

ence were better at every point than the people they were supposed to represent is a profound commentary upon the whole theory of democratic government. It was Franklin who said there never had been a good war nor a bad peace, but this was before Versailles, a place of profound tragedy for all of us who have to live in a world that will not in our lifetimes be free of its shadow.



*Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*

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## New Deal or Mis-Deal?

BY COGNOSCO

*Questioning of the Roosevelt programme comes out into the open*

WASHINGTON

DEAD cats fill the air, as prophesied by General Johnson. The farmer frets. Industry moans. Bankers lament. Politicians fume. Statistical curves sag in the middle—their indices pointing in the wrong direction. Recovery comes upon the winter of its discontent. In short, we have reached the “grousing” stage of the New Deal—a definite indication of progress.

When on March 4 we hit the economic low, the banker, the baker, the candlestick maker—not forgetting the farmer—stampeded toward the sanctuary at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue where they sought and received both aid and comfort. A confident country marching behind an inspired leader emerged. The danger of bank failures was left behind. All-time lows for commodities and securities were forgotten. It was a triumphant parade to the first plateau of recovery.

The President and his programme

were blessed with a friendly press (the publishers' code had not then been thought of). Labor was promised more jobs, shorter hours and higher wages; the farmer, parity for his products; the consumer, a better ratio between income and expenditure; industry, profits instead of losses; debtors, leniency; and creditors, liquidity. The shorn lamb of Wall Street was to have his revenge and a tender of future protection. Every class was to share in the New Deal.

To a great extent, promise has been transformed into performance. Labor has more jobs, shorter hours and higher wages. The farmer is getting on an average of thirty-three per cent more for his crop. Industry is turning red into black. Foreclosures are fewer. Creditors are able to borrow money on their frozen assets. The shorn lamb was able to cavort at the Senate investigation to the tune of *Who's Afraid . . .* and gleefully listen to Morgan, with a cir-



cus midget on his lap, publicly plead for favor; dapper Otto Kahn claim complete ignorance of the income tax laws; and Albert Wiggin of the Chase Bank wincingly explain how he borrowed his stockholders' money and used it to depress the value of their stock so that he could make ten million dollars on his short sales. All this while Rockefeller's Winthrop Aldrich listened in sanctimonious silence, punctuated now and then with voluble disclaimers of responsibility. The passage of the Securities Act also has to a large extent made good the promise of protection to the small investor.

Then why the present unrest?

TO A great extent the New Deal was accepted on the theory that the benefits were to go to the acceptor and the sacrifices were to be made by some one else. Tonight as I write the hotels in Washington are jammed with disillusioned "codifiers" who have discovered that they have to give as well as take. That is largely the basis for the present restiveness. It was easy enough to march in the NRA parade to a band playing *Happy Days Are Here Again* with thoughts of how the code was going to fix that wicked competitor. But it is quite another thing to come to Washington and discover that you also are to be fixed.

In my many contacts with citizens making their pilgrimage to the altar of the New Deal in Washington, I have yet to note any evidence of holy zeal. The motif seems to be "What can I get by with?" This applies not merely to makers of codes but to all who seek to make use of the various governmental facilities set up under the Recovery Act. Two of the most common bits of camouflage noted by the NRA are the prev-

alence of specious claims for exemption under the codes and the effort to load a code with high-sounding phrases committing an industry to a vague and Utopian business morality, behind which is concealed a license to continue vicious practices. General Johnson is well aware of such proclivities. The other morning, the General and Marvin McIntyre, the President's Secretary, were overheard in the following cynical conversation as they walked out of the White House. Said McIntyre: "I'm fed up with this morality stuff. We ought to draw up a master code of morals for all industries and be done with it." "Fine," retorted the General, "but I will claim an exemption from it."

The fact is that the reactionary groups have never done more than lip service to the New Deal and now that the first wave of national fervor has subsided they find it opportune to indulge in sabotage. A focal point of attack is the Securities Act. They claim that because of the personal liability clause, responsible financiers and business men will not take the necessary risk to float new issues, thereby retarding business and recovery. Actually, of course, they do not float new securities because the recovery has not advanced far enough to warrant new enterprises or the expansion of old ones. In those few fields where actual business or early prospects of business have warranted new issues and where a profit could be made in their flotation (for example, breweries and distilleries) their fear of personal liability seems to have vanished. What actually motivates the opposition to the Securities Act is that the promoter and corporation director have not as yet accepted the dictum that it is against public policy for them to sell securities upon representations, the

truth and accuracy of which they are unwilling to guarantee.

The major weakness in the recovery programme, as I see it, is not the minor miscalculation of some detail in this or that economic measure, but rather the failure to prepare the country to assimilate new and revolutionary economic and social concepts. We have no youth movement in this country, no groups to whom we can look to carry the banner of intellectual liberalism. Having failed to educate the people to accept, we try to sloganize them to comply. "We Do Our Part" is a splendid sentiment. It would have even more splendor if the nation knew precisely what it meant.

It is true that although professors on the staffs of universities widely scattered throughout the nation are represented on the boards of strategy of many of the governmental departments and in party councils, there is substantially no representation of students.

The lack of active interest in politics and social problems on the part of university men is peculiar to this country. In a crisis such as we are now passing through, it is essential to arouse this interest unless we are to return once more to our attitude of *laissez faire*.

The lack of educational preparedness is recognized in Washington in "Brain Trust" circles and even among some of our elder statesmen. A comprehensive plan is now under consideration by which the New Deal is to be fortified with an extensive educational campaign along advanced intellectual lines, which will be directed largely toward the universities. As the situation exists today, the sloganeers of liberalism are in danger of being overwhelmed by the sophisticates of reaction. Until now there have been but minor skirmishes in which the New Dealers have not always been on the winning side. The major offensive is not far distant. Will the liberals be prepared?





# The New Deal and the Supreme Court

BY RICHARD LEE STROUT

*Soon now there must be decisions on the constitutionality of New Deal measures; how will they affect the Roosevelt programme?*

AS GOVERNOR of New York, Mr. Roosevelt's relationship with the upper courts was singularly happy. I remember his comment on the subject on his special train in the fall of last year as he made his campaign swing-around-the-circle. He told one or two reporters in his private car of pleasant personal dealings with the members of the New York Court of Appeals, and of a sort of informal concordat by which he occasionally ascertained in advance the possible legality of proposed measures.

It was all very agreeable and Mr. Roosevelt suggested that it would be a good thing if Presidents could have the same relationship with the Supreme Court at Washington. Unfortunately (or fortunately, as the case may be), things aren't run just that way at the capital. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged it and sighed regretfully; still, something in the way of social intercourse was always possible.

The only official reference to the Court in the campaign was the ill-starred comment in the speech at Balti-

more, where Mr. Roosevelt departed from his set speech to interpolate a hint that the Republicans had played politics with Supreme Court appointments. The incident was hardly important, and efforts of Mr. Roosevelt's opponents to make capital from the remark amounted to little.

Then Mr. Roosevelt was elected, and came through Washington triumphantly on his way to Warm Springs for a rest. At the Mayflower Hotel there was, of course, a steady stream of visitors. The egregious Huey Long blundered in and out in a mellow condition. But among the longest interviews of all was one with Justice Brandeis. It was the post-election meeting of two men who perhaps had as much in common as any in public life.

And that was the last that Washington observers thought of the relationship between the Administration and the Supreme Court until a few months ago. While the friendship between the White House and certain members of the Court has been cordial it has been purely personal: it has been featured in

the newspapers even less than was the almost daily meeting of Mr. Hoover with Justice Stone at the "medicine ball" cabinet sessions.

Now suddenly, the Supreme Court comes into the limelight in relationship with the major move of the Roosevelt Administration down to date. The question at issue is simple and vital. Are the NRA and the other reconstruction and recovery moves of Mr. Roosevelt constitutional? The matter is of the very highest importance. There is plenty of criticism of the NRA today in the papers, but much of the criticism is directed at what it fails to do, not at what it does. That the great majority of workers and common labor and voters favor the law, whatever the propertied groups say about it, there can be little doubt. That there is grave constitutional question over the validity of the law, there can be no doubt either. Just where these two facts leave the nation is uncertain: the issue must be decided by the black-robed justices of the Supreme Court.

RECENTLY I made a 3,500-mile trip throughout northeastern America in an automobile, asking questions for my newspaper about the NRA. I was struck by one curious fact in nearly all serious discussions of the subject. At some point in the conversation somebody would mention the relationship of the NRA to the Constitution. There would be a preliminary chuckle at this, and then some bright wag in the group would interject:

"Well, what's the Constitution got to do with it? We dropped the Constitution a long time ago, under the New Deal!"

I never noticed a time when this remark did not bring a guffaw. It seemed

to be the joke of the whole nation. The Constitution was scrapped, and it was amusing. What did F. D. care about the Constitution! And he was quite right, too. That was the general attitude of the moment.

I think this attitude has begun to change slightly. My long trip wound up at Grand Rapids, where the annual session of the American Bar Association was in progress. The assembled lawyers did not take the Constitution lightly! Not for a moment! And here, listening to men brought up in the tradition of constitutional interpretation, I came for the first time to sense the fact that the Supreme Court must not, inevitably, bow to the will of the New Deal; that in fact, even with the greatest sympathy in the world for the New Deal, there is the very deepest doubt whether the nine black-robed justices can give the New Deal the stamp of constitutionality even if they want to. The sense of that body of some 1,500 lawyers seemed to be overwhelmingly that they couldn't. They seemed to feel that the NRA was unconstitutional, in whole or part. Nobody can tell, of course, until some "Decision Monday" comes in Washington, when that august body hands down its weighty verdict on a test case. But when the decision comes it may, and very possibly will, shake the nation to its foundations. When has there been a time since the famous Dred Scott decision when the possibility of a clash between the Court's interpretation of the fundamental law and the changing social trends of America itself gave promise of creating such popular clamor?

It might be argued that the Bar Association membership represents a strongly legalistic atmosphere, and so, in fact it does, but it is the same atmosphere which surrounds the law courts



and which the Supreme Court breathes itself. Judge John J. Parker, of the Fourth Circuit Court, for example, at Grand Rapids, warned the assembled lawyers, judges and law-school professors that the existing threat to the Constitution had reached a point where it should "command the attention of every patriotic lawyer." Another judge, Morris A. Soper, of Baltimore, told how an Iowa magistrate had recently affirmed his principles even when the noose of an anti-foreclosure mob had been dropped around his neck; and then—switching to the national scene—declared with almost religious fervor that the Supreme Court, also, could be trusted to carry out its duties—even under the lash of an infuriated public opinion! The big audience applauded, for they sensed a reference to a possible NRA veto.

The average layman seems to put the matter something like this: Mr. Roosevelt and a great many people support the NRA, and it certainly ought to be given a fair chance; therefore the Supreme Court is bound to find some way to declare it constitutional. But a little analysis shows that the problem is hardly so simple. In the first place, it is not what the nine Supreme Court judges would like to do, but what they can do. It is a question, in short, whether a famous document, written 150 years ago, and stretched in succeeding years to cover forty-eight States instead of only thirteen, has now elasticity enough still left to canopy a world of regimented industry and planned economy! Of course the Constitution was intended to have some elasticity, there is no doubt of that; but the degree to which it has actually been stretched would probably make the eyes of a Founding Father pop, if he could see

it today. Many legal observers think the limit has now about been reached.

To come down to cases, if the Constitution as originally drawn attempted to do one thing more than another, it was to divide the powers of State and Federal governments into water-tight compartments. But now comes the NRA and starts smashing holes in these compartments right and left. For example, up to now the Supreme Court, through thick and thin, has upheld the doctrine that it is the States which have control over local industry, and not the Federal Government. But the NRA has practically given Washington the right to fix prices, hours and wages throughout all industry—State and Federal alike! To be sure, this is done through "voluntary" agreements; but can the Court uphold such "voluntary action" that is backed by a possible consumers' boycott?

The difficulty for the Supreme Court is indicated by its own recent precedents. There is the case, for example, of the *New State Ice Company vs. Liebmann* (1932). Oklahoma, some years back, decided that too many people were manufacturing ice in its confines, and in the interest of a "planned economy" set up a licensing system and decreed that nobody should go into the ice business without such license. When the State refused to grant a license in a specific instance the case promptly went into litigation, and in the course of time came to the highest court. The Oklahoma ice law was promptly thrown out—not by any bare majority of five to four, but by the decisive verdict of seven to two. The parallel between Oklahoma's effort to ameliorate old-fashioned rugged individualism, and that of the Roosevelt Administration's today is very striking. How, it is asked,

can the Supreme Court reverse itself on such a matter in two brief years?

Even if the Supreme Court should give the New Deal full endorsement, there would be matters of interpretation which the judges would have to carry out. The public often complains when the Court "interprets" a law out of recognition, but it should be remembered that Congress often does its job so poorly that it is difficult to know just what was really meant. There is a case in point in the NRA. When the price section of the bill was passed there was a point-blank difference of opinion between Senators William E. Borah and Robert F. Wagner as to what it provided. It will be recalled that Mr. Borah led off by denouncing the original price-fixing section on the ground that it permitted monopolistic price control by industry. He introduced an amendment barring "monopolistic practices." This amendment was itself amended. When the revised wording was finally put in the bill, the disgruntled Mr. Borah charged it meant one thing, Mr. Wagner another. Obviously if the very authors of a bill do not know what it means, it places the responsibility of interpretation squarely on the Supreme Court. These are questions of fact rather than of law, and there are plenty of them in the drastic statute.

It would take too long even to touch the complicated legal problems presented by the NRA, but one or two may be mentioned. For example it has been generally assumed that the act profoundly altered the anti-trust laws, even to the point of making it a crime for a firm to refuse to participate in a collective effort, where previously it was a crime to participate. But these early anti-trust laws are still on the

statute books. Among practices specifically forbidden and still enjoined are the following: price discrimination; exclusive dealing arrangements, "tying agreements"; bogus independents; local price-cutting; temporary competition to drive rivals out of business; molestation and intimidation; refusal on the part of monopoly to deal; boycotts; inducing breach of contracts; corners; espionage; enticement of employees; defamation of competitors and disparagement of their goods; institution of groundless suits for patent infringement and the like. Just where the distinction lies between the new freedom from anti-trust prosecution and the old laws, and their possible conflict, must also be left to the ultimate decision of the Supreme Court. These matters, however, are of secondary importance to the question of constitutionality of certain phases of the law itself.

MR. HOMER S. CUMMINGS, the Attorney General, at the Grand Rapids convention, flatly declared "there has not been the slightest fundamental departure from the form or nature of our government or the established order"; and that "the life, letter, and integrity of the Constitution have not been impaired." His assistants have not been so confident. They have rather stressed the need of constitutional consideration in the light of "the present emergency, and under existing circumstances" as one of them put it in a recent case. Indeed, several preliminary skirmishes have been won on this ground. One judge declared, for instance, that "the court finds a national emergency exists and that the welfare of the people and the very existence of the Government itself are in peril."

The Roosevelt Administration is



eager to postpone the final test of its venturesome economic measures until they have been given a chance to prove their value. However, it is acknowledged that such a test must come, sooner or later. When it comes it is certain that great weight will be attached to this "emergency" argument. Here indeed, a chief legal hope of the Administration seems to lie. The "doctrine of emergency" has never been fully defined, but in general it is agreed that things are permitted in times of crisis which would not be sanctioned at other times. To name only one case, the Adamson Eight-hour Law for railway workers was validated by a five to four vote in the Supreme Court in the World War, largely as an emergency measure (*Wilson vs. New*—1917). But for the War it certainly could not have passed.

Professor Milton Handler of Columbia University has recently written a careful and by no means unsympathetic analysis of the NRA from the constitutional standpoint for the *Journal of the American Bar Association*. On this question of "emergency," he says:

We are accustomed to abnormal expansion of governmental authority in times of war, but even in the cases involving wartime regulation of industry, the Supreme Court emphatically asserted that the existence of a state of war did not remove or change the limitations upon Congressional authority imposed by the Constitution. . . . The presence of an emergency is an important factor in constitutional interpretation; it may result in the restriction of the normal rights of the individual; it does not however afford a blanket exemption from constitutional limitations, nor convert a federal into a strongly centralized system of government.

As to the constitutionality of the NRA as a whole, Professor Handler reaches the following significant conclusion:

The enumeration of the constitutional difficulties that will be encountered in the administration of this legislation implies no unfriendliness toward its basic purposes. For the statute in its main aspects to be invalidated would be little short of a major tragedy.

But candor demands the admission that for the statute and the codes to be sustained in their entirety requires a change of attitude on the part of the Supreme Court no less revolutionary than the legislation itself.

There it is in a nutshell—"a change of attitude on the part of the Supreme Court no less revolutionary than the legislation itself"! Whether that necessary change of attitude will occur remains the great enigma of the moment.

Enough has been said, at any rate, to show that there is grave doubt as to the constitutionality of the New Deal and its related phases. One of these relates to the right of a citizen to hoard gold. A case has been started to decide this matter, and it may be the first New Deal issue to come before the high court. Frederick B. Campbell, respectable New York attorney, has started a civil suit to force the Chase National Bank to restore to him twenty-seven bars of gold, each bar said to be worth \$5,000, despite the President's anti-gold-hoarding order, which he terms unconstitutional. A Federal grand jury has simultaneously indicted Mr. Campbell for failing to register the gold in accordance with the Presidential order of August. The case has been started on its tortuous trip to the Supreme Court. Will the nine judges in their black robes at Washington finally decide that Mr. Campbell can not have his own gold? He faces a fine of \$10,000, and ten years' imprisonment. On the other hand, the New Deal faces its first big legal test. Who can predict the outcome?

One can not but sympathize some-

what with Mr. Campbell; but on the other hand it would be folly to ignore the point of view of the millions of workers all over the country who have been benefited by the New Deal and who can not conceive that the Constitution will run athwart this great new force. If the Constitution and the New Deal should come into collision, it is no very difficult matter of prediction to say that the heart of the Forgotten Man would beat on the side of the latter! There is a recent tendency in conservative journals to scoff at the Blue Eagle, but if any one wants to question the real popular support for Mr. Roosevelt and his programme from the man in the street, he should seat himself in a motion picture audience when the President's face is flashed on the screen. There is not a city in the country where it does not bring prompt applause, usually of an enthusiastic nature.

A good deal of speculation has occurred in Washington over Mr. Roosevelt's course if the Supreme Court should really throw out the NRA, bag and baggage. The answer to this would doubtless depend somewhat on the wording of the Court decision, and the size of the majority against him. The present membership of the Court is divided roughly into so-called "Conservatives" and so-called "Liberals," with two men in between who are hard to place. On the Conservative side are Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler. The Liberals are Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo. Chief Justice Hughes and Owen J. Roberts are the imponderables, though they are generally found on the "Liberal" side. In the Oklahoma Ice Company case, however, it is interesting to note that

only Brandeis and Stone voted in favor of the effort at controlled economy (Justice Cardozo was not then a member of the Court).

In the extreme instance, Mr. Roosevelt might find his adventure in what might be termed romantic economics thrown out by a hair-breadth majority of five to four, and in that case it has frequently been suggested in the press that he might call a special session of Congress and with its consent, raise the number of Supreme Court justices from nine to eleven; the assumption being that the two new appointees would turn the balance in his favor. There is precedent in the past for changing the membership. When the Court began its historic career it had only six judges, and since then it has fluctuated from time to time, till it arrived at the present membership. Furthermore, on at least one occasion, the membership has been juggled to achieve political ends.

When General Grant took office as President, Congress voted to increase the membership of the high court by two, the membership then being seven. President Grant did not fill the vacancies thereby created, but bided his time. The great question of the day was the constitutionality of the "legal tender act" involving the validity of the Civil War greenbacks. On February 7, 1870, the Supreme Court handed down its edict—the act was unconstitutional. Its vote was four to three. Only a few hours before its decision, however, President Grant had sent up to Congress the names of two additional judges for the Court. History indicates pretty clearly that the Chief Executive had known in advance what the verdict would be, and had taken action accordingly. At any rate, the two new judges were promptly confirmed, the whole case was re-



opened; the Court made an abrupt about-face, and by a decision of five to four declared the legal tender acts valid, damaging as this quick reversal was to its prestige as a court of law.

In the present instance it is at least conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt might be tempted to take some such step if his favorite proposals were thrown out by a close majority. However, there are strong arguments against the move which he would certainly have to consider. To increase the size of the Court would make it cumbersome. He could not be sure that the two additional judges would uphold the constitutionality of the law after they were named. Such a step would damage the prestige of the Court, and, finally, it would undoubtedly alienate a large section of conservative thought.

On the other hand, if the Supreme Court should give a veto to the new programme of regimented industry and planned economy, a very grave question would immediately confront the American people. There would undoubtedly be some personal outcry against the Justices, particularly if the court divided as between "Conservatives" and "Liberals." This hysterical outburst, which Judge Soper at the Bar Association described as "the fierce lash of public opinion," would however be only a part of the picture, and far less important than other considerations.

THE whole problem of the revision of the Constitution might well become involved, together with the question of the future direction of the Ship of State. Should the Constitution be "modernized"? After all, with all the legal subtleties of those members of the high court who might be in full accord with Mr. Roosevelt's progressive

motives, could they square the New Deal with the concepts of the Founding Fathers? The Constitution may stretch, but it is not made of rubber! There was no "planned economy" in the intensely individualistic day in which the Constitution was drawn up. Can judges be blamed for failure to find something in the Constitution which is not there?

The question opens up a wide field for speculation. A flat Supreme Court reversal might give the country a longer interval in which to consider the postulates and ramifications of the New Deal, and to contrast the respective merits of the old-fashioned *laissez faire* doctrines with the new-fangled notions of regulated competition. One can imagine the two great parties splitting on the issue and fighting it out in a national election.

As a possible hint of the Administration's attitude there is the speech of Mr. George H. Dern, Secretary of War, before the Governors' Conference in Sacramento, California, July 24, which received slight attention at the time. In the light of recent events, however, his remarks may prove to have been prophetic. Why, he inquired in effect, ask the Supreme Court to struggle to harmonize the Constitution with economic concepts which did not exist when the great document was written?

Excerpts from the address give an admirable summary of the whole Administration point of view on the vital issue:

The old problem of States' rights, in the strict sense, is being supplanted by a new problem arising from the fact that the original interrelationship between States and the nation was cast in the Constitution at a time when the type of nation-wide economic and social problems of today was not foreseeable. A new conception of the relationship between the States and the nation may be necessary.

The events of the past year have thrown into bold relief the difficulty of working forty-eight sovereignties within a sovereignty under present economic and social conditions. . . .

Every one who understands the historical background of the Constitution will admit that our type of government grew up, not because it was the best that could be constituted for good and all, but because there were already thirteen sovereignties in existence, and federalization had to be accomplished with this as an established fact. It was the best frame of government that could be made under the circumstances.

Since then it has been transmuted into being the best that could possibly have been made under any circumstances, and even naïvely hailed here and there as divinely inspired. The fact is that, with some amending, but particularly through liberal judicial construction, it has worked so well that the United States has grown into a rich and powerful nation, with economic advantages on the whole perhaps better distributed than in almost any other country.

That is the grandiose way of putting it. Perhaps a more correct, if less hifalutin, way to express it is that we muddle along haltingly until the condition becomes so intolerable through depression or otherwise, that something simply must be done about it. Then Congress, under stress, passes a law which it

hopes that the Supreme Court will hold constitutional, in spite of the fact that the Supreme Court, if it pursued its duty, even in a properly liberal spirit, would have to declare it unconstitutional, because our frame of government was cast at a time when the public problems were of different character and scope.

Perhaps, instead of expecting the Supreme Court, as Mr. Dooley said, "to follow the illiction returns," we ought to respect it for doing its duty, and turn our attention to the fact that economic and social problems are more—shall I say appallingly—national, rather than 1776-local in scope—and to the possibility that we may need a new definition in the Constitution of State and Federal powers and the relationship of State to Nation."

This proposal for "a new definition in the Constitution of State and Federal powers and the relationship of State to Nation" was made by a Cabinet member, and presumably submitted to the Chief Executive before delivery. It is quite obvious that Mr. Dern and his superior realize the constitutional hazards that confront the New Deal. This address in California may therefore be a straw showing the direction of the wind.





# The Great Mountains

BY JOHN STEINBECK

## *A Story*

IN THE humming heat of a midsummer afternoon the little boy Jody listlessly looked about the ranch for something to do. He had been to the barn, had thrown rocks at the swallows' nests under the eaves until every one of the little mud houses broke open and dropped its lining of straw and dirty feathers. Then at the ranch house he baited a rat trap with stale cheese and set it where Doubletree Mutt, that good big dog, would get his nose snapped. Jody was not moved by an impulse of cruelty: he was bored with the long hot afternoon. Doubletree Mutt put his stupid nose in the trap and got it smacked, and shrieked with agony and limped away with blood on his nostrils. No matter where he was hurt, Mutt limped. It was just a way he had. Once when he was young, Mutt got caught in a coyote trap, and always after that he limped, even when he was scolded.

When Mutt yelped, Jody's mother called from inside the house, "Jody! Stop torturing that dog and find something to do."

Jody felt mean then, so he threw a rock at Mutt. Then he took his slingshot from the porch and walked up toward the brush line to try to kill a bird. It was a good slingshot, with store-bought rubbers, but while Jody had

often shot at birds, he had never hit one. He walked up through the vegetable patch, kicking his bare toes into the dust. And on the way he found the perfect slingshot stone, round and slightly flattened and heavy enough to carry through the air. He fitted it into the leather pouch of his weapon and proceeded to the brush line. His eyes narrowed, his mouth worked strenuously; for the first time that afternoon he was intent. In the shade of the sage-brush the little birds were working, scratching in the leaves, flying restlessly a few feet and scratching again. Jody pulled back the rubbers of the sling and advanced cautiously. One little thrush paused and looked at him and crouched, ready to fly. Jody sidled nearer, moving one foot slowly after the other. When he was twenty feet away, he carefully raised the sling and aimed. The stone whizzed away: the thrush started up and flew right into it. And down the little bird went with a broken head. Jody ran to it and picked it up.

"Well, I got you," he said.

The bird looked much smaller dead than it had alive. Jody felt a little mean pain in his stomach, so he took out his pocket-knife and cut off the bird's head. Then he disemboweled it, and took off its wings; and finally he threw all the

pieces into the brush. He didn't care about the bird, or its life, but he knew what older people would say if they had seen him kill it: he was ashamed because of their potential opinion. He decided to forget the whole thing as quickly as he could, and never to mention it.

The hills were dry at this season, and the wild grass was golden, but where the spring-pipe filled the round tub and the tub spilled over, there lay a stretch of fine green grass, deep and sweet and moist. Jody drank from the mossy tub and washed the bird's blood from his hands in cold water. Then he lay on his back in the grass and looked up at the dumpling summer clouds. By closing one eye and destroying perspective he brought them down within reach so that he could put up his fingers and stroke them. He helped the gentle wind push them down the sky: it seemed to him that they went faster for his help. One fat white cloud he helped clear to the mountain rims and pressed it firmly over, out of sight. Jody wondered what it was seeing, then. He sat up the better to look at the great mountains where they went piling back, growing darker and more savage until they finished with one jagged ridge, high up against the west. Curious secret mountains: he thought of the little he knew about them.

"What's on the other side?" he asked his father once.

"More mountains, I guess. Why?"

"And on the other side of them?"

"More mountains. Why?"

"More mountains on and on?"

"Well, no. At last you come to the ocean."

"But what's in the mountains?"

"Just cliffs and brush and rocks and dryness."

"Were you ever there?"

"No."

"Has anybody ever been there?"

"A few people, I guess. It's dangerous, with cliffs and things. Why, I've read there's more unexplored country in the mountains of Monterey County than any place in the United States." His father seemed proud that this should be so.

"And at last the ocean?"

"At last the ocean."

"But," the boy insisted, "but in between? No one knows?"

"Oh, a few people do, I guess. But there's nothing there to get. And not much water. Just rocks and cliffs and greasewood. Why?"

"It would be good to go."

"What for? There's nothing there."

Jody knew something was there, something very wonderful because it wasn't known, something secret and mysterious. He could feel within himself that this was so. He said to his mother, "Do you know what's in the big mountains?"

She looked at him and then back at the ferocious range, and she said, "Only the bear, I guess."

"What bear?"

"Why the one that went over the mountain to see what he could see."

Jody questioned Billy Buck, the ranch hand, about the possibility of ancient cities lost in the mountains, but Billy agreed with Jody's father.

"It ain't likely," Billy said. "There'd be nothing to eat unless a kind of people that can eat rocks live there."

That was all the information Jody ever got, and it made the mountains dear to him, and terrible. He thought often of the miles of ridge after ridge until at last there was the sea. When the peaks were pink in the morning they invited him among them: and when the



sun had gone over the edge in the evening and the mountains were a purple-like despair, then Jody was afraid of them; then they were so impersonal and aloof that their very imperturbability was a threat.

Now he turned his head toward the mountains of the east, the Gabilans, and they were jolly mountains, with hill ranches in their creases, and with pine trees growing on the crests. People lived there, and battles had been fought against the Mexicans on the slopes. He looked back for an instant at the Great Ones and shivered a little at the contrast. The foothill cup of the home ranch below him was sunny and safe. The house gleamed with white light and the barn was brown and warm. The red cows on the farther hill ate their way slowly toward the north. Even the dark cypress tree by the bunkhouse was usual and safe. The chickens scratched about in the dust of the farmyard with quick waltzing steps.

THEN a moving figure caught Jody's eye. A man walked slowly over the brow of the hill, on the road from Salinas, and he was headed toward the house. Jody stood up and moved down toward the house too, for if some one was coming, he wanted to be there to see. By the time the boy had got to the house the walking man was only halfway down the road, a lean man, very straight in the shoulders. Jody could tell he was old only because his heels struck the ground with hard jerks. As he approached nearer, Jody saw that he was dressed in blue jeans and in a coat of the same material. He wore clodhopper shoes and an old flat-brimmed Stetson hat. Over his shoulder he carried a gunny sack, lumpy and full. In a few moments he had trudged close enough

so that his face could be seen. And his face was as dark as dried beef. A mustache, blue-white against the dark skin hovered over his mouth, and his hair was white, too, where it showed at his neck. The skin of his face had shrunk back against the skull until it defined bone, not flesh, and made the nose and chin seem sharp and fragile. The eyes were large and deep and dark, with eyelids stretched tightly over them. Irises and pupils were one, and very black, but the eyeballs were brown. There were no wrinkles in the face at all. This old man wore a blue denim coat buttoned to the throat with brass buttons, as all men do who wear no shirts. Out of the sleeves came strong bony wrists and hands gnarled and knotted and hard as peach branches. The nails were flat and blunt and shiny.

The old man drew close to the gate and swung down his sack when he confronted Jody. His lips fluttered a little and a soft impersonal voice came from between them.

"Do you live here?"

Jody was embarrassed. He turned and looked at the house, and he turned back and looked toward the barn where his father and Billy Buck were. "Yes," he said, when no help came from either direction.

"I have come back," the old man said. "I am Gitano, and I have come back."

Jody could not take all this responsibility. He turned abruptly, and ran into the house for help, and the screen door banged after him. His mother was in the kitchen poking out the clogged holes of a colander with a hairpin, and biting her lower lip with concentration.

"It's an old man," Jody cried excitedly. "It's an old *paisano* man, and he says he's come back."

His mother put down the colander and stuck the hairpin behind the sink board. "What's the matter now?" she asked patiently.

"It's an old man outside. Come on out."

"Well, what does he want?" She untied the strings of her apron and smoothed her hair with her fingers.

"I don't know. He came walking."

His mother smoothed down her dress and went out, and Jody followed her. Gitano had not moved.

"Yes?" Mrs. Tiflin asked.

Gitano took off his old black hat and held it with both hands in front of him. He repeated, "I am Gitano, and I have come back."

"Come back? Back where?"

Gitano's whole straight body leaned forward a little. His right hand described the circle of the hills, the sloping fields and the mountains, and ended at his hat again. "Back to the *rancho*. I was born here, and my father, too."

"Here?" she demanded. "This isn't an old place."

"No, there," he said, pointing to the western ridge. "On the other side there, in a house that is gone."

At last she understood. "The old 'dobe that's washed almost away, you mean?"

"Yes, *señora*. When the rancho broke up they put no more lime on the 'dobe, and the rains washed it down."

Jody's mother was silent for a little, and curious homesick thoughts ran through her mind, but quickly she cleared them out. "And what do you want here now, Gitano?"

"I will stay here," he said quietly, "until I die."

"But we don't need an extra man here."

"I can not work hard any more,

*señora*. I can milk a cow, feed chickens, cut a little wood; no more. I will stay here." He indicated the sack on the ground beside him. "Here are my things."

She turned to Jody. "Run down to the barn and call your father."

Jody dashed away, and he returned with Carl Tiflin and Billy Buck behind him. The old man was standing as he had been, but he was resting now. His whole body had sagged into a timeless repose.

"What is it?" Carl Tiflin asked. "What's Jody so excited about?"

Mrs. Tiflin motioned to the old man. "He wants to stay here. He wants to do a little work and stay here."

"Well we can't have him. We don't need any more men. He's too old. Billy does everything we need."

They had been talking over him as though he did not exist, and now, suddenly, they both hesitated and looked at Gitano and were embarrassed.

He cleared his throat. "I am too old to work. I come back where I was born."

"You weren't born here," Carl said sharply.

"No. In the 'dobe over the hill. It was all one rancho before you came."

"In the mud house that's all melted down?"

"Yes. I and my father. I will stay here now on the rancho."

"I tell you you won't stay," Carl said angrily. "I don't need an old man. This isn't a big ranch. I can't afford food and doctor bills for an old man. You must have relatives and friends. Go to them. It is like begging to come to strangers."

"I was born here," Gitano said patiently and inflexibly.

Carl Tiflin didn't like to be cruel, but he felt he must. "You can eat here to-



night," he said. "You can sleep in the little room of the old bunkhouse. We'll give you breakfast in the morning, and then you'll have to go along. Go to your friends. Don't come to die with strangers."

Gitano put on his black hat and stooped for the sack. "Here are my things," he said.

Carl turned away. "Come on, Billy, we'll finish down at the barn. Jody, show him the little room in the bunkhouse."

He and Billy turned back toward the barn. Mrs. Tiflin went into the house, saying over her shoulder, "I'll send some blankets down."

Gitano looked questioningly at Jody. "I'll show you where it is," Jody said.

THERE was a cot with a shuck mattress, an apple box holding a tin lantern, and a backless rocking chair in the little room of the bunkhouse. Gitano laid his sack carefully on the floor and sat down on the bed. Jody stood shyly in the room, hesitating to go. At last he said,

"Did you come out of the big mountains?"

Gitano shook his head slowly. "No, I worked down the Salinas valley."

The afternoon thought would not let Jody go. "Did you ever go into the big mountains back there?"

The old dark eyes grew fixed, and their light turned inward on the years that were living in Gitano's head. "Once—when I was a little boy. I went with my father."

"Way back, clear into the mountains?"

"Yes."

"What was there?" Jody cried. "Did you see any people or any houses?"

"No."

"Well, what was there?"

Gitano's eyes remained inward. A little wrinkled strain came between his brows.

"What did you see in there?" Jody repeated.

"I don't know," Gitano said. "I don't remember."

"Was it terrible and dry?"

"I don't remember."

In his excitement, Jody had lost his shyness. "Don't you remember anything about it?"

Gitano's mouth opened for a word, and remained open while his brain sought the word. "I think it was quiet—I think it was nice."

Gitano's eyes seemed to have found something back in the years, for they grew soft and a little smile seemed to come and go in them.

"Didn't you ever go back in the mountains again?" Jody insisted.

"No."

"Didn't you ever want to?"

But now Gitano's face became impatient. "No," he said in a tone that told Jody he didn't want to talk about it any more. The boy was held by a curious fascination. He didn't want to go away from Gitano. His shyness returned.

"Would you like to come down to the barn and see the stock?" he asked.

Gitano stood up and put on his hat and prepared to follow.

It was almost evening now. They stood near the watering trough while the horses sauntered in from the hill-sides for an evening drink. Gitano rested his big twisted hands on the top rail of the fence. Five horses came down and drank, and then stood about, nibbling at the dirt or rubbing their sides against the polished wood of the fence. Long after they had finished drinking an old horse appeared over the brow of

the hill and came painfully down. It had long yellow teeth; its hooves were flat and sharp as spades, and its ribs and hip-bones jutted out under its skin. It hobbled up to the trough and drank water with a loud sucking noise.

"That's old Easter," Jody explained. "That's the first horse my father ever had. He's thirty years old." He looked up into Gitano's old eyes for some response.

"No good any more," Gitano said.

Jody's father and Billy Buck came out of the barn and walked over.

"Too old to work," Gitano repeated. "Just eats and pretty soon dies."

Carl Tiflin caught the last words. He hated his brutality toward old Gitano, and so he became brutal again.

"It's a shame not to shoot Easter," he said. "It'd save him a lot of pains and rheumatism." He looked secretly at Gitano, to see whether he noticed the parallel, but the big bony hands did not move, nor did the dark eyes turn from the old horse. "Old things ought to be put out of their misery," Jody's father went on. "One shot, a big noise, one big pain in the head maybe, and that's all. That's better than stiffness and sore teeth."

Billy Buck broke in, "They got a right to rest after they worked all of their life. Maybe they like to just walk around."

Carl had been looking steadily at the skinny horse. "You can't imagine now what Easter used to look like," he said softly. "High neck, deep chest, fine barrel. He could jump a five-bar gate in stride. I won a flat race on him when I was fifteen years old. I could of got two hundred dollars for him any time. You wouldn't think how pretty he was." He checked himself, for he hated softness. "But he ought to be shot now," he said.

"He's got a right to rest," Billy Buck insisted.

Jody's father had a humorous thought. He turned to Gitano. "If ham and eggs grew on a sidehill I'd turn you out to pasture too," he said. "But I can't afford to pasture you in my kitchen."

He laughed to Billy Buck about it as they went on toward the house. "Be a good thing for all of us if ham and eggs grew on the sidehills."

Jody knew how his father was probing for a place to hurt in Gitano. He had been probed often. His father knew every place in the boy where a word would fester.

"He's only talking," Jody said. "He didn't mean it about shooting Easter. He likes Easter. That was the first horse he ever owned."

The sun sank behind the high mountains as they stood there, and the ranch was hushed. Gitano seemed to be more at home in the evening. He made a curious sharp sound with his lips and stretched one of his hands over the fence. Old Easter moved stiffly to him, and Gitano rubbed the lean neck under the mane.

"You like him?" Jody asked softly.

"Yes—but he's no damn good."

The triangle sounded at the ranch house. "That's supper," Jody cried. "Come on up to supper."

AS THEY walked up toward the house Jody noticed again that Gitano's body was as straight as that of a young man. Only by a jerkiness in his movements and by the scuffling of his heels could it be seen that he was old.

The turkeys were flying heavily into the lower branches of the cypress tree by the bunkhouse. A fat sleek ranch cat walked across the road carrying a



rat so large that its tail dragged on the ground. The quail on the sidehills were still sounding the clear water call.

Jody and Gitano came to the back steps and Mrs. Tiflin looked out through the screen door at them.

"Come running, Jody. Come in to supper, Gitano."

Carl and Billy Buck had started to eat at the long oilcloth-covered table. Jody slipped into his chair without moving it, but Gitano stood holding his hat until Carl looked up and said, "Sit down, sit down. You might as well get your belly full before you go on." Carl was afraid he might relent and let the old man stay, and so he continued to remind himself that this couldn't be.

Gitano laid his hat on the floor and diffidently sat down. He wouldn't reach for food. Carl had to pass it to him. "Here, fill yourself up." Gitano ate very slowly, cutting tiny pieces of meat and arranging little pats of mashed potato on his plate.

The situation would not stop worrying Carl Tiflin. "Haven't you got any relatives in this part of the country?" he asked.

Gitano answered with some pride, "My brother-in-law is in Monterey. I have cousins there, too."

"Well, you can go and live there, then."

"I was born here," Gitano said in gentle rebuke.

Jody's mother came in from the kitchen, carrying a large bowl of tapioca pudding.

Carl chuckled to her, "Did I tell you what I said to him? I said if ham and eggs grew on the sidehills I'd put him out to pasture, like old Easter."

Gitano stared unmoved at his plate.

"It's too bad he can't stay," said Mrs. Tiflin.

"Now don't you start anything," Carl said crossly.

When they had finished eating, Carl and Billy Buck and Jody went into the living room to sit for a while, but Gitano, without a word of farewell or thanks walked through the kitchen and out the back door. Jody sat and secretly watched his father. He knew how mean his father felt.

"This country's full of these old *paisanos*," Carl said to Billy Buck.

"They're damn good men," Billy defended them. "They can work older than white men. I saw one of them a hundred and five years old, and he could still ride a horse. You don't see any white men as old as Gitano walking twenty or thirty miles."

"Oh, they're tough, all right," Carl agreed. "Say, are you standing up for him too? Listen, Billy," he explained. "I'm having a hard enough time keeping this ranch out of the Bank of Italy without taking on anybody else to feed. You know that, Billy."

"Sure, I know," said Billy. "If you was rich, it'd be different."

"That's right, and it isn't like he didn't have relatives to go to. A brother-in-law and cousins right in Monterey. Why should I worry about him?"

Jody sat quietly listening, and he seemed to hear Gitano's gentle voice and its unanswerable, "But I was born here." Gitano was mysterious like the mountains. There were ranges back as far as you could see but behind the last range piled up against the sky there was a great unknown country. And Gitano was an old man, until you got to the dull dark eyes. And in behind them was some unknown thing. He didn't ever say enough to let you guess what was inside, under the eyes. Jody felt himself irresistibly drawn toward the bunk-

house. He slipped from his chair while his father was talking and he went out the door without making a sound.

THE night was very dark and far-off noises carried in clearly. The hame-bells of a wood team sounded from way over the hill on the county road. Jody picked his way across the dark yard. He could see a light through the window of the little room of the bunkhouse. Because the night was secret he walked quietly up to the window and peered in. Gitano sat in the rocking chair and his back was toward the window. His right arm moved slowly back and forth in front of him. Jody pushed the door open and walked in. Gitano jerked up-right and, seizing a piece of deer skin he tried to throw it over the thing in his lap, but the skin slipped away. Jody stood overwhelmed by the thing in Gitano's hand, a lean and lovely rapier with a golden basket hilt. The blade was like a thin ray of dark light. The hilt was pierced and intricately carved.

"What is it?" Jody demanded.

Gitano only looked at him with resentful eyes, and he picked up the fallen deer skin and firmly wrapped the beautiful blade in it.

Jody put out his hand. "Can't I see it?"

Gitano's eyes smoldered angrily and he shook his head.

"Where'd you get it? Where'd it come from?"

Now Gitano regarded him profoundly, as though he pondered. "I got it from my father."

"Well, where'd he get it?"

Gitano looked down at the long deer-skin parcel in his hand. "I don' know."

"Didn't he ever tell you?"

"No."

"What do you do with it?"

Gitano looked slightly surprised. "Nothing. I just keep it."

"Can't I see it again?"

The old man slowly unwrapped the shining blade and let the lamp light slip along it for a moment. Then he wrapped it up again. "You go now. I want to go to bed." He blew out the lamp almost before Jody had closed the door.

As he went back toward the house, Jody knew one thing more sharply than he had ever known anything. He must never tell any one about the rapier. It would be a dreadful thing to tell any one about it, for it would destroy some fragile structure of truth. It was a truth that might be shattered by division.

On the way across the dark yard Jody passed Billy Buck. "They're wondering where you are," Billy said.

Jody slipped into the living room, and his father turned to him. "Where have you been?"

"I just went out to see if I caught any rats in my new trap."

"It's time you went to bed," his father said.

JODY was first at the breakfast table in the morning. Then his father came in, and last, Billy Buck. Mrs. Tiflin looked in from the kitchen.

"Where's the old man, Billy?" she asked.

"I guess he's out walking," Billy said. "I looked in his room and he wasn't there."

"Maybe he started early to Monterey," said Carl. "It's a long walk."

"No," Billy explained. "His sack is in the little room."

After breakfast Jody walked down to the bunkhouse. Flies were flashing about in the sunshine. The ranch seemed especially quiet this morning. When he



was sure no one was watching him, Jody went into the little room, and looked into Gitano's sack. An extra pair of long cotton underwear was there, an extra pair of jeans and three pairs of worn socks. Nothing else was in the sack. A sharp loneliness fell on Jody. He walked slowly back toward the house. His father stood on the porch talking to Mrs. Tiflin.

"I guess old Easter's dead at last," he said. "I didn't see him come down to water with the other horses."

In the middle of the morning Jess Taylor from the ridge ranch rode down.

"You didn't sell that old gray crow-bait of yours, did you, Carl?"

"No, of course not. Why?"

"Well," Jess said. "I was out this morning early, and I saw a funny thing. I saw an old man on an old horse, no saddle, only a piece of rope for a bridle. He wasn't on the road at all. He was cutting right up straight through the brush. I think he had a gun. At least I saw something shine in his hand."

"That's old Gitano," Carl Tiflin said. "I'll see if any of my guns are missing." He stepped into the house for a second.

"Nope, all here. Which way was he heading, Jess?"

"Well, that's the funny thing. He was heading straight back into the mountains."

Carl laughed. "They never get too old to steal," he said. "I guess he just stole old Easter."

"Want to go after him, Carl?"

"Hell no, just save me burying that horse. I wonder where he got the gun. I wonder what he wants back there."

Jody walked up through the vegetable patch, toward the brush line. He looked searchingly at the towering mountains—ridge after ridge after ridge until at last there was the ocean. For a moment he thought he could see a black speck crawling up the farthest ridge. Jody thought of the rapier and of Gitano. And he thought of the great mountains. A longing caressed him, and it was so sharp that he wanted to cry to get it out of his breast. He lay down in the green grass near the round tub at the brush line. He covered his eyes with his crossed arms and lay there a long time, and he was full of a nameless sorrow.



# The Cult of Force

BY LEWIS EINSTEIN

*Can European democracies survive unscathed beside the dictatorships flowering in so many countries, or is a bloody clash inevitable?*

ALREADY memory begins to fade of the pre-War years when in a still civilized Western Europe freedom of speech and of the press, the right of assemblage and of instruction, were regarded in nearly every state as being liberties so elemental and seemingly so solidly established that most people took them for granted and few thought any longer of questioning their existence. Even Socialists in the German Reichstag could vociferate to their heart's content with only occasional mild penalties inflicted on their press. A strong wind of liberalism was then blowing over the Continent and in Czarist Russia high government officials would criticize their régime with the most amazing freedom.

To millions in Europe and in America, the War and later the Peace seemed to be the instrument of wrath necessary to destroy what was left of former tyrannies in order to prepare the way for a freer world. Wilson's battle-cry about making the latter safe for democracy, after having stirred the hearts of multitudes, when remembered at all now evokes only a faint smile. Yet Wilson had in mind the rule of the Hohenzollerns which even German

Communists today would gladly exchange for Nazi oppression. Since then an entire framework of liberty which on the Continent had been erected during the Nineteenth Century has suddenly been swept away. Amid the bewildered consternation caused by recent events in Germany many ask themselves if the structure of civilization is also beginning to tumble and if the savagery which has horrified Western opinion is not a natural consequence of the new barbarism.

Mentally the world crisis has everywhere undermined faith in democratic institutions and left belief in these, even in the countries where they survive, like a creed the rites of which are still celebrated amid much skeptical indifference. Statesmen are cynical and workmen disillusioned. Lack of conviction among its supporters may easily prove to be the undoing of democracy. In those lands in which freedom remains, the writing is even now on the wall and the hope or fear is often heard that free institutions are destined to go under everywhere unless they acquire new vitality.

Democracy fell in Germany with hardly a struggle. Destruction came, as it has come to every régime which



collapses, less because of its vices than because of its weaknesses. Corruption offers an easy tag to pin on the defeated, yet the besetting sin of the German Republic was not the dishonesty of a few but the fact that it neither knew how to govern nor how to hit back. Even at the moment of its greatest strength the German Republic allowed itself to be stripped of its own defenses and in the name of freedom left the normal pillars of the state, the army, the judiciary and most of the administrative offices, in its enemies' hands. On the eve of disaster German democrats discovered that they were completely isolated and unprotected, charged with crimes when their real sin was weakness, and left to atone for their mistakes under the steel rods of the Nazis.

It is obvious to explain the collapse of democracy and the rise of dictatorship in Europe by the disorder of our times. Inherently there is nothing new in the principles of a system which aims to reduce the position of the ordinary citizen to one of trifling importance in an omnipotent state governed by a self-perpetuating and irresponsible party which, beginning as an audacious minority, has seized not only the great avenues but the smallest bypaths of power, and which, in theory at least, is dominated by the will of one man. The advantage of a dictator's rule has always been felt in every crisis when resources are scanty and it becomes apparent that the freer competition of a wrangling democracy with its divided purposes and its compromises threshed out in public creates distrust and involves considerable waste. At such times if a superior power takes firm hold and uses its authority drastically to coördinate all the productive energies within the state, apportion and direct its resources

and impose a satisfactory pattern and goal which results to the general advantage, benefit may be anticipated through a saving of energy which can better be concentrated on a planned national purpose.

In periods of grave emergency even the most democratic states have been prepared to abdicate many of their most fundamental rights and to resume these only after a crisis has passed. The grant of vast powers voted to President Roosevelt met with the approval of many of his political opponents. Yet any analogy between his position in directing the economic life of the country and that enjoyed by a real political dictator would be strangely misleading. The President of the United States has never attempted to limit the elemental guarantees of personal liberty nor shown the slightest inclination to suppress Republicans who might venture to disagree with his opinions.

THE new dictatorships which have arisen in Europe are, however, more than phases of the present crisis, and their avowed purpose is to continue indefinitely and discover fresh strength in the practices and controls they have themselves devised. Does the new order upon which their rule is built offer the promise claimed of a healthy nationalism built on a more secure foundation? Does it indicate the death throes of our own dissolving society? Have dictatorships come to stay in the world and is it merely a question of time before the more solidly established democracies in America and in Western Europe will in turn succumb to their fashion? Can the civilized world continue indefinitely half free and half enslaved or must one system or the other finally prevail?

No greater question lies before our

time than to know if the political institutions associated with democracy have outlived their present usefulness. Two thousand years ago Aristotle described the eternal cycle of political change by which democracy yields to tyranny, and tyranny to aristocracy, which afterward is again replaced by democracy. Must those who still cherish faith in the latter find consolation in the thought that perhaps a few centuries hence the cycle will again swing round to popular government?

It is clear that dictatorships have no intention of voluntarily abdicating their powers. Even if world recovery should come, dictators will take credit for whatever improvement occurs or alternatively justify their rule by the continuance of depression. Also, it is plain that in those democracies which still survive the liberal idea stands today on the defensive, weak because it has lost faith in itself. Liberalism on the Continent, after having in its origin been the promoter of revolutions, has become softened by success and, with no real goal before it, has become the party of *bourgeois* conservatism, abandoning violence to its reactionary opponents. Liberals have lost the power once possessed to fire the masses and left the emotional enthusiasm which induces action to be cultivated by the new dictators who have exploited a deep-rooted human instinct which expects to find salvation through the help of a single man. Anonymous legislative acts and the vague party programmes of democratic states hold out little that is attractive to those who for years have been suffering in poverty or smarting under real or supposed humiliations.

Manifestly also democracy has run short of great men. Only in those rare moments when pressing danger

causes partisan bickerings to cease and democratic authority approaches the fringe of dictatorship is popular government favorable to their production. It is otherwise with dictatorships, though how far personal rule makes for real eminence and how far it favors this impression is, at least, arguable. Whenever the authority of a single man rises to a dazzling height he creates an atmosphere of greatness helped by the fact that every one around him is correspondingly depressed. Also, not a little of the dictator's ability lies in possessing the genius of showmanship which has helped him on the road to power. This is not to underestimate an art essential for popular leadership which dictators past and present have always cultivated. No little ability is called for to organize a combatant political force, train this into becoming a highly self-conscious body and instill in its members the arrogant belief of their mission as the saviours of the nation. It needs skill and audacity to capture the enthusiasm of a great following and beat democracy at its own game by using its processes before destroying it.

Far less exacting is the intellectual foundation for dictatorship. Its tenets must be rigid, for once announced they admit of no real evolution, or doubt would otherwise be cast on the wisdom of the dictator's decisions. Success is usually first obtained by capitalizing dissatisfaction against the government to be overthrown, and attracting followers whose common bond is more often one of hatred than of sympathy. Mussolini has explained that self-interest and enthusiasm are the only ways to talk to a crowd. The future dictator employs a battle cry elementary enough for every one to understand and obvious enough for a majority to approve. The Nazis



have discovered in their claim to effect the moral regeneration of the German race the means of attracting a vast following by offering a sufficiently commendable ideal which can be sincerely believed in by millions of decent people. The dictator's particular interpretation of his doctrine, with the corollaries and implications derived from this which are made to fit any purpose and explain any outrage, is hammered by persistent iteration into the popular mind. The Bolsheviks have had the merit of originating an entirely new technique for dictatorship by organizing the so-called totalitarian state which controls every form of activity and forbids the expression of any competing opinion. Their example has been followed in Germany. In the new dictatorship a thorough and uniform discipline has been applied in order to inculcate a complete and rigid system. There is a kind of political pontifical theology proclaimed as a revelation which aims to indoctrinate the particular ideas doled out through a government monopoly, and impress these on the minds of a people from the cradle to the grave.

The complete acceptance of this system naturally requires a vast amount of propaganda and every avenue of publicity by which ideas can be made to filter through to a population is utilized and severely controlled. Propaganda is at the basis of every dictatorship both as an instrument which arouses and maintains the enthusiasm of its supporters, and as a weapon ready to destroy the first sign of any opposition. Dictatorship, in fact, must always show itself confident, aggressive and combative. As it can not tolerate free speech, it has to intimidate and terrify its enemies so that these will be too frightened to resist while the indifferent will join its

ranks and even simulate its enthusiasm for self-protection. The many cases of torture inflicted in the Nazi brown houses, the beating up and imprisonment and even the murder of political adversaries were acts deliberately perpetrated with a view to crushing the spirit of opponents. The further process by which many sufferers, before obtaining their release, were compelled to sign attestations of good treatment and warned to make no complaint, have been merely refinements introduced to show that Nazis still respect the point of view of the outside world. Like the French Catholic writer, Louis Veuillot, the Nazis in countries where they are a minority demand liberty in the name of their enemies' principles, while in Germany refuse it to the latter in the name of their own.

Yet dictatorship makes generally a favorable impression on the traveler fresh from other lands. He admires its order, the discipline and the appearance of enthusiasm it presents, which he contrasts with the often critical lethargy existing in countries like England or France or the disillusion left after the failure of other experiments. Dictatorship always puts forward its best foot and the same art of showmanship which has helped it to snatch power conceals imperfections below the surface and aids it to secure admiration. Outwardly, moreover, its peculiarities are rarely oppressive to the foreigner. Except for a few picturesque party symbols and a frequent display of building energy intended to impress opinion by the look of prosperous stability, there is in most lands where the system exists nothing particularly visible to mark the difference from former periods. The same palace hotels are to be found in all capitals, the same blue trains cross all Con-

tinental frontiers. Yet underneath this apparent uniformity, at a time when more than ever in Europe men dress alike and look alike, and when the mechanical connections which unite the world have never been so good, the moral connections have hardly ever been worse. One is obliged to turn to the Middle Ages when the Crescent was pitted against the Cross, to find a precedent for this rift which cuts in two the spiritual ideals of a great continent.

**T**ODAY in America, in England, even in France, youth still ambles along with much the mental outlook of his fathers, not understanding that the currency of liberal ideas and the wish for peace have been cast aside as wholly discredited in the lands of dictatorship. There is a tragedy in the thought that half the world today still advances with much of the old momentum, imbued with beliefs which only lately caused Professor Gilbert Murray to say before the Peace Congress at Oxford that "There is more justice, more mercy and more social conscience than at any former time" and makes even Mr. Stimson discover by mysterious processes a new will to peace such as the world has never known before. A generous optimism blinds Liberals in democratic states to the other half of mankind which runs back toward those primeval gods whose cult is force and whose worship calls for blood. And unless something intervenes to close this breach and cast down the savage gods which they revere, no love of peace, no hatred of war, will in itself save the youth growing up in our Western democracies from that ordeal of battle which seems inevitable unless a system that challenges their right to free existence should first collapse.

What possibility is there of this occurring? In a dictatorship all visible opposition is unlawful and change can not proceed by ordinary political methods. Nature, it is true, provides a way, though a slow and haphazard one. The great obstacle to the permanence of dictatorship lies in the transmission of authority, and even if this has been successfully carried through in Russia after Lenin's death, this fact offers no real indication of what will take place elsewhere. Mussolini himself has frankly expressed doubt as to whether Italy could tolerate another Mussolini.

A second danger to dictatorship lies in dissension from within; a party can keep its unity more easily in opposition than in victory, particularly when the party wings stretch far apart, and when leadership calls for some thing more tangibly beneficial than enthusiasm and violence. The real difficulties for a dictatorship begin when it has to adjust its partisan requirements to control the highly intricate economic structure of a country whose prosperity will not return by command. Financially dictatorship imposes a heavy load on a population. Absolute authority rests on a force which is considerably greater than the ordinary police powers of the state. An economic burden is assumed, the nature of which is partly concealed and partly justified during a period of crisis. When normal government is threatened by disorder and trade suffers, a partisan army organized for a supposed patriotic purpose is welcomed by many conservatives. Among the reasons which caused millions of Germans to rejoice at Hitler's accession was, rightly or wrongly, their fear of the alternative of communism. The later incorporation of Nazi storm troops into the regular



forces of the state could also be defended as a means for relieving unemployment and helps to explain recent official statistics showing improvement in the labor situation. Yet an element of political strength for a party may become one of economic weakness for a country. When national finances can only be served by the most rigid economy, the political necessity to find jobs for followers also imposes heavy un-economic burdens on the rest of the population.

A second more serious handicap lies in the partisan structure of dictatorship which compels its assumption of numerous tasks with which it may be unfitted to cope. If a given economic policy were manifestly the one best suited to meet an emergency, and if those entrusted with its execution were men of such recognized ability that they commanded general confidence, the principle of dictatorship might be ideal. The arrogant assertion of superior wisdom has, however, not often been justified by facts and the dictator's pretense at omniscience and the handicap he is under never to admit mistakes usually cause a rigidity of plan which makes difficult any change. Also partisan rank has rarely proved to be the best qualification for government service. A new party on taking office is likely to reveal the inexperience of leaders whose previous activities have had little in common with their novel duties. Even Hitler has lately had to censure the zeal of certain of his followers who after having commanded storm troops are now trying to direct German industry. Similar criticism, it is true, can be leveled in democratic states whenever partisan jobbery interferes with the workings of business, but at least democracy is less overbearing and tolerates more open ways for

formulating its plans, expressing disapproval and compelling change than a dictatorship where all criticism is stifled, except in secret party councils.

The economic practices inherent in a personal rule can hardly avoid containing the seed of abuses which cause any lapse from perfection to increase far more quickly and with more pernicious effect, because they are spread below the surface, than similar derogations in a self-corrective democratic state. In dictatorships where the mechanism of authority is much more narrowly adjusted, open criticism is non-existent, and the purpose of action is so bound up with a strict partisan structure built around special principles that if ever world recovery should begin, absolute rule is likely to discover that its rigidly planned and controlled national economy will find competition for international trade difficult to carry out against the more individual enterprise which pushes ahead in democratic states. A policy of governmental subsidies or of dumping will only mean burdens on its own taxpayers and quick retaliation by other countries. The higher cost of production on domestic trade imposed by the necessity for reconciling political and social with economic exigencies is unlikely to provide the best means of adding to a nation's prosperity. Even if these disadvantages are not at once noticeable their effect is cumulative and they tend to become serious only after they are piled up. They can be concealed for a considerable time by juggled statistics while propaganda helps to maintain the illusions of success and to hide the cost of what goes on behind. For dictatorship can never admit failure of any kind and until it crumbles its façade continues to the very last to give the impression of great strength.

The processes by which Germans to-day are hammered on the anvil of Nazi uniformity have still to be subjected to these trials. The test of the Nazi movement, as Hitler himself avows, lies notoriously in its ability to bring about the prosperity of the Reich and of this there is yet no real sign. To the problems with which every country in the world is faced today, to the problems of an economic order peculiar to dictatorship, Hitler gratuitously has added several special problems of his own which further complicate his difficulties. If Germany lags behind when recovery starts in free countries, if bread and employment fail and inflation begins, forced by the necessity to meet the new costs of government, all the steel rods of the Nazi storm troops will not be enough to keep down popular dissatisfaction. In the competition of rival political systems the comparative prosperity of nations is the dominant factor which in the end must win support for one method or the other and those who still keep faith in liberal ideas will have to pin their hope in this belief.

It is hardly conceivable that there can be permanent room in Europe for two rival systems which in their essence are mutually exclusive. Democracies can talk the language of other democracies, and dictatorships until they clash speak that of other dictatorships, but there can never be any real or lasting coöperation between dictatorship and democracy. Yet democracy has also its lesson to learn from dictatorship. When Lenin,

faced by grave difficulties, introduced the "New Economic Policy" he offered merely a temporary sacrifice to capitalism which, with its usual fatuousness, thought it had discerned in this maneuver a change of heart. When Hitler after breathing fire came out with a pacific speech which no German Social Democrat would have dared to make, he expressed the Nazi "New Economic Policy." Nor were his words insincere for a truce to establish his authority and prepare Germany was essential to his goal. To regard his declarations in any other light or his ultimate purpose in any other way than as a menace to free institutions and to all we understand as civilization is to misread every warning.

Today the world is fast drifting into uncharted seas. Deliberately public men in their perplexity try to cast anchor in the shallow waters of their own ports. Yet if a Western civilization is not to end, faith must also be kept in those beliefs which are written in the great charters of human freedom. Countries which still cherish free institutions feel that they too possess a link and a common inheritance in the right of man to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If statesmen are ever again to steer the world toward a civilized sanity free countries must be prepared to defend the slow and painful acquisitions attained by the human mind through centuries of effort and save the labor of generations to keep mankind from reverting to a mechanized and tribal savagery.





# Oil Under Ickes

BY KARL PRETSHOLD

*Our most individualistic industry moves willingly under the yoke of Federal control*

THE oil industry is again busy congratulating itself. Most oil men believe the NRA "Code of Fair Competition" for oil provides a set of trade laws which can be used to clean up the chaos which has ruled the industry. That chaos came from overproduction and ineffective attempts to bring production into sensible relation to market demands for petroleum and its refined products. Federal supervision and enforcement of the oil code promises to implement efforts to hold production down and send prices up.

In memory it seems but yesterday (actually it was years ago) that the petroleum industry appeared to be full of "oil millionaires" who took an almost childish delight in telling how, having "started on a shoestring," they won, lost and regained several fortunes. Through the oil-producing States west of the Mississippi there was a vast lore concerning "wildcatters" who won wealth by sheer luck and "old-timers" who "lost their shirts playing a sure thing."

The typical "oil man" was proud that his business retained enough elements of risk to make it an exciting and colorful gamble. Such tales as they told were gaudy reflections of that pride. They

knew the history of their industry's sudden shifts from boom-time prosperity to depression and back again. They were not alarmed when economists and conservationists pointed out that the problem of overproduction in oil differs from the same problem as it is faced in other industries because oil is an exhaustible resource.

Despite very real advances in application of the science of geology to the problem of finding new oil deposits it is still true that "the only sure way to find oil is to drill for it." It is well remembered in the industry that an oil shortage during the War raised the scare of possible depletion of American reserves. The scare led to vigorous governmental action on behalf of American oil interests abroad, encouraged the building and filling of great amounts of storage space and, eventually, to the creation of the Federal Oil Conservation Board.

But since the War a whole series of "world's largest oil fields" have been discovered. Worry concerning possible exhaustion of a natural resource has been wiped out of mind by the floods of oil from the Seminole, Kettleman Hills, Oklahoma City and East Texas fields. And yet, despite this lack of anxiety, it has been estimated recently

that crude oil now known to be under the ground in the United States will provide only ten and a half years' supply at the current rate of consumption, and that even without proration it would take about twenty-five years to raise this amount to the surface.

The State Department, concerned with oil as a factor of military and national industrial greatness and thinking in time terms which embraced a score of decades, worried about future supplies. But in 1927 when the Seminole deluge shoved the price of Mid-Continent 36 gravity crude from \$2.29 to \$1.28 a barrel, the men who drilled the wells began sweating about the threat of "dollar oil." (Today "dollar oil" is not a threat, it is one of the "big accomplishments" of the oil code.)

WHEN the wells of Seminole began bearing down on the price structure, and the threat of production from wells being drilled hung over the market, operators and producers got together. A "gentlemen's agreement" was drawn up, signed and then submitted to the Oklahoma Corporation Commission. After hearings the Commission issued an order which incorporated the terms of the voluntarily drawn up curtailment plan. Justification for the order, the Commission held, lay in the fact that unrestricted production in the Seminole field permitted and encouraged physical waste of oil and gas and enforcement of the order would halt such waste.

Actually every one, including the membership of the Commission, recognized that the whole scheme was an attempt to stabilize prices. Oklahoma, like several other oil-producing States, had, and has, a "gross production" (or severance) tax on all oil mined in the

State. Such taxes give the oil States a keen interest in efforts to maintain the price of "crude."

During the three years following the "Seminole crisis" the movement for proration of production spread. Working under the cloak of conservation laws, operators in Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, New Mexico, California and Wyoming, usually acting through committees, made estimates of probable market demand for crude oil, submitted their estimates to State commissions and obtained "proration orders" limiting output to the estimates. The commissions were elective bodies charged with regulating other businesses as well as oil. Like all such elective bodies they were subject to, and did respond to, political pressure.

Opponents and proponents of proration waged constant battle to make their views effective with the various commissions. There was no machinery to make the various State proration orders mesh into a national policy. State rivalries existed.

But in 1930 operators spoke of "having the crude situation in hand" and expected they would soon be reaping profit, the results of the "long struggle for stabilization." The Oklahoma City field (the then current "world's largest oil field" which had been "brought in" in 1929) was put under proration despite vigorous objection by numerous independent operators and promoters. The oil wells of the country could have washed all possibility of profit from the industry in a stream of from 5,000,000 to 15,000,000 barrels of oil a day—then as always the experts' estimates of national "potential production" varied by wide margins. But in six States systems of prorating production were helping to hold national daily output to just be-



low 2,000,000 barrels a day. Market demand was estimated as steady at 2,500,000 barrels.

During the summer of 1930 C. M. ("Dad") Joiner, a "rank wildcatter," was trying to drill a test well down through the sand hills of Rusk County, Texas. Equipped with a second hand rotary rig, second hand pipe and a boiler, he financed his operations by "jaw-boning" small sums from local business men. In October he brought in the discovery well of the East Texas field.

In less than a year East Texas sent compound chaos and confusion shivering from Twenty-Six Broadway to Kettleman Hills. In East Texas itself the maddest, funniest and loudest features of comic opera, a military dictatorship, a gold rush, politics and melodrama were combined and spread across several hundred miles of landscape to make the greatest and gaudiest of all oil field booms.

All bets were off. Almost everything that "couldn't possibly happen" did—"with trimmings."

Hitherto a constantly expanding market for gasoline, principal cash product of the industry, had absorbed some of the shock occasioned by the exploitation of new pools. But the uncontrolled torrent of cheap East Texas crude hit a declining consumption trend.

For more than a decade events had encouraged overdevelopment in the refining and marketing, as well as in the production, divisions of the industry. When scarcity was feared big refining organizations had acquired or developed their own supplies of crude. When oversupplies of crude were thrown on the market independent producers expanded their companies and opened refining and marketing divisions to assure outlets for their oil.

In East Texas price declines went so far that high gravity crude sold for less than the cost of water used in drilling new wells. That field is almost on the door-step of the refining regions of Louisiana and the Gulf Coast. From Gulf ports tankers could, and of course did, take the "dirt-cheap" oil to the refineries of the Atlantic seaboard.

Efforts to enforce proration in East Texas were a complete failure. While some producers fought proration in the courts a great many others simply ignored and violated the curb orders. The running of "hot oil" became a gigantic racket. Refineries, running all the way from "tin pot" affairs to large modern plants, handled illegally produced oil and sold their product in competition with legitimate concerns. Producers in other fields, on the plea of self-defense, also took to "running hot oil."

WHEN, in March of this year, Congress was called, the oil industry had behind it a period of almost complete economic anarchy. While East Texas could not justly be loaded with all the blame, it became convenient to measure the duration of chaos against the life of that field. Since East Texas had begun to run wild, State governments frankly confessed their inability to handle the situation; "gentlemen's agreements" had proven to be less useful than broken reeds; State commissions clashed with State and Federal courts; courts enjoined commissions; the branches of legislatures adopted resounding and conflicting resolutions and governors of States who had sent armies of militiamen into oil fields threw up their hands and called for Federal aids.

Secretary Ickes told a Congressional Committee that failure to achieve effective regulation of oil production had

brought about "fear of an utter collapse of this essential industry."

"Here," he told the Committee, "is the situation: An unregulated industry lacking self-control and not susceptible to State restraint, is in a position to do irreparable damage to our economic situation. If the oil industry should collapse, it would mean a strain on banks, the closing of wells, the shutting up of refineries, and the throwing out of employment of many thousands of men now at work. I need not say to the representatives of such States as Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas and California, how much the prosperity and well-being of their States depend upon order in the oil industry. But a folding up of this industry would have its repercussions in every part of the United States."

Congressmen from oil States demanded special legislation for the oil industry. Several bills were introduced, numerous hearings were held. But through Administration efforts these special measures were sidetracked and a short section was inserted in the National Recovery Act covering the unique needs of oil. The section gave the President power "to supplement State conservation legislation regulating the production of petroleum, to allocate equitably the national market demand for petroleum and the products thereof among the oil-producing States and between domestic production and importations and to prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of petroleum and the products thereof produced or withdrawn from storage in violation of any State or Federal law or the regulations prescribed thereunder."

Shortly after passage of the National Recovery Act President Roosevelt issued an executive order barring from interstate and foreign commerce oil or

its products produced "in excess of the amount permitted to be produced . . . by any state law . . . or order prescribed thereunder." Attorneys and agents of the Department of the Interior went to East Texas and overnight the flow of "hot oil" ceased. Large quantities of "hot oil" were being moved out of East Texas by tank car. Four days after issuance of the order tank car shipments dropped from over 500 cars a day to ten cars. The Government agents have since moved into other States and other fields and there repeated their East Texas success in halting the shipment of illegally produced crude.

Prior to the adoption and approval of the oil code production averaged about 500,000 barrels a day above consumer demand. In addition around 580,000-000 barrels of crude were held in storage tanks. Such statistics might not be considered a picture of imminent collapse. The threat of that lay, largely, in the shut-in potential which had been built up by proration. The economic result of only partially effective enforcement of proration was to build up underground, instead of in tanks, huge reserves of crude. So long as a really efficient throttle between these shut-in reserves and the market was lacking they would continue to menace the whole industry.

Nearly all factions in the industry united in welcoming the opportunity, furnished by passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act, to inaugurate a system of self-government for oil. But each faction seemed to see in the opportunity a chance to obtain Federal backing for its stand and its policies. When the trade associations gathered to formulate proposals for a code to be submitted to the National Re-



covery Administration hot differences made their appearance. Roughly, the lines seemed drawn between the independent producers, the independent integrated companies (those controlling their own production, refining and marketing set-ups) and the so-called "major companies."

The code proposals which were finally agreed upon by the representatives of the fifty-odd trade organizations and submitted to General Johnson for approval would have set up an elaborate machine for Federal policing of the industry. After hearings, the submitted proposals were simplified to eliminate most of the policing features. The code, aside from the usual labor provisions aimed at increasing employment and purchasing power, had four main points.

First the President (through an Oil Administration) was given wide authority to reduce domestic production of crude oil and allocate the limited production among the oil-producing States. Authority was also granted to control imports and withdrawals from storage. The allocations were to be mere "suggestions" to the States but, if exceeded, the excess production could be barred from interstate shipment.

Second, power over refinery operations was granted to prevent piling up of stocks of refined products in any part of the country. The refineries were to be assured access to the allowable supply of crude. An agency was provided which would permit the industry to regulate, under Federal supervision, the operation of its refineries.

Third, uneconomic marketing practices were to be outlawed.

Fourth, wide price-fixing powers were granted the President. The code itself provided a formula for fixing

minimum prices of crude oil. The privilege of revising this price-fixing formula has already been invoked by the Oil Administration in the light of experience gained during the first sixty days of operation under the code. It may well be that further changes in price policy will be found necessary as experience accumulates.

By far the most important, and the most promising, features of the code are those covering limitation of production. If production can be brought into line, and kept there, with market requirements, solution of the other problems covered by the code promises to become less pressing and easier. If great supplies of crude are not constantly being thrown on the market, marketers need not indulge in cut-throat methods of trying to grab business. The operations of refineries are, of course, closely linked (if efforts to squeeze advantage out of purely temporary conditions are ignored) with marketing practices.

Federal limitation and allocation of production backed by bans on shipment of excess output can, it is believed, furnish the centralized, politics-free agency for making proration effective. The oil men of one field or State need no longer fear that proration in other States and other fields will be violated, outlawed by court decisions or radically modified. Nor can they use the threat of such possibilities to influence the decisions of their State commissions. State commissions with allowable "suggested" by a Federal agency will not be able to seek to obtain special advantage for "the home boys" and the local tax collectors.

THE oil code has not been in force long enough to justify, or permit, drawing of conclusions or the voicing of judgments. But affairs have pro-

gressed far enough to make it plain that some hopes are blossoming into promises. An overwhelming majority, numerical as well as economic, of the interests of the industry are intent upon supporting and assuring successful operation of the oil code. For years the most powerful leaders and concerns in the industry demanded that "steps be taken" to bring about stabilization. Evasion, suspicion, rivalries and the hurling of charges and counter charges met every such proposal.

In a few weeks under the drive furnished by the National Recovery Administration more has been accomplished toward stabilization and coordination than even the most far-visioned of "step-taking" advocates would have believed possible.

While mere fixing, by Oil Administrator Ickes, of the first "national allowable" and its allocation among the States did not result in a lowering of daily average production to the figure set, there was a very real decrease in the amount of crude oil produced. From week to week there have been continued decreases.

There has been a great reduction of the traffic in "hot oil." Conservative estimates have it that in two years the Oklahoma City and East Texas fields dumped more than 75,000,000 barrels of illegally produced oil on the market. Cutting off that source of cheap oil, coupled with reduction of legitimate production, removed one of the main causes of distress in the industry.

State proration agencies in California, Texas and Oklahoma have been overhauled to bring about stricter observance and enforcement of proration laws. In all major oil-producing States there is close coöperation between State and Federal agencies.

Gasoline "price wars" have been ended through the activity of Federal agents. The threat of prosecution of "unscrupulous" filling-station operators brought peace in Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and California. Federal men are now "working" the Chicago district. Tax evasion by both producers and refiners of crude oil has been greatly reduced. The "red tape" incident to both State proration and operation under the code requires the filing of numerous reports. This permits so many checks upon operations that tax dodging becomes exceedingly difficult.

Operation of the code saves the taxpayer money, since court dockets are now far less congested with "oil cases." The number of receivership cases has been cut; title and injunctive proceedings are fewer; State commissions have less cases and smaller proration dockets since the Oil Administration has taken over allocation of production. Federal supervision of security dealers and stock promotions is having its effect on the activities of that younger brother of the gold brick salesman—the peddler of oil stocks. Half a dozen "cease and desist" orders were issued against Texas "oil" promoters in one thirty-day period.

The Oil Administration, while still intent upon the task of outlining policies and programmes for handling the major problems of the industry, has been busy grappling with day to day details. The Bureau of Mines statistical organization has been made a really functioning unit. While the pledges of coöperation received from State regulatory bodies have been welcomed, mere promises have not saved them from being prodded toward more efficient action. Records of the old Federal Oil Conservation Board have been rescued



from the publicity men and dug from dust-encrusted files. Ideas and facts gathered by that body have been given a new usefulness by being made available.

THE oil code, as it is administered under the direction of Secretary Ickes, is not looked upon as a rigid body of statutes which will be enforced to the unyielding letter, no matter what the consequences. In embarking upon the policy of price-pegging for oil and gasoline Secretary Ickes announced that evidence gathered by the advisory committee of the industry indicated the existence, despite the achievement of many reforms, of unfair competitive practices. Such practices threatened to spread and the abuses "have created an emergency which threatens the stability" of the petroleum market.

In the belief that price-fixing was necessary to make further reform effective, announcement of an elaborate schedule of quotations, covering oil from the well to the filling-station pump, was made known, together with the information that the new regulations would become effective December 1. Although that action constituted the first price-pegging attempt to be made under the NRA programme, the Oil Administration did not indulge in braggard statements nor did it reveal timidity in taking what might be nervously described as "a revolutionary step the consequences of which can not now be measured."

Having moved into the field of price control, the Oil Administration informed State regulatory bodies that unless they were able to hold their oil producers to the governmentally set allowable they could expect Federal intervention. The State bodies and the industry were informed that no price

structure could withstand the pressure of even slightly unstable production, and production above the allowables would not be tolerated.

Since the price schedule includes rates on gasoline, orders aimed at controlling the production of that fuel were issued a few days after the price announcement. "Steps were taken" to bring those sections of the code covering refinery operations into effect. Refiners had to be brought in line lest they, in anticipation of the higher crude prices in December, attempt to fill all available storage and thus cut heavily into later crude demand.

Claude Barrow, Oklahoma City oil journalist, who has an exceptionally extensive acquaintance among, and familiarity with the view of, mid-continent oil men, sees the possibility of "normal conditions" for oil within a very short period. "The oil industry," he declares, "is leading the parade of industrial recovery under its NRA code. Its accomplishments during the first two months of the code far outweigh the obstacles met. The industry was sinking in a quagmire of chaos. It was faced by conditions over which it had no control. It is true that it can be held responsible for many of its failings but without the guiding hand of the national Administration the industrial leaders would not have been able to stabilize the industry." Probably such statements, and the views which they represent, assay more than a trace of the over-eager confidence which drives "wildcatters" on in their search for riches and tints the dreams of those who "invest" in oil stocks. They do, however, reveal a profound confidence that public control under the direction of economically disinterested persons can accomplish what years of discussion of the possibilities of coöpera-

tion failed to make even a gesture toward achieving.

Within the limits set by price and profit, economic planning is being attempted for one of the basic industries of the country. Here men of undoubted integrity and high purpose confront the problem of achieving stabilization and coördination for a business which harbors multi-million-dollar concerns surrounded by subsidiaries and affiliates and, at the same time, gives precarious shelter to adventurous "wildcatters," one-well-producers and the owner-operators of "tin pot" refineries.

Representatives of both groups in the industry insist that the "big fellows" and the "small fry" are willing to lay aside their present differences, to forego

the chance to win immediate advantages over each other and to match the high-mindedness of the code administrators with a sincere and enthusiastic eagerness to work out the problems which bedevil the entire industry. Public control under the code has been given a life span of two years. Meanwhile the threat of continued shrinkage in demand for oil, the possibilities of a minor industrial revolution if a cheap, light weight Diesel engine is put on the market, changes in the potential capacity of old fields (forcing adjustment in established "natural market" zones) and the ever present need to discover and "bring in" new pools are industry-wide problems which are to be faced during the period of Federal control.

## Night

BY ELIZABETH JANE ASTLEY

THE table of infinity is laid with a scarf of fine jet,  
And I on the topmost rung of the ladder of earth  
Look down on the platinum coffer that glows in the centre.  
Indefinite small lights from under the cover gleam whitely.  
Caught in a thread of cold pallor that ebbs from the moon  
These flare and go out. Only a single blown candle  
Set down in the pattern of *Serius* shines to the southward.  
Is this, then, eternity's table? I see on the sides  
A charcoal drawing of hills, a simplicity study  
Of one lone tree, an occasional night bird winging  
His airy way. And I think: who are the attendants  
At such a table, who the designers? Who  
Are the keepers of lights? Whose are the fingers  
That down in an easterly corner are sketching a comet?



# Misfire

BY MARK RHEA BYERS

*Why have the plans of the Farm Credit Administration been -  
such a failure?*

THERE is disillusion again in the Middle West farm country, out where the farm mortgage grows. Probably there is disillusion back in Washington, where the farm relief plans blossom perennially, only to die on the vine with persistent fatality.

The disillusion in both places is the result of a misfire with both barrels of the double-barreled Farm Credit Administration scheme. The scheme was designed to take the worst of the farmer's load of mortgage debt off his shoulders, and to reopen his banks by relieving them of their frozen assets. But the mortgages are still on the farm, as heavy as ever, and the banks which were closed or restricted when the Farm Credit Administration launched its activities are still (in mid-October) closed or restricted. The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse in the shape of a number of "barnyard loans"—chattel mortgages on crops, stock or machinery to tide over the hard-pressed farmer to another season. But in its major objective the Farm Credit Administration has not as yet made any perceptible progress. And the chances are that unless there is some fundamental change both in legislation and administrative policy, there will be no

progress along the lines laid down by the special session of Congress.

Let it be added that the situation need not be taken too dismally. The disillusion in the farming districts is chiefly to be found in the country banks that had hoped for the melting of long-frozen assets, and in the minds of the Washington theorists who laid out the scheme. There is no vast disillusionment in the fields and farmsteads because there was no great illusion there in the first place. The farmers never had great hopes of the scheme, having a veteran distrust of the remedies prescribed by politics for their ailments. They are not surprised or greatly disappointed that it hasn't worked, because most of them never really expected that it would.

"Give us," say the farmers as with one voice, "better prices for our grain and hogs and dairy products, and we'll pay our debts without help from anybody."

There was actual hope on the farms, after five years of growing gloom, during the spring and early summer advance of farm stuffs. That hope grew less rosy with the collapse of the speculative movement in mid-July, but it did not vanish entirely, because farm

product prices remained well above last fall and winter lows.

But the farm-mortgage-bank-reopening scheme of the New Deal had nothing to do with the hope, and its inability to function has had equally little to do with the fading of its rosiest glow. The barometer of farm psychology in Middle America is the daily quotations on the Chicago Board of Trade, and that is as true in these New Deal days as it was before the farmers turned thumbs down on the Farm Relief Board in last November's election landslide.

Why doesn't the Farm Credit Administration succeed in lightening the load of farm debts, and in unfreezing the farm debt assets of the country banks? The two matters are the front and back views of the same problem—that far Washington saw truly in its conception of the Farm Credit Administration. But the fundamental mistake, which has immobilized the operation of the plan, is that Washington fatally overestimated both the weight of the farm debt, and the anxiety of the banks to unload their mortgage assets. Both farmers and country bankers in the Middle West still have a pretty good opinion of farm mortgages as security, and when it came right down to cases the bargain offered by the Government didn't look like a bargain to either of the parties involved. So they are not having any, thank you.

THE best picture of the actual workings of the Farm Credit Administration is obtainable in Wisconsin, because that State was chosen as the proving ground of the principles and methods involved to deal with the Siamese-twins problem of the farm mortgage and the country bank. The

dual problem was: the rescue of the farmer from crushing debts upon which he could meet neither interest nor principal with depression markets for his milk and cheese, wheat and oats; and the thawing out of his banks, refrigerated with these same mortgages, and closed or restricted in payment of their depositors because of the impossibility of realizing on these assets. Wisconsin was chosen because of a certain adaptability of its State laws to the Federal programme, and because of the coöperative willingness of the first Democratic administration in the State in forty years. The administration and legislature hastened to bring the State's mortgage and banking laws into line with the projected Federal scheme, and on June 16, not without a bit of optimistic ballyhoo and confident prediction of speedy and beneficent results, the Farm Credit Administration opened for business in Wisconsin. The success of the Wisconsin demonstration was to be followed by the extension of the machinery to other States—Minnesota, Illinois and Iowa.

"Some \$35,000,000 will be poured into this State at the outset of the first demonstration as to how the Federal relief act is going to work out," said the Associated Press in a dispatch from Madison on June 17. As an anticipated result, the dispatch continued: "The value of the mortgages to be taken over will be scaled down around thirty per cent, the mortgagors will be given lower interest rates, the banks—those that are closed or operating on a restricted basis—will get cash for their mortgage holdings and the money will be paid out to depositors whose funds are now tied up."

The dispatch went on to say that mortgages held in the 180 closed banks



of the State would get first attention, and then the 192 banks which were operating on a deferred basis. In the process \$50,000,000 of frozen farm mortgages were to be turned into \$35,000,000 cash advanced through the St. Paul Federal Land Bank.

But after two and a half months in which the Farm Credit Administration ranged the State looking for loans to take over, only 2,800 applications for mortgage relieving loans had been received, only about 400 "commitments" had been made by the St. Paul Land Bank—and the Farm Credit Administration had not been able to "pour" any of the promised \$35,000,000 into the State, in actual cash. No closed bank was liquidated through the operations of the new machinery, nor had any restricted bank been enabled to pay off its depositors in full.

There had been a great hurrying and scurrying of hastily-trained farm appraisers over the State, a mighty clash between State and Federal ideas of the values of Wisconsin farm real estate, and a stubborn tug-of-war between the Farm Credit Administration and the banks, which proved remarkably un-eager to make the proposed trade of mortgages for cash at a discount. Up to the date of this writing, the net result is stalemate.

The first evidence of difficulty with the programme developed almost immediately after the Farm Credit Administration set up its offices in Madison and tackled the mortgages in the closed People's State Bank of Sheboygan to show its mettle. That was in mid-June—and the Sheboygan bank remains as tightly closed as ever. The trouble, here as elsewhere, was that Uncle Sam's appraisers did not regard themselves as Santa's little elves, but

as hard-boiled, tough-minded business men. When they came in from ranging the fields and woods of Sheboygan County, the bargains they proposed to the authorities of the closed bank were not accepted. The "scale-down" suggested was just too big.

With the continued activities of the appraisers in other parts of the State following a similar vein, a storm broke at Madison. Led by the energetic Leo T. Crowley, executive counsel of Governor Schmedeman, and a member of the State banking commission, there was a roar of protest against the low appraisals of the Farm Credit Administration which brought Director Henry Morgenthau, Jr., head of the Farm Credit Administration, hot-footing it out from Washington. Meanwhile under Mr. Crowley's direction the State banking department had been making appraisals of its own on numerous parcels of mortgaged farm land upon which the Government experts had already passed. The State appraisals, made by recognized Wisconsin experts in farm values, were uniformly higher.

When Mr. Morgenthau arrived in Madison, he was shown the contrast between the State and Federal appraisals, and as a clincher, taken out to see for himself some of the farms figuring in the valuations. He visited three farms, had the reasons for the State appraisals explained to him, and returned to Madison to agree handsomely that a more liberal policy must be followed. He ordered reappraisals of some 600 farms that had already been valued by the Federal appraisers.

How did it happen that State and Federal ideas of farm values differed so widely? Let a Madison real estate man, a veteran in the handling of farm properties, explain a typical instance:

"A young fellow who used to be a school teacher, but was out of a job, qualified for a job as appraiser, and was sent to the appraisers' school that was conducted by the Farm Credit Administration, with the help of experts of the college of agriculture of Wisconsin University.

"His first job was a 150-acre farm near Madison, and he went in company with a Federal expert, who had been working for the Federal Land Bank in Illinois. It was a try-out for the ex-school teacher, with the expert along as instructor to see that he got the right answer. That evening the young fellow came to me, considerably troubled, and showed me his appraisal and that of the expert.

"Both agreed pretty well on the value of the tillable land on the farm, and of the buildings. But there was a fifteen-acre piece of woodland on the farm, and about ten acres of swamp in a pasture. My young friend explained that he had figured the woodland, since it had considerable standing timber of good size, to be worth about \$15 an acre, which was too low. A closer estimate would have been \$25 an acre, since the timber could have been sold for that on the stump. The soft, swampy pasture land, too wet for anything but cat-tails and water-weeds, the beginner had estimated as almost worthless, and put it down for \$5 an acre.

"But the Illinois expert had estimated the timber-land at only \$10 an acre, and had put the swamp-land down for \$15 an acre. I knew the place, and for a time I couldn't figure how he could be so far off. Finally it came to me that his experience was with Illinois prairie lands, where there is no standing timber, and where a swampy spot can be tilled and made tillable. He sim-

ply didn't realize that, in this part of Wisconsin, those swamps are sink-holes resulting from the glacial formation of the country. It would cost more than the whole piece was worth to lay a line of tiles to any spot which would drain it.

"The beginner, in my opinion, made a better appraisal than the expert."

**B**UT appraisals were only part of the reason why the Farm Credit Administration was unable to trade cash for the mortgages offered it by banks and distressed debtors. A potent additional reason was the nature of the bargain offered by the Farm Credit Administration to the banks after the appraisal was completed on a given piece of property.

The announced policy of the Farm Credit Administration limited loans to fifty per cent of the value of the land on any farm, plus not over twenty per cent of the value of the buildings. Present value was the way the appraisers interpreted their instructions. Present value in Wisconsin at that time meant pretty close to the bottom of the worst period which the Wisconsin farmer ever saw.

In the main, the Wisconsin farmer is a dairyman, the State leading the nation in milk, butter and cheese production. Last spring his prices were so low that thousands joined a wild milk strike, fiercely mixing it with sheriff's deputies and militia in pitched battles to prevent the flow of milk to creameries and condenseries, and so force up the price to a living basis. Naturally, valuation of his farm on the basis of his current income would not warrant a loan sufficient to clear the average mortgage, especially when the loan was limited to fifty per cent of this depreciated value, plus only twenty per cent of



the present value of the buildings. In dairy farming it is necessary to have fine big barns, expensive silos and other buildings. Ordinarily mortgages are made up to fifty per cent of the value of these important structures, as well as of the land—and this is conservative financing, too, or so it is regarded in Wisconsin.

When the loan offered on an application to refinance a mortgage reached the desk of a banker, it usually got no further. The cash proceeds, supposed to “unfreeze” the loan, were frequently almost as little as the bank could expect under foreclosure and forced sale. There being nothing attractive about such a bargain, it simply was not taken up.

“The Government is trying to re-finance the farmer with the banks’ money,” said one experienced country banker. “Slashing a bank’s assets the way they propose to do in all of the loan commitments I have seen wouldn’t help the bank. It would be more likely to close it for keeps. So naturally, the offer doesn’t help the farmer on whose land the loan is offered. The farmer and the bank will just have to worry along with things as they are, and trust to the upturn to get things straightened out, if that’s the best the Farm Credit Administration intends to do.”

The banker in question did not mention it, but undoubtedly one factor that played a part in his attitude toward the refinancing of his farm mortgages was the fact that his bank is one of the 192 which were on a deferred payment basis in Wisconsin when the Farm Credit Administration began to work. Under the usual Wisconsin moratorium plan, a restricted bank is given three to five years to pay off its depositors. With five years in which to meet

his bank’s obligations to its depositors, the banker naturally saw no reason to hurl thirty to forty per cent of his farm mortgage assets out of the window, in order to pay depositors who had signed “waivers,” and therefore couldn’t press him for their money.

Now, Wisconsin farmers are better off than their colleagues in the drouth-parched West and Northwest. They didn’t get burned out in most places, the crops are fair and the prices are not altogether hopeless. So bankers are advising farm debtors to go slowly in applying to the Farm Credit Administration for loans. The banker is under no pressure to force foreclosures, except in the case of very bad loans—and the very bad loans can’t be traded to the Government for more than foreclosure sale prices, anyhow.

Foreclosures have dwindled to a trickle in Wisconsin, it is true, but that trend began before the Farm Credit Administration got on the job. In response to appeals of President Roosevelt and Governor Schmedeman most of the courts in the State held up foreclosure proceedings to give the recovery programme a chance to show its mettle, and in the meantime the early summer rise in prices materially improved the average farm debtor’s outlook. There seemed to be a fair chance that he might pay out, so mortgage-holders were not disposed to push him. Thus, there should have been comparative peace of mind in the State throughout the summer.

Nevertheless, in mid-August, two months after the Farm Credit Administration began its Wisconsin operations, Governor Schmedeman felt it necessary to issue a new appeal to creditors and courts to hold back foreclosures. That in itself is evidence that the process of

farm debt relief was not progressing according to the highest hopes of its sponsors.

IT is not hard to understand the misconception of the problem which has stymied the Farm Credit Administration.

When the legislation creating the Farm Credit Administration was passed the nation was just beginning to recuperate from the nation-wide bank holiday which followed two years of progressive decay of the rural credit structure. Small banks had been crashing with painful frequency. The most touted cause was "frozen assets," the congealed paper being farm mortgages in most of the failures in rural regions. It seemed, and perhaps it was, vital at that time to get these farm mortgages out of the banks, not only to help the banks and their distressful depositors, but also to prevent wholesale foreclosures.

The theory at Washington, which may not have been so far out of the way at the time as it now seems, was that the banks would be eager to get rid of those undigested mortgages on almost any kind of arrangement which would realize something for their depositors. So a complicated mechanism was arranged whereby the Government, through regional rural credit associations and Federal Land Banks would revalue the properties mortgaged and bargain with the banks for a reduction of their face value. The Government would take over the "scaled-down" mortgage and give the bank cash or a bond; the farmer would be relieved of twenty to thirty per cent of his debts and would owe the rest to the Government, payable over a long term of years at low interest.

It was a pretty scheme, and it might have worked well enough if the situation had continued to be what Congress and the Administration thought it was when the legislation was passed. But along about that time Congress also passed the Agricultural Readjustment Act, designed to raise farm prices by reduction of acreage and control of marketing, and tacked to that measure the famous Thomas inflation amendment. And thereupon the situation rapidly began to become other than what Congress had conceived it to be when the Farm Credit Administration was designed. The prospect of inflation, a historic and prolonged dry spell, some lively speculation, the yeoman work of the Department of Agriculture in muscling prices upward—all started a boom in the markets which carried wheat in six or eight weeks to the highest figures for three years, from the all-time lows of early spring.

These prices didn't hold. Largely the result of crazy speculation, they had a setback in mid-summer. But they have kept about half of their gains, and the prospect of selling this year's scanty crop, and the accumulations of the 1932 crop which farmers had refused to sell, at pretty fair prices, changed the whole design. Meanwhile confidence had measurably returned, the banks began to fill up with returning deposits rather than to be pressed by the demands of frightened depositors, and the banking as well as the farm mortgage situation became much less exigent.

However, the Farm Credit Administration had been launched in a certain direction by Congress, and it continued along that line, regardless of the totally altered rural credit situation. It was set up to procure the reduction of farm indebtedness by trading cash or bonds



for scaled-down mortgages, and it has been faithfully endeavoring to accomplish that purpose. But it is the opinion of practically all well-informed Middle West observers, in those regions where the Farm Credit Administration has been longest at work, that it will not be able to make much progress until its policies have been changed to conform with the change in the general situation.

The Farm Credit Act includes a provision for the exchange of scaled-down mortgages for Federal farm loan bank bonds. For some reason this provision was not invoked in the early experience in the field. No reason has been made public, but the reluctance of the banks to accept even cash on the terms offered provides a clue. There is another one available in the form of the quotations on joint stock land bank bonds in your newspaper. These bonds are not the same as the Federal Land Bank bonds, but the extreme sourness of this type of security at the present time is probably one reason why the Land Bank bonds are not being offered. Nobody wants them.

The bonds authorized in the emergency Farm Credit Act are not United States Government bonds. They are guaranteed as to interest only by the Government. If they are not paid on maturity, Uncle Sam accepts no responsibility for the principal. It is not hard to see, after the reception accorded the offer of cash for scaled-down mortgages, why the Farm Credit Administration has not pushed the bond-exchange proposal.

It is not only banks that are interested, of course, although the bearing of the farm refinancing upon the banking situation has been heavily emphasized in all discussion of the programme. The mortgaged farmer,

seeking a refinancing loan to pay off his creditor, whether bank, insurance company or private lender, is also given consideration in the programme. But before he can reach this proffered assistance, the individual debtor must work his way through a tangle of red tape, the mere explanation of which in most cases leaves him completely befogged. More than a few farmers have given up trying to take advantage of the Government's assistance, after one hopeless glimpse of the complications imposed.

Take the matter of red tape. There must first be a local Farm Loan Association to which the individual farmer must apply for a loan to refinance his mortgage. Often there is no such association, and it takes time and effort to get one organized. But assuming that there is an association in his neighborhood, the farmer gets his application blank from the secretary, and then, according to the instructions from the Farm Credit Administration "it is necessary to have the following at hand:

- "A. Insurance policies
- "B. Tax receipts
- "C. Measurements of buildings
- "D. Financial statement
- "E. Cash to cover cost of application."

Cash to cover cost of application amounts to \$20, to cover appraisals by the local Farm Loan Association and by the Federal Land Bank. It is gone if no loan is made. The instructions do not say what happens if the insurance policies have lapsed, or if taxes have not been paid, as is not infrequently the case with a farmer in difficulties. But if he has all these things at hand, and an appraisal indicating that the loan is not too much for the Government's require-

ments, eventually a letter of commitment is sent from the Federal Land Bank, stating the amount that the bank will loan. Then the farmer, before closing the loan, must present an abstract of title brought down to date—and then “the individual applicant will be required to get creditors’ consent to scale down.”

This last is the hardest job of all, in most cases. Secretary-treasurers of district loan associations and county mediation boards are expected to help secure the creditors’ consent, but it remains a tough job for the hard-up farmer who hasn’t paid his interest or taxes.

Confronted with this series of obstacles to surmount, the farmer, unless he is pushed hard by his creditors, is likely to consider it too hard a row to hoe for such an uncertain end. At any rate up to the middle of August, only eighty-five loans had been approved by the St. Paul Land Bank, and at the end of the month it was said that no loans had been pushed beyond the commitment stage to the actual transfer of money.

WHAT will the future of the Farm Credit Administration be in the Middle West? Probably the answer depends upon the progress of the recovery effort on other fronts. Some people still expect it to begin to “click” later in the fall. Others—and these are the optimists—say it never will get going. It was designed, these hopeful ones believe, to meet a situation that has been entirely reshaped for the better since the plans and specifications were drawn up. Only disaster to the recovery programme, including the NRA, the acreage readjustment and other plans, is likely to bring that same hopeless condition of agriculture and rural banking

which was in the mind’s eye of the architects of the Farm Credit Administration last March.

“We’ve got a long way past all that now,” said a county agent who has been in touch with the situation from the beginning. “There is still room for plenty of improvement, but there has been enough of a betterment in the farmer’s condition for normal ways of thinking to begin to assert themselves. Normally, the farmer doesn’t particularly want to borrow from the Government. He doesn’t like all the red tape; the local National Farm Loan Association is something handed down to him by higher authority which is not a growth from his own soil. These associations have been authorized for years, but they never have really taken hold. The farmer still prefers to go into his country bank, or to some real estate man he knows and trusts, where he can talk the situation over and make his loan, if he needs one, with some one who will stand back of him, and with whom he is on familiar terms.

“If the Government had put a man in each locality whom the farmers knew, and authorized him to make a loan by the processes the farmer has been used to in the past, the Farm Credit Administration programme might have succeeded in refinancing a lot of loans. But the farmer is mighty suspicious of unfamiliar procedure, and he is irritated by red tape and the delays of the complicated process through the loan associations and the farm loan banks. He won’t use them unless he has to, especially now that the pressure is relaxing.

“The squeeze for foreclosures, which was the result of the banking panic last fall and winter, has abated. The banks are not now fearful of runs, and they



can see that their farm customers are in better shape. Interest and principal payments are improving. So there is no present compulsion upon the farm debtor to see the Government about a loan."

If the recovery programme fails, there may be a different story to tell. A relapse of general business and a new fall in the prices of commodities, including farm products, might start off a new wave of banking troubles and start foreclosure proceedings again in full flood. In that case, the Farm Credit Administration might find its facilities taxed to the utmost. But right now the Farm Credit Administration's millions are lying sterile in the Treasury.

That money could be very useful, if some means were found to get it into action. It would have a tremendous effect on purchasing power. A sub-

stantial increase in valuations and in the ratio of loans offered on mortgaged property would probably start things moving. But it would only do so if the Farm Credit Administration would take a chance on loaning the full face value of the mortgages, or close to it. And that would probably let Uncle Sam in for some hefty losses, since a good many of the mortgages were made at a time when prosperity was over the countryside as well as the city, and all values were on a boom basis.

The only other suggestion that one runs into, in roaming over the farming country asking what about it, is inflation of the currency. Inflation talk last spring made farm prices zoom. A lot of the farmers would like some more of it. They will be heard from when Congress meets in January.

But that's another story.



# The Hen Party

BY MALVINA LINDSAY

*This peculiarly American institution, like many others, is in need of overhauling; here are some suggestions*

FROM a social event for women only, I invariably come away weary, depressed, earthy. I have a feeling of futility, a sense of having walked in a circle. This is in a way strange, since I am not one of those feminine primitives who boast of not liking other women. I am essentially a woman's woman. Wives always warm up to me and bestow on me the dubious compliment of trusting their husbands in my hands. Women usually like me, and I usually like women—so long as I do not encounter them *en masse*.

I am far from alone in this feeling about the feminine gathering. Many staid women who are in no sense "man-crazy" have confessed to me that the teas, bridge luncheons and receptions that they attended left them singularly low in spirit and vegetative in mind. Many of these women have voiced the desire to escape all feminine social clubs and their monotonous rounds of entertainment by taking up studies or business pursuits. But either they lacked the courage to become lone wolves socially, or they had to keep up tea-party connections on account of their husbands' businesses or their daughters' future débuts.

These women and myself are doubt-

less very un-American in feeling the way we do. For the feminine social assembly is essentially an American institution. As such, it is an unfailing source of wonder to all European women visitors—with the possible exception of ex-members of Turkish harems. Latin women especially view it with amazement. I have heard French and Italian visitors repeatedly express astonishment that in a country in which men and women shared political and economic rights and freely associated with each other in business and sports there should be such pronounced social segregation of the sexes. Men's parties and women's parties! Smokers and bridge teas! How could such vapid things be possible? How could any woman endure a party at which there was no man's vitalizing presence?

More restrained surprise is expressed by English women visitors. "A most interesting social development," they term our feminine clubbing and entertaining. And no doubt a very fine one, they hastily assure us, for this association of women with each other must give housewives broadened horizons.

Theoretically it should. Perhaps in some women's clubs it does. But I doubt if the association at the bridge table, the



luncheon, the jabberfest ever truly enlarges the personalities of the women participating. Its routine is as unchanging as that of the kitchen, its concerns as materialistic and commonplace.

European men visitors, who on their flying lecture tours meet a limited number of the more intelligent American women, constantly point out the cultural superiority of the feminine populace of this country. And indeed that superiority is taken for granted generally by the women and by their husbands. There is good ground for it. More girls than boys are graduated from high school, and it is women who after marriage have the leisure and opportunity to keep up the quest for knowledge and self-development. Women are predominant as patrons of literature, art, music, drama and religion. The journalist, the book publisher, the playwright, the musician or the preacher who seeks popular success invariably addresses himself to them. In America they are apparently the high priestesses of the life of the spirit.

Consequently, we might expect that some mental elixir would be dispensed at their gatherings along with the olives and the macaroons. Those of us who have temporarily gone stale through the routine of home or office might justly look forward to finding ourselves renewed and inspirited through the clash of feminine minds, the interplay of feminine wit and intuition. We might reasonably expect new ideas to be born, new mental vistas to be opened over the teacups.

THAT we are usually disappointed is due partly to the nature of women's social events. The two most common ones, the bridge party and the tea, manifestly were not designed for sustained

or intellectual conversation. Certainly one should not expect the staccato gossip and tittle-tattle, the petty arguments and the trite humor of the bridge table to be enlightening. Certainly one should not rightfully expect any vocal contribution from bridge. For what nobler purpose was it invented than as an escape from prosy conversation?

The large tea at which one repays with one fell swoop all one's social obligations is probably the most harrowing of feminine social events. The milling crowds, the close air, the lack of seats are a few of its physical handicaps. Its mental absurdities are even more numerous. It is like a flopping jellyfish without form or direction. The hostess in her remote reception line can exercise no control on the currents of contact or thought. Her aides can only flit nervously from one guest to another muttering introductions and inanities, while their roving eyes search for weary deserters to be rounded out of window seats or easy chairs. They are reminiscent of the intrepid Russian countess of *War and Peace*, who at her soirées always moved alertly among her guests ruthlessly separating those who began to talk with animation, for fear they might be launching into subjects other than trivial.

But at the small tea or luncheon, or in the social period of the bridge party, there is nothing to hinder woman's free vocal expression, and here we may expect to see her at her best—or worst. Sometimes indeed it is her best. Who has not on rare occasions come from such gatherings buoyant with interesting ideas, alight inwardly from contact with some vital personality? But who has not more often trudged home heavy-footed, mind caked with matter and chaff?

Things, things, things—there is no end of them in the conversational buzz. Sheraton highboys, Venetian glass, clothes, permanent waves, motor cars crowd in upon one another. Mrs. So-and-So's find at the antique auction sets off a competitive boasting of possessions and genealogies. The antique field exhausted, the fur coat and the electric refrigerator take the stage. No matter how Socratic your tastes, listening to these women of property talk, you think of your bare living-room and your barer clothes closet with shame.

Even though the conversation veer temporarily from things, it never loses its materiality. If a motor trip is described, it is a Bædeker of towns, hotels, stores and acquaintances. If young mothers are present, babies' feeding schedules and antics are described minutely. If there are guests fearing obesity, the details of their diets are recounted. If the subject of illness arises, there is a contest of reminiscences of unusual obstetrical cases and gruesome operations. If the news of the day intrudes itself, there is a rehash, without sociological or philosophical leaven, of the latest newspaper scandal. When the economic situation is mentioned, there ensues a round of boasting of depression sacrifices and a babble of adolescent comment concerning recovery measures.

Personalities vie with things in most of these talkfests. So-and-So is divorced, or remarried, or the mother of twins. The husband of some other So-and-So has been transferred to Detroit and she doesn't know a single soul there. Mrs. Jones is going to have her home done over in Early American; the Smiths are going to buy a farm and commute; the Browns are moving into a family hotel. Harmless enough gossip. Yet unending and unchanging. Never a breath of

theory or fancy to give it charm or meaning.

But perhaps a group of culture hounds is assembled. Here at least we shall not have coiffures, obstetrics, reducing diets and village gossip. What then shall we have? The current plays, the current novels and inevitably the most recent lecturer. Perhaps even a book review or a round table discussion. But the woman who has gone to this gathering expectant of sincere intellectual adventuring soon finds her hopes dashed. The party, in nine cases out of ten, will degenerate into a free-for-all contest in mental exhibitionism. Some one has seen a new play. It was "wonderful." Or "rotten." Before she can elaborate, a competitor tells of seeing a better or a worse one. Mrs. Blank gets the floor and tells that she is reading such and such a new book. Before she can expatiate, a rival tells of reading a later and more erotic one. An art lover breaks in with her views on a recent exhibition. A musical lady wrests the stage from her and starts a monologue on Debussy. The conversation turns to a recent novel. Some one has met the writer or heard him lecture. He is a vegetarian, it seems, and his present wife is his third. That reminds every one of the personal eccentricities of the most recent local lecturer. The second heat of the literary relay is on.

**E**VEN though the event moves under rules, as at a round table or club luncheon, feminine exhibitionism still holds sway. Time and again have I seen a guest of honor at a literary or social gathering pushed into the background by persons who had nothing to say and who insisted upon saying it. Repeatedly have I seen a speaker who had ideas of interest to expound re-



duced to silence while chattering women related personal narratives.

In the formal luncheon or dinner, women's gatherings often reach their most fatiguing and futile development. These events are like a fourteen-course dinner at which the roast turkey is served at the end. No matter how illustrious the speaker, he—or she—is never heard until the guests have been rendered inert physically and mentally. Before the speaking can start there must be from two to half a dozen musical numbers with encores. Then the president must introduce the toastmistress, who in turn must introduce the mayor, the president of the ministerial alliance, visiting club leaders, club officers and two or three long-winded preliminary orators. By the time the main speaker gets a chance, half the audience is sidling out the door, and the other half is yawning openly. And all this because of women's overwhelming concern with the minutæ of life!

But are men any better? I can see phalanxes of feminists rise to protest that they are not. And indeed, I am willing to grant that the average club luncheon or dinner for men is a mouthy, stale affair. But even conceding that men have the right to be dull, since they lack the leisure to develop their souls, it is seldom that their meetings are as insipid as those in which women come together to pose and speechify. Men banqueters are not so self-conscious or so self-engrossed as women: nor are they so absorbed in trivialities. They can get down to the oratory with zest and dispatch. And in the later stages of a banquet, at least, they can applaud platitudes with relish and gusto. They seem to be able to let go and have a good time among themselves. But seldom do women at such events seem to be whole-

heartedly enjoying themselves. They have the air of being on parade, of being present because it is a part of keeping up with the world.

Of stag parties and smokers, it is difficult to obtain an accurate report. Many of the men attending these, view them through a rosy, alcoholic haze—a haze in which all men are brothers and many Chauncey Depews and Bernard Shaws. Perhaps one trouble with women's gatherings is that their devotees do not have this alcoholic escape. True, at some of the smarter bridge parties a woman by the end of the afternoon may reach the state of looking on her worst enemy's gown with favor. But at the average woman's gathering there is little tipping. I have never heard of a woman coming home intoxicated at the dinner hour to her hungry husband and children.

Perhaps the simplest way to improve women's gatherings would be to invite in the men. This would make the events more exhilarating to the women and also improve the conversation. For in spite of all the male prozers at large, in spite of the large number of men afflicted with anecdotitis and omniscience, I believe that the conversation of men as a whole lacks the materiality and display of women's. The competitive spirit does not dominate it. Men are more frank than women in admitting that they do not know, more naïve and sincere in approaching topics of which they are ignorant. One feels a sense of honest groping after light in their conversation, whereas with women one gets the impression of petty gods pronouncing cream puff judgment.

However, the hen party can not be made co-educational in our present economic state. It has never been a premeditated affair on the part of disgruntled

feminists, nor a deliberate device to enable wives to escape dull husbands. It is a direct outgrowth of the economic conditions that have produced leisure-time wives. This condition may change in time. Many employed wives are now carrying on as complete economic partnerships with their husbands as did their grandmothers of the prairie sod houses. As their numbers increase, the exclusively feminine gathering will decrease in power and prestige. But until that day comes, the hen party will remain the dominant social event in American life.

IF THE feminine social affair can not be displaced, however, perhaps it can be civilized and vitalized. Zealous club women or altruistic intellectuals looking for a cause to espouse could not do better than to accept the challenge it offers. These women are the self-appointed custodians of culture. Unlike their unimaginative husbands, they are not chained to factory or office schedules. They are, as European lecturers so often point out, the mental and spiritual hope of America.

What then might they do? Obviously, they can not make over Eve. But there are a few improvements they might attempt in their own circles. They might in their social conduct extend the elementary rules of etiquette to the mental realm. How many club leaders ever consider what an insult it is to a speaker, and to an audience as well, to overload programmes so that the main speaker is left at the end with limited time and exhausted listeners? How many seemingly cultured hostesses ever realize that their hospitality does not end with seeing that the sandwiches are thin enough and the tea amber enough, but that they are equally

responsible for the mental food served their guests? How many fashionable tea-goers ever reflect that it is as vulgar to air tiresome personal experiences and to prate about money and possessions as to snatch all the tea cakes off the dish?

Most of the patent conversational faults of women are founded on bad manners. It is only ignorance and thoughtlessness that causes them to discuss personal affairs known to a chosen few while strangers sit in silence; to listen with impatience and a roving eye to a person speaking; to break in on others' sentences; to fail to show a friendly interest in strangers; to accept no responsibility for steering conversation into channels of general interest; to pose and parade veneers of culture.

I realize how difficult it is to overcome these weaknesses. I have been guilty of every one of them—and undoubtedly will be again. But since on every hand education is advanced as the cure-all of the world's ills, it might be possible to eliminate eventually the outstanding *gaucheries* of the hen party. Since we can teach children not to leave their spoons in their teacups, surely we can school them not to make monologists of themselves, nor yet to sit as dull clods waiting to be entertained. Perhaps if we could find an etiquette book written by a Mary instead of a Martha, we might work some reform within ourselves.

As to the more subtle problem of putting yeast into feminine conversation, that is not entirely a matter of transforming dairymaids into feminine Oscar Wildes. It is not so much lack of brains as the perverted use of them that makes mass feminine talk so humdrum and sodden, that causes tea parties to be the same yesterday, today and forever.



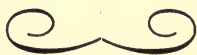
These events are predominantly material because most of feminine thought and resourcefulness is directed to that end. The stock question, "Why do people go to picnics?" and its proverbial reply, "To eat," might well be applied to the tea party. I have yet to see the woman, domestic or professional, old-fashioned or modern, who on greeting a returning luncheon or tea guest, did not voice the inevitable, "What did they have?" I have yet to hear of the hostess whose first and main thought, on deciding to entertain her club, was not, "What shall I serve?" I have yet to encounter a refreshments committee whose members did not harbor the ambition of serving better or more new-fangled food than their predecessors.

I would not be such an anæmic kill-joy as to suggest that tea-party refreshments be curtailed or abolished. Since, as a rule, we can not, like our brethren, fortify ourselves against boredom by taking a nip from a bottle, it is something to find compensation in a ravishing pear salad, or a whipped cream dessert. Personally my motto for the tea party would be: Bigger and Better Food. It is only that I am pleading for a mental menu to match the gastronomic one.

Providing that is no easy task. I am well aware that it can not be done by

passing resolutions in women's clubs. No formula can be worked out or enforced for making persons individually or *en masse* stimulating and interesting. But I am convinced that the feminine gathering could be vitalized if women would focus their attention more on its intangibles. The problem is largely one of emphasis. I suspect that the chief reason women's assemblages generally are monotonous and insipid is that for generations women have had too housewifely an attitude toward them. Let a woman decide to give a party and instantly she becomes a bustling brown hen. Let her go to one and she is a self-centred pea-fowl, her thoughts on her plumage and her nest. Her faith in a new salad, a centrepiece of flowers, a new gown or a socially prominent guest to make her party a success is as naïve and childish as is her faith in beauty shops to give her beauty.

Women in their social gatherings need to come out of the kitchen. They need to forget their eternal concern with the nut cups and to cultivate more of the worldly attitude of the mistresses of the old French salons. They need to seek more assiduously after the secret that brought the world to the garret domicile of the aging Récamier. Certainly it was not salted almonds or bridge favors.



# A New Industrial Partnership

BY HENRY C. METCALF

*The wiser conception of employer-employee relations growing out of the NRA*

“THERE is not a more accurate test of the progress of civilization than the progress of the power of coöperation,” writes John Stuart Mill in his essay on *Civilization*. To-day, in the New Deal, we are facing the test of adjusting ourselves—through coöperation—to a concrete step taken in advancing our civilization. The Recovery Act, as frankly admitted by its administrators, will be a revolutionary success or a complete failure, depending on the coöperation it gets from industrial leaders in giving employment under the prescribed conditions and in distributing money-wealth so as to increase purchasing power sufficiently to start healthy production of buyable goods and services. If it succeeds it will be because they are willing to develop within their businesses, through *organized* coöperation, socially satisfying aims and objectives in terms of human service.

Any successful business policy must be in harmony with the working convictions of those it is designed to govern. As the Recovery Act is emphasizing, we must adjust ourselves to the new conditions. Business, particularly as regards its human relations problems, must be regarded as a *whole*. The Act

is a daring and deliberately conscious effort to weld into a more wholesome and satisfying economic order the industrial system, which is now made up of a haphazard array of potentially powerful organizations within the domains of farming, manufacturing, mining, commerce, finance and credit. They can become powerful again only through coöperation and consideration for the growth of human beings, upon which industrial success in a democracy rests. President Roosevelt and his co-workers are saying, through the New Deal legislative programme, that an organization which could create our tremendous material civilization has within it the possibility of becoming the world's most constructive agency for doing good.

Inevitably—because there did not seem to be time or need for the working out of basic conditions and fundamental purposes of policy formation in the rapid and haphazard growth of our huge corporations—labor policies and employer-employee relationships are proving the point of heavy conflict in the administration of the Recovery Act. Because our moral growth was left so far behind our material growth—expressed in the inequitable distribution



of income; the increasing amount of money which, concentrated in the hands of a few, has gone into capital equipment and blind investment rather than for the purchase of usable goods; the more rapid increase of debt than of productivity and income—the crevasse between capital and labor continually widened until, with the complete breakdown of purchasing power, we all fell in, and have been groping for the rungs of a ladder on which we might climb up and out.

We are being shown that the way out is to play the game rather than to try to beat it. The Government has said to industry: "Here are fair rules of the game. It is up to you to play the game within those rules. You must recognize your employes as human beings; you must deal with them and you must leave them free to deal among themselves in coming to agreements as to how to play the game most effectively for all concerned." Our business leaders have the right, and they have been given the opportunity, to work out with their own employes scientific and human relationships, which is the only sound base for safe, continuous activity. Meeting the challenge, they are going through the purifying fire of *thinking* about their problems. They are appreciating that they must learn to think historically, scientifically and socially, and to accept and merge with their own thinking, in formulating industrial policy, the best scientific thought and planning of students of our social-economic life. Herein lies the best assurance of the enrichment of the daily lives of employer and worker alike.

The President's method is to set the stage by introducing human working conditions, wages and hours. Once things are moving—faith restored, the

people working—the big problems of reorganization, which will make permanent a safe, decent standard of living for all, can be taken care of.

THE code hearings on several of our most basic industries, particularly coal, steel, lumber, automotive and oil, clearly reveal a vital cleavage over the long-standing, unsettled issue arising between union shops, shops operating under employe representation plans and shops coming under neither of these collective arrangements. The Recovery Act is forcing the issue of the meaning in our business system of a condition of relative equality and freedom of association for all parties at interest, and the administrators seem to take the position that a constitutional representative government for each industry is required. In her extreme youth, America decided that taxation without representation was tyranny; in "the march of democracy" this principle is now spreading from the purely governmental to permeate the institutions in which we work, live and have our being.

The Recovery Act is built upon the principle of consultation, upon the idea that every group affected by industry has a fundamental, abiding interest in the industry—that it therefore has the right to a well-recognized channel for the expression of that interest. In order to focus and reduce the area of conflict, specified agencies have been set up for the settlement of differences and divergences. This is a good start in the direction of amicable adjustment of interests through consultation. Out of it is bound to develop a coöperative attitude and sentiment of mutual understanding, good will and agreement.

The trend of modern business man-

agement and the influence of the recent Federal legislation is distinctly away from secrecy. There is a growing belief that all the members of the executive staff of a corporation should be thoroughly acquainted with company plans and policies, and that every special group in an organization should share in the formulation and adoption of policies that affect them. Only as the result of such a course can the company's affairs be well understood and coördinated; and the larger the organization, the more widely scattered its units, the more necessary it is that this coördination, based upon facts and understanding, should extend to the rank and file. In fact, one of the most prevalent sources of misunderstanding, confusion and ill-will in our large companies is the failure to give the average employe a clear picture of the company's purposes and aims, particularly policies regarding labor relations.

The principle of representation is essential to the reconciliation and integration of the best in our philosophy of individualism and the more democratic way of life upon which we are entering. Our industrial progress rests primarily upon the principle of personality, upon the unique value of human quality, inventions, skill, initiative, courage. Personality is essentially a social problem; it comes from sharing; it depends upon a process which is reciprocal in its effects. This principle of personality growth, of coöperation in industry, demands the promotion in business of machinery for better human relations between employers, employes and the public. It implies the right conditions for the development of the individual through reasonable freedom to take part in the whole gamut of business problems which affect him.

Has the New Deal not forced us all into new positive economic relationships? Is there not inherent in the Recovery Act complete reversal of our former capital-labor relationships? Are we not moving in the direction of making wages a fixed overhead charge, and interest and profits the variable? If we think fundamentally, the new measures force us to face the long-time unsettled disputes, which Mr. Tugwell has so ably discussed in his volume on *Industrial Discipline*, between wages and dividends; between dividends and expansion; between expansion and wages; and between wages-dividends-expansion and price to consumers. The employer-employe conflict over collective negotiative issues goes much deeper than the problems of managerial technique. We come up against the whole problem of equity in wealth distribution.

For twenty years or more there has been a growing antagonism in our business system between the regular trade union leadership, headed by the American Federation of Labor and strongly supported by the railroad brotherhood chiefs, and a group of powerful industrialists who have inaugurated employe representation plans, commonly called "company unions." The Act is now forcing answers to the following questions:

(1) Must employers, as members of an industrial association, or as individuals, recognize trade unions and enter into collective arrangements with them, if they have not heretofore done so?

(2) If they do not enter into trade union collective bargaining, and—as in the case of steel, oil, and automotive—they are stoutly opposed to the trade union methods, must they establish employe representation plans?



(3) Do the workers want independent trade unions or company unions?

(4) Are the independent unions forcing workers to join, or are they being pressed to affiliate with the company unions?

We have at the present time approximately four million laborers under the trade union banner, and probably a million and a half under the employe representation plans. In dealing with these organized workers, the first step is for business executives to be convinced of the necessity of establishing the principle of equality.

LIKE most business institutions, trade union procedure combines weaknesses with its strength and virtue. Employers are inclined to shy from trade union collective agreements because of the internal craft disputes, violations of collective agreements, the sympathetic strike, limitations to the introduction of technical improvements, control over apprentices, amounts of work and production standards, as well as corruption, intrigue, irresponsibility and racketeering.

Perhaps the most serious shortcoming of collective bargaining is that up to the present time it has concerned itself almost exclusively with the distribution of a portion of the income from the productive process. Unions have been compelled, under our individualistic system, to give first concern to gaining a livelihood, and in this struggle they have been too largely militant organizations. Unions have been primarily bodies of workers forced together by adverse conditions to protect and forward their interests as consumers. Their weapon has been the strike and, as always on a rising market, they are now making use of their prerogative. This,

unfortunately, has deflected union leadership and employe interest from the no less important problem of careful production.

But, admitting these weaknesses in the existing trade union procedure, collective bargaining, from the business point of view, does call for some organization of workers on an industry-wide basis as the agent for voicing employe sentiment and desire in relation to industry-wide problems. The Recovery Act's guarantee to employes that they may organize free from interference by their employers is a reiteration of the recognition of the civil rights of the workers. Labor has long pleaded for such recognition.

Potentially, where the situation is sound, collective bargaining has decided elements of business value. If the leadership is able, honest and responsible; if the company has a majority of its employes in the union; if competing companies are, through employers' associations, so controlled as not to create too wide a differential in unit costs; and if employer and union leadership has the vision and the courage to undertake joint control of measured production standards and means of securing worker interest, not only in quantity but quality of production, there are real advantages in dealing with trade unions. The joint use of job analyses and of standards of measured production is the bedrock on which the entire process of collective bargaining under the codes should be based. An incalculable business value will be found in gradually shifting the interests and points of view from issues centring primarily in workers' rewards to those of production—thus increasing the amount of income that may be distributed to all.

Collective bargaining under the

codes should be considered from the point of view of equalizing employer-employee bargaining power; of carrying on negotiative dealings with one responsible organization directed by competent leadership; of protecting employers themselves against a tendency to cut and economize in the easiest but often, in the long run, the costliest ways; of discretion in handling employment problems over wide competitive areas, involving large differences in living costs and conditions—such as between the North and the South in the textile industry; of classifying job and craft standards and titles; and in creating industry-wide conditions under which employees' interest, initiative and loyalty in production and in financial and non-financial incentive payments may be safely manifested. The major shortcoming of collective bargaining does not emanate from its basic principles but rather from its limited extension, vision and leadership.

THE term "employee representation" should be restricted in its use to an organized method of joint dealing between the management of a company and representatives selected from among *its own employees*. The term is commonly confused with many activities, such as work councils, shop committees, employee associations, "company unions," collective bargaining. During and since the War, employee representation has become one of the most powerful developments in American industry. There are now in the neighborhood of three hundred corporations operating such plans, including approximately 800 units. Very few of these plans have been abandoned and several new ones have been recently established. Many of them have had a continued, cumula-

tively effective history, and have proved a powerful instrument in helping reduce conflicts to an impersonal basis and to bring the parties at interest close together in friendly and fair contacts. They have been clearly a step in the direction of coöperation and in developing a satisfied working force giving maximum service.

Employee representation is functionally a logical and essential element in the plan of organization which industry is slowly developing—a plan by which in each administrative area and on each administrative level the process of executive direction and control is tempered by representative deliberation and active, informed consent. It promises to become an integral part of the structure of the copartnership plan which the Recovery Act now holds out so much promise of developing.

A careful study of the conditions prevailing in an industry must precede the introduction of an employee representation plan if it is to operate successfully. And it goes without saying that successful operation presupposes on the part of management a sincere, genuine and liberal determination of fair and joint dealing; consideration with the workers, from the start, of the details of the plan; willingness to provide in the plan for specific joint bodies with actual powers of negotiation over terms of employment; and a willingness to follow through, no matter in what direction or how far the representation may lead, along the democratic pathway. Further, for the best results from employee representation, there must be preparation for a careful check-up or periodic audit, for measuring the progress of the plan—to determine whether it is succeeding; whether the operating procedure is adequate; whether both



management and workers are making full, wise use of the plan; and whether the plan's operation is really promoting the desired harmonious relations between management and workers.

There are two important, fairly distinct, although interrelated, aspects of the employe representation movement which management should clearly bear in mind: using the plan as an *administrative* technique for the conduct of the collective affairs of the industry; and using it as an *educational* medium, which may well become the more important of the two. In their beginnings, the employe representation plans were largely understood and used as machinery for the settlement of disputes. A statistical measurement of the procedures and results obtained in these plans, however, shows a growing diminution of the time devoted to the settlement of grievances and increase of effort in the way of education and policy determination—in determining fair rates of pay, work periods, wholesome working conditions; in working out job analyses; in taking part in cost reduction problems; in developing safety and health measures; in helping establish and work out sound suggestion systems; in establishing sound educational and training courses, bringing out leadership and responsibility among workers; in fact, in all matters directly affecting employer-employe human relationships. They have a sobering influence over radical tendencies; they offer possibilities of great stimulus to production; they may relieve management of many burdensome details; they are a definite source of *esprit de corps*, which arises from factual and discriminating understanding. Satisfactory relations in industry today involve reciprocal obligations and require reciprocal responsibilities.

Representation plans develop on both sides a sense of self-respect, dignity and reciprocal obligation.

Employe representation plans, too, have their limitations. But they must not be expected to do what they are not designed for. In contrasting the advantages and disadvantages of employe representation and trade unions, it should be clearly borne in mind that employe representation plans are distinguished from trade unions by two main characteristics: they have always been initiated by management, which makes their life precarious in that management may end them at will; and their employe membership has always been confined to a single corporation and is not compulsory within the corporation. They are not plans for handling those broad and complicated problems which require industry-wide action, such as child labor, hours, wages and working conditions; and competition with low living standards, with companies operating with inadequate cost records, with chiseling, adulteration, misbranding, and with companies having different marketing costs.

But if the principle of joint conference brings better understanding and more amicable relations within an individual company, is it not logical to conclude that the same principle may be applied as between workers and managers within industry as a whole? It is at this point that our industrial government reveals its immaturity, its timidity and its inadequacy—and that the collective bargaining of national trade unions enters the picture. As a matter of sound management strategy, executives should face the fact that it is as important to give national representation and voice to employes' as to employers' interest on industry-wide issues.

The lack of such provision in employee representation plans is one of their serious limitations.

Employee representation plans confined to shop organizations only are not a technique which can deal with employers on a basis of equal bargaining power. Our modern large-scale corporations, with their stupendous financial resources, trained executive leadership, and long association with other employers in the industry, have decided advantages, when it comes to bargaining, over their own employees, even though the latter are nominally acceded bargaining power through employee representation.

Progressive managements in the United States operating under employee representation plans are willing to admit that, in order to prevent management from overreaching and undermining its own best interests, there is need for leadership and spokesman-ship from among the employees to deal with management on an industry-wide basis. Such leaders must be specially trained for the job. They must have knowledge of the conditions of the entire industry in the shops, of general labor conditions, of market and finance; ability to present their case effectively; and a backing that will remove all fear of possible prejudice to their job. A high executive officer in one of our nation-wide industries, which for twenty years has been operating under one of the most satisfactory employee representation plans, admitted to me recently that he believed it would be good policy to allow employee representation groups, if they feel that it would be to their best interests, to have an expert, selected from among their own ranks or from outsiders, to represent them.

Is employee representation not bring-

ing us as a stepping stone in the evolution of coöperation to collective dealings on an industry-wide basis under employers' trade associations? May it not, therefore, work out a more rounded partnership with trade union collective bargaining, and these two methods of integrating employer-employee relations prove to be complementary in essence and not opposed in function?

THE trade association policies on labor issues have likewise been, as a rule, defensive and repressive, and often, from the personnel and labor relations point of view, have done more harm than good. Under the operation of the Recovery Act, however, there is a new challenge to broaden the functions of national trade associations and make them a powerful, constructive influence affecting the labor policies of their members.

The first question of interest to the trade association leaders, under the Recovery Act, is how far they shall be a party on a national scale to collective bargaining with national labor organizations. There is nothing in the Act telling employers that they must have national labor agreements, and up to the present time the national trade associations have, as a rule, not been disposed to assume the responsibility of working out collective agreements for their industries.

Under the Recovery Act, the trade associations have a unique opportunity for constructive action in matters which affect facility of employment and industrial reorganizations, in helping stabilize employment by keeping adequate records, statistics for their trade as a whole, and counseling individual members in guiding their own production and sales quotas. It will be up to the



trade associations to direct into constructive channels problems of production, orders, shipments, inventories and matters of correlation between productivity and effective demand, all of which hinge upon labor problems.

One of the most effective instruments trade associations can employ in improving labor relations is uniform cost systems. The installation throughout all industries of a uniform cost-keeping system is a basic condition of guaranteeing a company's ability to pay decent living wages, work reasonable hours and to compete at a level where the exploitation of the workers will not become the basis on which new business must be secured. Sound personnel policy must be predicated in every company upon the basis of its ability to base its prices on known, legitimate costs. One of the most hopeful aspects of the Recovery Act is the promise of its ability to control and eliminate weak marginal producers who in the past have so disastrously undermined labor standards. This situation was tragically revealed in the recent strike in the New York clothing industry.

There is no doubt that, in the drafting and administration of the codes, trade associations will increasingly be called upon to give consideration to difficult labor problems—to help further the science and art of personnel administration, to function as an educational medium in relation to improved labor relations, and to help further sound relations in governmental bodies on the commercial, legal, mechanical and la-

bor aspects of the industry's problems. Through its trade associations, under the terms of the Recovery Act, industry is given a greater opportunity and challenge than ever before to cooperate with government in bringing about wholesome working conditions and relations. In order that our labor forces, with their unlimited potential powers, may be deflected from the temptation of using political machinery to bring about their desired ends, the trade association must become a conscious instrument in the hands of employers in building up a mutuality of employer-employee interests and of turning labor-leadership and strength into industrial progress.

The operations of the Recovery Act to date make it clear that there is in the meaning of the act a necessity for the maximum degree of nation-wide organization on the part of both employers and workers in each industry in the eventual and indispensable building up of a sound and democratic structure of industrial government. This is the core of the President's copartnership idea, as revealed in the New Deal. Progress, the true test of cooperation, will have been made when employers become convinced that collective bargaining properly conducted is one of the essential next steps in restoring interest in work, creating a sense of self-respect and human dignity in the workers and in educating managers as well as managed into their respective responsibilities for a productive industrial system.



# Gullah *versus* Grammar

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

*From South Carolina comes a hint for the universal language*

OUR passion for the printed word, consuming as we do billions of papyrus feet each minute, has given the language-twisters several centuries of rampant license. Result: writing has become as narcotic, immoderate and confused a pursuit as reading.

Those dusty fellows, the grammarians, have cumulatively made jig-saw puzzles out of sentences and Henry-Jamesisms out of paragraphs. No doubt they started out to be helpful. Not many readers in any age are literate. Such groups as the Latinists, therefore, deemed it vital to be explicit, to blazon arrows of tense, mood, gender, person, case and number throughout the maze, that we might stumble our way to light at the end of a sentence.

The trouble is that the thing became a game. Enthusiasts developed. "If we made the maze more complicated," they reasoned, "we could devise more arrows." This, in brief, is the history of English composition, and our neighbor tongues have fared no better.

A desperate modern desire for clarity, as ideas and expression grow more complex, has led bold souls to pioneer for simpler English. Profane agencies, to wit, thriller magazines and tabloid newspapers, have initiated in the gutter a glorification of monosyllabicness that

may result in wholesome academic reform when it filters up. The world progresses thus by capillary attraction. As to sentence construction, however, be not yet encouraged. The degree to which writers of English have clung to the subjunctive were indeed painful to contemplate!

Grammar is like government bureaus; you can add on but it seems impossible to take away. One result of this labyrinthine maze has been to widen steadily the gap between written and spoken language. Perennial schools of writers, swimming against the age-long current, have sought to impose on literature the vulgar vocabularies of the moment. They do not realize that the evil lies not so much in words (though books give us thousands we do not need) as in grammar.

THE simplest ("Most corrupt!" it comes a cry) form of English spoken is the Gullah dialect of the coastal counties of South Carolina. It is very soothing to one reader in the academic tradition but who has often suspected that we have too much language and fifty times too much grammar.

The *ne plus ultra* of combined economy and effectiveness in speech occurred in a response by a Gullah fisher-



man to a white man's question. The Negro had been across Peedee River's yellow bosom, seeking trout in the tangle of abandoned ricefield ditches that spread for a hundred thousand acres.

"Which way did you go today?" Three men, eyeing a string of beauties ranging to five pounds apiece, waited intently for the reply.

The Negro thought deeply. Tense pauses punctuated his answer. During those pauses he traveled again the route he had covered. At each utterance the mind of the listeners, moving with the speaker's mind, shot a flimsy boat around a corner from one reedy canal to another.

What the Negro said was:

"I went—soh—en' soh—en' soh—en' soh!"

All four men arrived.

"Ah," sighed one, "that would be Stand Twenty, on Birdfield!"

"Yassuh," agreed the fisherman. "Da's right! Da's right!"

True, there was some common knowledge here, but which of us who writes refrains from setting down a word merely because the reader already knows what we are saying!

It is in the field of grammatic economy that the Gullah surpasses. Professor Reed Smith, of the University of South Carolina, has pointed out the superabundant utility of the sentence: "E see um." Usually contracted to "E shum," or "Shum," it means, according to Professor Smith, he, she or it sees or saw her, him, it or them. I can assure this authority, who apparently did not want to strain his readers' credulity, that the expression, unchanged, denotes also the future tense:

"You t'ink 'e see Jedus?"

"When 'e get Heaben, 'e see um."

Chalmers S. Murray, Edisto Island correspondent of the *Charleston News and Courier*, whose work has been brilliant and sustained in the recording of Gullah language and folklore, assures me that he has never known a case in which a Negro, using this clipped speech, has failed to make his meaning clear.

Professor Smith gives the further example of the sentence: "Uh yeddy (heard) um but uh ent shum." This has sixty-four interpretations and if each of the *uh's* is changed to 'e the sixty-four can be multiplied by three and that total again tripled.

"This way lies poverty of speech!" the anguished pedant will complain. The truth is, it doesn't. The Gullah is a voluble person. He has an imagination like a kaleidoscope and a sense of euphony. Both these traits lead to a fondness for words. All the Gullah asks is that the word really say something, and not be superfluous.

From the West African that was his forefathers' speech, this unique American has preserved such useful words as *nyam*, meaning to eat (also I eat, you eat, he eats, they have eaten, will eat, etc.); *buckra*, meaning white man ("one of encompassing power," the Efik, *mbkara* might be translated); *goober* (from the Kisikongo, *nguba*) meaning peanut; *cooter* (from the Mandingo, *kouta*) meaning turtle, and *oule* (from the Umbundu, *oluliso*) meaning a pestiferous insect. *Oonah* or *yoonah*, which is Gullah for *you*, *ye-your*, stems from the *enu* or *yenu* of Umbundu and the *yeno* of Kisikongo, corrupted by the *Ilou* of Mandingo or the English form itself! Through Gullah at least one African word has won a permanent place in English: *yam* for sweet potato. The Umbundu

calls it *unyambo*; the Vai *jambi*, and the Wolof, *nyambi*.

The Gullah makes words of his own, too. Most Southerners are familiar with *biggity*, which means self-important, conceited. It has spread as far west as Texas. An equally felicitous coinage is *peruckity*, applied to a man who is unreasonable, arbitrary or unjust. To be sympathetic is to be *feel-ingable*. An inspired Gullah, viewing for the first time the tall blue heron, with his hungry-looking neck and cadaverous legs, murmured "Po'Jo" and Po'Jo the bird has been ever since.

Frequently two English words are welded to create a compound so fitting that only an economist in language could achieve such wealth. An example is *dusk-daark* (the Gullah's "dark" might be rendered phonetically as "dairk" except that he accords the word two syllables). *Dusk-daark* means that hushed, nearly black moment between the twilight and clear stars. A homelier product of Negro word-making is *short-patience*. "Doan' short-patience me" means "Don't lose your temper with me" or, conversely, "Don't make me lose my temper." Here, having long since disposed of the tense and number of our verbs, we throw out the window the distinction between their subjective and objective intent. Happy language!

IN HIS very free adaptation of those English words that strike his fancy, this Low Country Negro, with his face that glistens like old mahogany and his secret mind, hid from the white man like an Oriental's, leans always to lingual virility. The word *throw*, for instance, he finds a preferable substitute for less active verbs. "What you goan trow on me?" he asks for "What are

you going to give me?" To sew lace around the hem becomes "to trow lace roun' tail" of a dress. Chalmers Murray, asking directions of a Negro, received this advice: "Hug de 'ood on yo one side and trow de fiel' on yo right han'." Nouns become verbs if they are strong ones, such as *t'ief* for steal, and *pleasure*. "I d'go town foh pleasure myse'f," a young buck informed me; and when I asked a mother the cause of her baby daughter's death, she drooped her head and answered: "E pleasure 'ese'f too much in de sun." To loosen one's tongue in conversation is to "onrabble 'e mout'," and if one says nothing "'e ain' crack 'e bre't'." A shrewish woman, a virago, is a *clap-hat-bitch*. Poverty of tongue, indeed!

Suggestion, through phonetic association or otherwise, often brings about a vivid change in the English original. Peach marmalade becomes *peach omelet*; cauliflower, *curly flower*; sweet alyssum, *sweet religion*; nutmegs, *nuttin-aigs*; the Sabbath (because servants are accorded the afternoon off) *Saa'bant* or *Servant's Day*. Stark-naked evolves, patly, into *staa't-naked*—as naked as when you started life.

Endowed with a nature that veers between poetry and moralizing, the Gullah is prolific in the formation of proverbs and adages. The moralizing, as often as not, is more pagan than Christian, Epicurean (in the popular misconception of that word) rather than Antonine. Stepping to the rear of the great live-oak park at Arundel Plantation, on Peedee, I entered a cabin, to negotiate a transaction concerning worms for perch, and to pass the time of day. The lord of this minor manor was half-way through an enormous porringer of black-eyed peas and



salt meat. I insisted that he proceed. As he drew near the bottom of the earthen vessel—I estimated it held well over half a gallon—he paused a brief moment before the magnitude of the task. Summoning determination, he drew a deep breath; forked the remaining bit of green shoulder; spooned the last detachable morsel; contrived with bread-crust a triumphant mopping-up, like marines in a shell-hole.

"How do you manage to eat so much?" I asked in uncontrollable wonder.

"Better de belly d'bus," he informed me sententiously, "dan good bittle d' waste."

Gullah proverbs are sometimes humorous, sometimes wise: "T'ief is bad, but t'ief en' ketch is de debbil" (To steal is bad, but to steal and be caught is the devil). "Mos' kill buhd (bird) doan mek soup." "Ef yo play wid puppy, 'e lick yo face." "Yaller dog en' po buckra (low-class white man) walk de same paat'."

There is poetry, too, in this maker of language. Adjuring a boy to be courageous, a Gullah says, "Lay down yo mammy haa't (heart) en' tek up yo daddy haa't." The spirituals of Negro origin are rich with lines like, "De peace dat aboun's lak a rivuh." A delicate child is called a *Come-see*. The child

has come to the world, indecisively, to see whether or not it wishes to stay.

But grammar—tense, mood, person, number, gender, case—the Gullah will have none of them. Contact with the white man has loaded him with a variety of pronouns, but he is not enslaved by the Caucasian's intricate placing of them. Professor Smith cites a visit to the office of a masculine attorney in Georgetown. "She is out," announced the black office boy, "e yent come back, not yit; him soon will." Satisfyingly informative!

Perhaps in this riotous disregard of grammar, this insistence on conveying ideas through the key words in the sentence, lies a vital hint for those who desire to bring about a universal language. Surely we need one. Then Old Golds could be sold, by radio, around the world, and Hollywood pictures would regain that ubiquitous empire that was theirs in the era of unraucous pantomime. Three or four hundred virile words, interchangeable as nouns or verbs and scornful of the grammarian's tables, could be agreed upon; to that nucleus would attach the irresistibly needful from each of the divers tongues that Babel willed us. Every student who has ever struggled with the irregular verbs that make French a horrendous language will cheer at the thought.



# The "New" Eugene O'Neill

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

*With the help of George M. Cohan he sets a legend tottering*

COMMENTARY on Eugene O'Neill and his plays has piled up to an amazing proportion in the twenty years he has been writing. It must be amusing to him—since by the evidence of his new drama, *Ah, Wilderness*, we are given testimony that he has a sense of humor—that we have allowed ourselves to get into a mood regarding him which is akin to the mood he has shown regarding the world in general, yet which, we are now assured, is not the entire mood of the man. Each of his plays, as it has appeared upon the stage, has been taken with a certain finality as to the tone and temper of O'Neill himself. We have dotted with red pins the map of his personality, perfectly willing to add to the accumulation of his darker characteristics, until the fever chart resulting from our interest in him looks rather ridiculous in the moonlight of his recent display of gentleness.

In the development of O'Neill, the commentators have sought to show that his stormy nature, his rebellious soul have followed a consistent path across the seas of his quandaries. His friends have been content to explain this stormy passage by picturing the wild, reckless, burning intensity of his nature. None of them has been overeager to give us

the lighter vein, however well they knew him. On one side there has grown up the popular impression of a turbulent, morose, unhealthily sensitized being; and on the other there is persistent a legendary O'Neill who has every reason for being legendary because of the melodramatic experiences which have been his at sea and in South America, and which have carried him meteorically across the background of his forty-five years of existence. He bears the marks of them to this day.

We have interpreted his storm and stress period as being out of the ordinary, exceptional. *Ah, Wilderness* refutes this impression by showing us a boy—ostensibly 'Gene, the boy remembered—who typifies the normal awakening to the common urge of life in a highly strung nature. The only difference between O'Neill and the average mortal, subject to the same series of wonderments, is that O'Neill, the artist—and he is always that—has become eloquent over his own unfolding, and has questioned aloud the problems with which he has been confronted. It is this very habit of questioning that has held audiences in fascination—the peculiar fascination to be found in the subsidiary dialogue of *Strange Interlude*.

To say that Eugene O'Neill has



fumbled for life in a series of highly colored melodramas is not to belittle his ability as a dramatist, but to recognize in this ability its limitations. But the melodrama which he has resorted to on all occasions may be a measure of his wisdom as a dramatist, and may be a token of his recognition that he has a rendezvous with his audience as well as with the depths of the turbulent souls who serve as the characters of his story. O'Neill's art has always been restless; his hand, not uniformly skilled, has persistently burrowed beneath the network of subconscious yearnings and reactions, and he has sought to utter the unexpressed thoughts of our inner life in conflict. The reason why he has been an interesting artist, whose every play has served as a challenge to curiosity is that he has boldly set forth—on a none too easy path of his own choice—to find new ways for expressing the unexpressed of inward desire. In an effort to make his characters reveal themselves, he has experimented with masks to represent psychological states of mind; he has written dialogue *sub rosa*, *sotto voce*, as a means of indicating double mental states.

It is difficult for one to live down popular impressions. Such impressions have ruined many an actor who otherwise might have attempted new lines of effort; such impressions have stunted many a writer's claim to diversity and originality. This has not been Eugene O'Neill's trouble, for he has consistently and persistently walked alone, fearing for none of the consequences that might befall him so long as he satisfied his urge to create, and felt the rightness of his method. His independence has had its disquieting effect upon him as a dramatist. He hasn't paid too particular attention to the delicacies of

dramatic technique. He hasn't cared whether, as in *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, his psychology squared with ethnological facts concerning the white and black races. But one does not ask that an emotional playwright be scientifically correct, so long as he is broadly effective. If such exactitude were required in drama, where would Ibsen have been in his handling of heredity? Nor has O'Neill paid close attention always to what is human, else in *Desire Under the Elms* he would never have written into the play a scene to prove the intensity of illicit love in a mother who is willing to murder her baby as proof of her passion. Proportion and consistency have never been Eugene O'Neill's sterling characteristics.

But that he has been concerned with such problems, that he has interpreted his job as playwright in terms of intense questioning from the very start of his career, have given him a position in the American Theatre above all others who had gone before him. Never before had our drama dealt with such approaches toward life. Broadway wondered and was hypnotized after *Beyond the Horizon* introduced his name to sophisticated audiences; Europe became interested. And O'Neill took position soon after *The Emperor Jones* and *Anna Christie* first heralded him abroad with Whitman and Poe. It was this quick acceptance, brought about by the challenge which independence invites, that quickly accumulated the pile of ill-assorted commentary over which—now that we are assured O'Neill has always had a sense of humor—he must smile, if perhaps a little bitterly.

THE legendary O'Neill, whom all writers feel it necessary to stress, is flamboyant, impulsive: we see him a

vagabond, a rebel, wandering the shore-lines of the underworld, his burning eyes taking in the dregs of humanity found at the Sailor's Opera Café at Buenos Aires, his frail person wandering among the rough derelicts who frequented Jimmy the Priest's saloon on Fulton Street in lower New York. Out of the welter of a sea experience, from which his Glencairn cycle came separately, O'Neill returned to the conventional life. But never in his early career was he a willing follower of the conventional life. He got into riots at Princeton, gaining the distinction of throwing a beer bottle through a window in Woodrow Wilson's house. He barnstormed as an actor in a tabloid version of *Monte Cristo*, with his famous father, James O'Neill; he reported for the local paper at New London, Connecticut, and there fell to writing the kind of verse customarily expected in a newspaper column. It would have been inconsistent if such a rebellious nature had invited unqualified sympathy from a father reared in the old school. But *Ah, Wilderness* bears evidence that the father pictured therein as compassionate if not wholly understanding must be the shadow of his own parent. James O'Neill was wise in heeding the advice of others as to his gifted son. "He used to think I was just crazy," are Eugene O'Neill's exact words on the subject.

The settling down process which James O'Neill most desired for his son was different from that which the son most desired. There followed a period of serious illness, with traces of consumption, and, in the feverish excitement of the moment, a rapid dashing off of one-act play after one-act play during the recuperation that followed. And then two things happened: O'Neill

went to Harvard to study under Professor Baker, and James O'Neill put his hand in his pocket and drew out enough money to pay for his son's first published volume, now so prized among collectors, the volume of plays called *Thirst*.

So was begun the rather circuitous route around queer quarters of the world toward Provincetown, Massachusetts, where a little theatre was built upon a wharf and was presided over by such moving spirits as George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell. When O'Neill entered the portals of that makeshift theatre, he had found port at last—dramatic port at least. When *Bound East for Cardiff*, his first produced play, was given at Provincetown, "the tide was in, and washed under us and around, spraying through the holes in the floor." So reads theatre history.

From this early experience O'Neill emerged, a not too prepossessing figure. George Jean Nathan confesses that his morbidity showed in every line of his face, tell-tale lines that indicated the hard life he had been through; his hand shook, his nerves were rasped, his resentment mounted high. The problems of *The Hairy Ape* were disturbing his mind. This impression which the public seized upon was aided by the peculiar quality of his one-act sea pieces. Wherever he had sailed, there he found waiting him the germ of a character, the plot of a play, the source of a legend or superstition. An American liner gave him Yank; Jimmy the Priest's saloon gave him Anna Christie and her father. Every one he came in contact with was swept into his mind. From an incident under his observation came the suggestion for *Beyond the Horizon*; from a Haitian story he heard was drawn the substance of *The Emperor Jones*.



It is not unusual for an artist thus to draw from facts and fancies presented to him. Certainly O'Neill was not more susceptible to such picturesque influences than John Masefield, whose youthful experiences as a seaman duplicated those of O'Neill, and resulted creatively in such incomparable work as *Dauber*, and such a vigorous narrative poem as *The Widow in the Bye Street*. But the wildness, the disgruntled atmosphere of O'Neill's one-acters served to heighten the legendary portrait of the man.

There are some, like Nathan, who believe that O'Neill has come definitely out of his own wilderness into a calmer life; that henceforth he will show a more peaceful and yielding grace. But, just as one swallow does not make a summer, so one sentimental play does not make a sentimentalist. At thirty, O'Neill captured the sea that had lured him on adventure away from the surroundings chafing his youthful spirit; at forty-five he reaches back for his youth in fond recollection. In between these years, there surged the spiritual doubts of his mind, and those bitter attacks on Puritan stultification, which saturate his most important plays. Through those darksome characteristics he won his fame, he commanded world attention.

He became a wild sojourner among tortured souls, as he had been a constant companion of the lower strata of society. And he began writing of the one as he did of the other. He felt himself free to do as he desired. He was subject to no dictation; independent of theatre fashion since he didn't expect anything of the theatre; evolving himself with no artistic restraint, but always looking for new ways rather than easy ways which were subject to no rules of drama-

turgy—Baker's course had small impress upon him—and later showing himself a ready follower of Jung and Freud. All the while, his morbidity and resentment increased in him, consumed him—a morbidity so easily begotten of constant contemplation of abnormal conditions, a resentment so easily deepened by brooding on social inequalities and injustices. It is this portrait—which we have held in mind and to which we were becoming accustomed—that now has been challenged.

OF COURSE, at forty-five, one is supposed to become wiser, to take more calmly the frustrations and weaknesses of life. We have seen O'Neill fight loyally for his intentions, and then grow out of his convictions, thus becoming a critic of himself. Only recently, he declared that their murky incompleteness would prompt him, were he able, to lose completely such of his dramas as *The First Man*, *Gold*, *Welded* and *The Fountain*. But even in his morbidity he has always been a man of enthusiasms and so, in the same breath which consigned his inferior work to forgetfulness, he asserted, still in the thrall of the mask craze which was begun in the expressionistic play, *The Hairy Ape*, that he would like to produce most of his plays with masked actors.

We have, as I have said, become accustomed to an O'Neill far different from the man who wrote *Ah, Wilderness*. In all of his work we have witnessed a dramatist thinking aloud nervously and sometimes violently. Both his technique and thinking have been untutored. They have had to be threshed out at the expense of the audience, but they have been challenging and vital and oftentimes eloquent.

Digging into life, O'Neill's scalpel has not been kind, has left raw edges; he has often cut away more than was necessary; he has not known quite what he was after. Because of his uncertainty he has often fallen into the error of repeating himself. His plays are evidence of his proneness to pile agony upon agony. This eager searching on his part has resulted in a nervous reaction from his audiences. The truth is that in the majority of O'Neill's dramas, there has been evident more curiosity on his part than steady penetration to a clearly seen end. Dramatically, he starts with an idea, intending to see it through, but he often wanders because he sees it through and through. Having raised his situations to the point of emotional tension, his climaxes are followed by anti-climaxes; there is always a tendency toward disintegration of the emotional effects he has gained. An excellent example in drama of clear perception in two contrary directions is Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean* where, in one play, the Emperor Julian is converted to Christianity, and in the second play he is shown in apostasy. But, in *Strange Interlude*, the second half of this unnecessarily long play is detrimental to the satisfying end of the first part.

Most of O'Neill's dramas leave the direct road of simplicity, and tread deep water in an overpowering desire to explore the inner life. We have had evidence in his plays that he can be simple. But *Ah, Wilderness*—a village fable, laid in the time that he himself was adolescent—is the first example of sustained simplicity he has shown in a play. And it might almost be said that he has overdone it. The characters are often made to linger to no purpose, just as Nina, in *Strange Interlude*, often talks

to no great purpose. The most organic ending O'Neill has reached thus far is in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. One might with justification say that in *Ah, Wilderness* there is excess moonlight, there is excessive lingering on sweetness, there is excessive adolescent surging. And the curtain falls on the suggestion of sentimental security. I do not believe this was O'Neill's intention: the impression may have been due to the overstressed tenderness of the acting, or to the want of pruning in the text.

In a theatre of compromises—and the American theatre has been that for many years—O'Neill has flashed with eager stride. His has been the encouraging energy that has spurred other dramatists to more ambitious work. In the portrait of him we have drawn from his plays, it is true, as Nathan has tersely remarked, that "his eyes scan a great world, his ears catch the sardonic counterpoints to the deceptive motifs of human hearts, his ideas smear themselves across canvases of heroic size." There is something heroic and almost legendary in the progress of Eugene O'Neill. That is why an otherwise commonplace drama like *Ah, Wilderness* impresses us unexpectedly with its lyric simplicity, even though it is couched in a prose that isn't any too distinctive. It is not heroic, it is realistic: such is the background for its ecstatic moments. By contrast with the more complicated gropings of his other plays, it is almost the *a-b-c* of drama, dealing with the *a-b-c* of life.

O'Neill looms before us, however, in heroic size. His swift progress across the theatre horizon has left a streak of light in European skies; his plays have dropped with unexpected novelty upon European stages. He has conquered Berlin, Paris and London; he has been



seen in Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Russia and the Scandinavian countries. He has become a world figure, and, in consequence, he deserves to stand the first figure in American drama. For his presence we have been vociferously thankful. In his formative period, O'Neill was overpraised by his ardent admirers; and he has won out against such a handicap. In the same manner he has won out against prejudice and against police surveillance of his morbidity.

Honors have been showered upon him. Bronze busts have been made of him. And never once in this evolution has he reached for a thing. He has broken through the conventional barricade of the theatre, and the managers have come suing at his door; he has conquered the staid conservatism of the Metropolitan Opera House; he has a public that thrills over the slightest speculation as to what he will next attempt in the way of a play. Already, the appearance of *Ah, Wilderness* has set tongues to wagging. A lesser name to the play than that of O'Neill as author might have brought a different reaction. Even critics show expectancy, and are wondering what the new play he has done for the Guild, and which is called *Days Without End*, will reveal. But O'Neill maintains silence, no matter what the whispers are about him; he tantalizes us with the variety of his schemes. Now that he has swung for the moment away from the general sombreness of his plays, he has made us even more curious. This is tremendous showmanship. O'Neill's sense of humor may have told him all these years that it was good showmanship. The fact is that he has aided in the painting of the sombre portrait of himself in the sinister colors with which we

are so familiar. And now comes, in *Ah, Wilderness*, the unfamiliar sketch of a "new man."

AFTER twenty years of writing, we are asked to accept the lighter side of O'Neill which his friends have said has always been there. Must we paint the portrait afresh? Upon our palette should we put such impressions as: "I have eaten, drunk, walked, motored, bicycled, slept, bathed, shaved, edited, run, worked, played, even sung with him," which Nathan suggests? We know it was his love of the sea that kept him alive at one time. This love of the sea has been one of his enthusiasms, and he has others. Why have they been withheld from us? He is a man of eager response, he has affection for people, he has graciousness as a host. All these lighter aspects of O'Neill are being brought to the fore at this late date. It was not in this way we spoke of him after the production of *Mourning Becomes Electra*. It is only in this way we are eager to talk of him after the production of *Ah, Wilderness*. Hasty sketches of a wayward, wild and wind-tossed O'Neill of the Provincetown days we were once given by the hobo poet, Harry Kemp. Some one should give us the full picture of the taciturn, moody, impulsive O'Neill against the dunes of Provincetown. They should pick out from his plays the innumerable incidents that indicate how he has always been able to look back upon his past with tenderness, quite as well as with bitterness amounting to personal resentment. If we look for it, we may even find sentiment in the O'Neill of these dark days of hatred. One can not deny this who has seen *Desire Under the Elms*. There has been humor before; it is evident in *Marco Millions*.

What has happened is that both O'Neill and his plays have put us in a state of mind toward him which would accept no other portrait. Maybe we are to be blamed for not seeking the other likeness. Maybe we should have known from experience that there is always sure to be a sense of humor where there is Irish in the make-up.

I don't mean to infer, as some already do, that *Ah, Wilderness* has closed the book of O'Neill's quandaries. But he has given us a play which clearly indicates that he has been out in search of his youth, that heretofore he has hidden himself behind the tragic mask. O'Neill's plays are all tintured with personal mood; he has seen red with his reactions toward life. He has explained himself from the very start in terms of that mood. That is an authentic portrait. Will he now reveal himself in moods afresh?

When *Ah, Wilderness* was produced, under the ægis of the Theatre Guild, on October 2 of this year, the tenderness of the recollection in it was as surprising to us as the mellow acting of George M. Cohan, the player we could least associate with an O'Neill play. The story is a simple statement of a father's adventure when his son's emotional being begins to stir, and he must be given some knowledge of his sex life. O'Neill has reached into the heart of youth; his sentiment is very personal, just as his indignation has been personal. It is impossible for O'Neill to take any detached, impersonal stand on anything. There is a tender, calm aspect to this new play, so different from the hectic, feverish gropings in his other plays. The middle-class story flits across the stage in light-hearted and dated fashion; we would say that in the tell-

ing it was immature, showing the same loose structure of earlier days. None of the seven scenes is burdened with intricate emotions; they are all very evident and clear in their meaning. But nearly all the scenes are overwritten. His curtain falls on a mellifluous ending. To come away almost happy from an O'Neill play is a novelty. O'Neill has been humanized for us by this play, just as George Cohan overtops—if he does not supplant—the impression we have of him as the song-and-dance man of the Yankee-doodle Dandy days, by his creative conception of a delicately tinted human character.

But merely because of his detour down memory lane, I do not expect Eugene O'Neill to change front suddenly and become a sentimentalist. It is true he has always been a romanticist, in spite of the realism he has shown; the approach in his plays has never been intellectual. Into the inner depths of the individual he will continue to delve. Yet, at forty-five, he seems to have found something of himself, and, according to Matthew Arnold, that means he must have lost some of his misery. He will always retain an excitable imagination; because of it he will always be on some high adventure. He adventured with masks, he adventured with super-structure plays, he adventured—in *Lazarus Laughed*—with a "Play for an Imaginative Theatre."

*Ah, Wilderness* has, however, suggested a new portrait. It may be that the old O'Neill whom his friends knew, but who has been hidden behind the mask of doubts and irritations, is not the true O'Neill. Yet not for the present can we take down the morose, irascible portrait of him in the Hall of Fame.



# Christ Among the Chiselers

BY J. M. NOLTE

*If the Roosevelt programme is essentially a revival of practical Christianity, are Americans decent or holy enough really to embrace it?*

"WELL," said I to the man who takes care of the storage garage where I park my car daytimes, "now that NRA is here, I suppose you'll be in for a bit more of leisure?" I knew that he had been on duty from eight-thirty in the morning until eight in the evening. It was his custom to eat his lunch in the alley, with perhaps a few minutes afterwards for a friendly hand of seven-up with the copper on the beat. But even his lunch hour he spent with one eye on the cars in his care.

"No, sir," he replied, with, I thought, a trace of wistfulness in his voice, "you see, I don't come under the NRA. This building, now, it belongs to an estate, and the bank runs the estate—receiver, or something. So when I asked at the bank how my hours would be changed, they told me that I wasn't an employe of the bank. It seems that I am a resident on an estate, or something like that."

I was surprised at this disclosure, because I had seen Blue Eagles prominently displayed in almost every window of the bank. It seemed a bit thick to me, and I said so. The keeper would not go very far in his condemnation.

"Yes, sir, it does seem that they are chiseling a little."

It was my impression that the verb "to chisel," which suddenly has assumed such vast significance among us, is, in the sense that the keeper used it, ultra-modern, another example of the almost poignant appositeness of slang; but when I looked it up in my dictionary, which is blasted with antiquity, I found it there with its present connotation: "to cut close, as in a bargain; to cheat." And below it was, "A chiseler, one who chisels." So there you are. There is nothing new under the sun.

It may be well, however, in deference to our age, to expand slightly the rather sketchy dictionary definition. The "chiseler" is a modest racketeer. Bloodshed, outright extortion, perhaps even blackmail, are abhorrent to him. But he thinks nothing of beating down those from whom he is to purchase money or services until he can obtain what he seeks for less than it can profitably be offered. He shrugs his shoulders over paying his employes less than a living wage. He feels an exaltation in the sordid game of taking extra or unearned discounts in trade, especially when he feels sure that those with whom he is

dealing are in such desperate need of the payment he makes that they do not dare refuse his cheque. He likes to threaten his landlord, telling him that he will move if the rental is not reduced, although he well knows that the income of the building wherein he is housed is insufficient to meet taxes and upkeep. His wife, and he himself if he is in the mercantile business, are adept in the arts of returning goods after they have been used or soiled, or kept so long that they have lost their original value. The chiseler, in short, is something more than merely shrewd or keen. He is sneakingly dishonest. His is an Ismaelite philosophy; he is the *n*th power of individualism, of particularism. His practices are perhaps rather illicit than illegal. His offense is against ethics rather than against the law. He is the world's supreme offender against humanness and good taste. In him dwells the transcendent meanness of Goneril, of Regan, of Uriah Heep, of Judas Iscariot.

If the failure of American civilization is soon to be written, it will be because we have bred too many chiselers. The gangster and the grafter flourish because chiselers are their constituents. It is the underlying sanction of sharp practices in the United States that has made the smother of agony in which we writhe. The gravest indictment of our way of life is the charge made by many who are not cynics that we have lost our faith in simple decency. If we have lost it, it has been filched by the chiselers.

President Roosevelt is an excellent psychologist, and has from the first days of his campaign for the Presidency conducted himself as one having a full realization of the extent to which the undermining of our reliance in mass

morality has proceeded. His appeal has not been to logic, but to faith and to hope. He has said to the country, in effect, "The chiselers have led us into the wilderness. I am the Moses who can and will lead us out. My pillar of cloud and fire is nothing but a belief in decency. I ask for your confidence and your help. If you will be decent, we shall succeed." That is nearly all, isn't it? Some little scorn for our prostration before the golden calf, some little indignation toward the hierarchy who had permitted us to bow ourselves thus ignobly. But, in the main, President Roosevelt's campaign has been an earnest appeal for a revival of decency and trust among us.

The response to the appeal was immediate and overwhelming. We were in dire straits, and we knew it. Having found for our social disease no virtue in the strong stimulant of subsidized overproduction or in the harsh surgery of deflation, we were ready for Christian Science. The mental therapy of the Democratic campaign and the hundred days was unquestionably good for us. In really tremendous numbers, we were converted.

The disadvantage of government by evangelism, however, is that it is emotional. There inevitably comes a day when the high exaltation of religious fervor must give place to sober consideration of mundane affairs. Those who led the original Crusades discovered this; Cromwell discovered it; Napoleon discovered it; Wilson discovered it. The test of the revival is not the parade up the sawdust trail; under the spell of eloquent zeal, indeed, it is hard not to conform. The test comes when the wine of emotion loses its fire and the diet of every-day living takes its place. Although in late



years many are said to have tried, no one has yet lived a wholesome life in a state of continual intoxication.

America is today in a stage of transition, and the augurs are trying to discern the meaning of the portents that they are witnessing. We have almost unanimously cast a ballot for hope; we have hitherto followed President Roosevelt because he has had that word emblazoned on his banner. But the parade is over, and now we must return to work. The test of our reconversion to decency lies in whether or not we as a people are willing to lay aside our habit of chiseling.

More than any party in American history, the present Democratic organization has openly and "doingly" espoused the Christian ethos and built it into a platform. Theodore Roosevelt's "Armageddon" analogy was weak by comparison. The present Administration has deliberately taken Christ's conception of social justice and has decided to stand upon it. This has been true more since the election than before it. There is no question whatever that a great majority of the people have promised their fealty to a leader who has professed the Christian ideal. Now a threefold question arises: is the organization built by the Administration holy enough to make real the ideal so zealously proclaimed? If holy enough, will it be too holy to be competent? If both holy and competent, are we ourselves holy enough to be willing to live by that ideal?

IT WOULD be an insolent presumption to call in question the sincerity of a President. Those who are called to lead us, however much their settled ambitions may have helped them to eminence, arrive at their exalted station by

means of a bewildering fortuity of circumstances. None of them can assert to his inmost self that he has controlled the events that have made him. Each President, therefore, passes through what Carlyle termed "a Baphometric fire baptism" in becoming great, and attains greatness with a proper humility. Our Presidents have, probably without exception, kept fixed in mind the tradition of their office, which is a tradition of service for the whole people. Whatever the aberrations of their early careers, the oath of office, like a mystical lustration, has made them morally capable of their high trusteeship. One of the harrowing problems of the Presidency, indeed, is the obligation laid upon our Chief Executives by the exigencies of politics to reconcile the behavior of a faction for which they are responsible with the ultimate good of a citizenry to which they are responsive.

Assuming, then, as a premise that needs no argument, that President Roosevelt himself and those of his staff who are really his own, in the sense that they are his choice rather than the choice of political expediency, are informed with a full sense of their high responsibility, our question comes to deal with those Democrats in office who are creatures of party. In the ranks of every political party there is the chance of a divided loyalty. The political adherent is loyal to his country, and loyal to his party. These loyalties often coincide; they really desire an identical result. But they do not always coincide; if they did, there could be no possibility of a conviction on the part of the public that public interest has been betrayed by partisan activities. The question thus comes to be, just how high is the centre of gravity of American loyalty in the Democratic party? Is it high enough to

insure success to the President in his crusade for a reintegrated America? This is obviously the same thing as asking how large a percentage of Democratic office-holders are chiselers.

It does no good to answer this query politically, by saying, "Not a larger percentage than among the Republicans." So much is obvious, but it is not comforting. And there is some cause for misgiving. The partisan activities of those in charge of patronage have been not at all unlike those of their Republican predecessors. The advocates of genuine civil service reform are not rending the air with huzzas. In no sense yet apparent can the technique of the present Administration be said to be a noteworthy extension of the work of men like Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin, George William Curtis and the Grover Cleveland of the first term. There is a chance, of course, that with their hunger for office once sated, the beneficiaries of the recent turnover will feel the reform influences to which undoubtedly the real leaders of the Government are responsive. The Democratic party, in the voice of Mr. Farley, its president of the patronage, may have a right, with Prince Hal, to soliloquize,

I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

Surely, however, one is not a cynic to express doubt. There is no credible evidence that venality and intrigue are not sitting at the party councils today, just as they were wont to do in Republican days. Press comment from Washington has more than once pointed out concessions to politics in some of the more important appointments. To paraphrase holy writ, the radio voice is the voice of Esau, but the dispensing hand is the hand of Jacob. The best that one may

say is that President Roosevelt, like the leaders of the Russian soviets, may feel it imperative to solidify his political position by whatever means, relying upon the opportunities of the future to produce the alchemy that will transmute the leaden metal of partisanship into the gold of devoted public service. For the time being, the high priest may be performing his rites of exorcism upon the money changers in the concourse of the temple, but the back-stairs cabal seems to be running the post offices. General Johnson is no doubt conducting a genuine training school for apostles; but Mr. Farley is hiring the usual kind of party "workers" to sort out the epistles. Except for a few officers in staff positions directly under the Executive control, we have the same old office-seekers with whom to transact our public business. Who was it who said that they should be called adhesions rather than adherents?

Our second question, therefore, may be said to have been partly answered by our conjecture as to the answer to the first. Although, beyond question, the supreme leadership of the party is holy, many among the official entourage bear no visible signs of baptism. If holiness be a bar to practical efficiency, we may perhaps abandon all fears that the Democrats will prove too holy to be competent.

Assuming, however, as a possibility just short of a miracle, that the zeal of President Roosevelt may seize the rank and file of his party, creating a selfless spirit in harmony with the adapted Christianity of the enunciated gospel of the New Deal, would the party then be too holy? There is no reason to believe so. The thing above all others that America craves today is a new formulation of national ideals, a new integrating



philosophy which will kill our racket-worship at its source. That source many conceive to be the stark individualism or unbridled particularism that has been the motivating principle of American life from the earliest pioneer days, whatever our Fourth of July protestations of devotion to the good of a whole society. Like the Christian religion, the New Deal is a negation of particularism; it is a modern, industrialized version of the shibboleth, "One for all, and all for one." It may be that only a party of zealots, a group of political Nazarites, so to speak, can wreak the revolution in political method necessary to bring success to such an idealistic programme.

In the final analysis, therefore, the answer to our threefold question about the Administration is to be found in the answer to the final query: are we holy enough, as a people, for the experiment which our President proposes to make? It is an adventurous experiment, for it proposes to take a census of the chisellers in the United States. Stripped of all superfluities, that is what the New Deal is all about: how many American citizens are chisellers? If the chisellers predominate in the Democratic party, but not in the citizenship generally, we shall discard the party, but retain its disinterested leadership. If the chisellers prevail among the citizenry, we shall no doubt overthrow the leadership, and perhaps the party too, and return each to his individual sty.

**T**IME alone can answer this all-important question for us, and, living close to the event, such evidence as we have is not reliable. The response to the NRA programme can not fail to give one hopeful courage. There would seem to be, moreover, philosophical

and historical reasons indicating that President Roosevelt's revival of practical Christianity is in harmony with the spirit of our age.

The peculiar virtue of Christianity is that it offers a lifetime solution of the apparently insoluble problem of man's existence, viz.: to determine the relative proportions of free will and determinism in man's behavior. As originally propounded, the Christian theology did not give a solution of the riddle scientifically credible to us, to be sure, and perhaps that is one reason why an age devoted to scientific pursuits, and owing its very continuance to science, has not been able to incorporate Christian teachings into its habits. But the Christian religion was a practical rule which surmounted the difficulties of too much speculation about the *why* of living by putting emphasis upon the *how*.

It taught determinism, it will be said, in its rule of submission to God's direction; but to speak thus is to indulge a casuistry not appropriate to our intelligence. After all, Christ's life is taken as the epitome of Christian behavior, and in the illogical pattern of that life, regardless of its high unity, the great contradiction of the religion is forever crystallized. While it is true that a strain of teleology echoes in every utterance of Jesus, it is an unexplained and in a sense discordant strain in the great melody. It is not the divine component of Christ's being that gives us our guide to conduct; it is the human part. If Christ is to be explained as all divine, what significance for us can there be in his martyrdom? With the fact of free will abstracted, Christianity becomes a prison cell rather than an opened door. It is because Christ was in all things as we are that he has been an inspiration to the race. It is the fact that he pos-

sessed free will, and, in a world of temptations to self-gratification and self-glory, nevertheless chose the hard way of self-abnegation and sacrifice, that endears his example to us.

It is perhaps accurate to say that Christianity, although it has not offered a credible solution of the problem of appraising man's capabilities here on earth, has acceptably provided the means of holding in suspension man's anxieties as to his potentialities. Under Christianity, indeed, he is not urged to attempt a final solution of the problem, which must, for each, await the day of our departure; he is rather urged to take for granted the presence of an omniscient power working for order in the universe, a power which will make itself manifest to mankind by means of impulses that can not be misunderstood; and he is urged, further, to guide himself exclusively by those impulses, choosing them from among all others by the touchstone of Christ's example. It was this blend of tentativeness and decision, no doubt—for to many men it is merely making God out of a wish—that prompted Lessing to write, "Our Christian culture, which knows so well how to transform a corporeal necessity into a spiritual perfection." Yet a look around us at the spiritual wilderness into which we have blundered may well lead us to reflect that some sort of workable compromise as to man's place in the universe and his duty there is as much a "corporeal necessity" as that of which Lessing wrote. Christ was right, not by reason of what this age would call his divinity, but by virtue of his intuition. The Jews said, "It is written." Jesus said, "I have felt."

In this light, Christianity loses something of its native glow as a direct revelation; but it assumes a new incandes-

cence as an illuminant of man's efforts to orient himself in the world. Recorded history, indeed, may be considered as the struggle for dominance between free will and determinism as guides of conduct. It is significant that those culture groups have thrived which have not undertaken to find and to impose a conclusive solution of an insoluble problem, but have adopted Christ's compromise, or something akin to it. The dogmatic election by faith of Calvinism, for instance, and its counterpart in other Protestant theologies, can not be justified in reason; but it provided a practical device by which men might keep in the air, so to speak, the bright sphere of truth that vanishes if one tries to hold it long enough for examination. It required an act of faith for the Calvinist to make the original alliance with the mystic company of the saints who rule the earth by a sort of holy mortmain; yet, once achieved, how plainly the alliance pointed out the path of man's endeavor, and what stupendous things has the mind of man compassed under this purposive theocracy! The parable of the talents and the injunction, "Fear God and keep your powder dry!" are fruit of the same tree.

It may now be seen to what extent the President's programme is an adaptation of Christianity. More than once, in his speeches and writings, the President has indicated that he eschews pure determinism. As a practical matter, so much is necessary of all leaders of men; otherwise they could not lead. The Ironsides had their prayer meeting before battle, but Cromwell did not leave the issue to prayers alone. What the Administration seems to be trying to do is to loosen the grasp of determinism upon us, and to fasten upon us in its place the grip of a well-meaning, well-



doing brotherliness. This idealizes the submission of self to the general good; it is the same sort of practical compromise as that offered by Christ. Whatever the power behind our deeds, they appear to be deeds of our own devising; the illusion of free will, at least, is in us and around us. It is futile to attempt to decide what we have as yet no hope of deciding; let us then assume that the Lord is good, and that our troubles are the fruit of our own errors and of our own sin. The forces that determine the happiness of mankind are thus human forces within our experience, and can be shaped and directed by our hands—if we have faith!

CONTRARY to general belief, the Great War did not invent the determinism which has all but poisoned civilization. You may find plenty of references to the debilitating influence of the doctrine of Drift before the days of the conflict. The unusual extension of scientific study in the last hundred years, and the almost unbelievable misinterpretation by the unintelligentsia of what science has been doing, fastened upon us the habit of determinism soon after the turn of the century. But there has been a difference in the popular worship of the Drift fetish since the War.

Our philosophy before 1914 was a philosophy of commiseration. It was "a belief that things of themselves, by a kind of natural gravity of goodness in them, move always on and on in the right direction; a confiding trust in human nature as needing no restraint and compression, but rather full liberty to follow its own impulsive desires to expand; an inclination to take sides with the emotions in their rebellions against the inhibitions of judgment." William Graham Sumner called it "the senti-

mental philosophy." He wrote, "There is a modern philosophy which has never been taught systematically, but which has won the faith of vast masses of people. . . . It has colored all modern ideas and institutions in politics, education, charity, and industry, and it is widely taught in popular literature, novels, and poetry, and in the pulpit. The first proposition of this sentimental philosophy is that nothing is true which is disagreeable." Regardless of the year of her actual birth, the Victorian age left us Pollyanna, and Pollyanna was the Holy Virgin of the worship of Drift. Our conception of the universe was patterned upon *In Memoriam*, and our picture of the world, moved as it was by forces beyond our ken and control, might well have been entitled, "Somehow Good."

The War awakened us. To reality? Not necessarily. But at all events to an appreciation of some of the nonsense involved in the complacent doctrine of Drift. The War thundered at us a syllogism which we all of us could understand. For, if the Divine Fortuity led France and England one way, and Germany and Austria another; and the ways were irreconcilable and led to a conflict that killed millions of us and ruined the remainder; then the Divine Fortuity was not inevitably "good" within the limits of our understanding. So we stoned Pollyanna—and no doubt that was best. But instead of exorcising the devils of Drift, we continued our worship of the Ineluctable, giving it pessimistic attributes. The worship of Drift after the War differs from that of the pre-War days in that where the old inevitability was benevolent, the new is malevolent, or at the very least anarchical. From believing that "nothing is true which is disagreeable," we have

come to believe that everything which is disagreeable is true.

It may be objected that this discussion deals too much with imponderables, that the much abused "man in the street" has had little time and no inclination to think of supernal powers. To harbor such a belief is at the outset to admit the failure of any attempt purposefully to better our condition, and is itself a vicious corollary of the theorem of Drift. Although he may never have spent five minutes in steady contemplation of the metaphysical problems of his life here, the most abandoned commercialite has felt upon himself and upon his fortunes the incidence of our change in philosophies. The mass misinterpretation of the new psychology, with its free translation of *don't know* into *don't care*, with its emphasis upon the antiquity and the disparateness of the roots of behavior, has colored the concepts of each of us, however studied his indifference to such matters. The new fatalism has infected our literature; it informs our art; it dictates our drama; it writes our music; it projects our movies; until yesterday, it motivated our economics. The imponderables of the impending philosophical revolution in America are the grimmest realities of our so-called realistic existence, and the sun will not shine upon us until we have become aware of that stupendous fact. Much more than subsidies, we need a livable philosophy. It is significant that we are already dealing in "codes."

IF ONE were to embody in one word the most important recent development in civilization, it would be the word "integration." It may be thought unfortunate that the idea has been unable to transcend political boundaries,

that it is national rather than cosmopolitan; but the movement is active, and is all but omnipotent. Stalin in Russia, Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, Roosevelt in America: they are manifestations of a reborn impetus in society, confessions of whole peoples that they have found Drift uncomfortable. What is this hunger for leadership but, paradoxically, an outflaring of free will? In spite of the sneers of shallow economists and of bookworms who miscall themselves philosophers, Carlyle and Shaw are the prophets of our age, not Bentham and Freud.

Contemplating our own parochial history, it is not hard to understand it in terms of the conflicting philosophies of free will and determinism. It has been our fashion to glorify the pioneer spirit, but it is nevertheless the fact that at the time when we were exhibiting most pride in our command over our environment, we were most completely conditioned by it and subject to it. The usages of the pioneer seemed to us to be the purest examples of free will possible in the modern world. Yet we can see now that we were misled; our free will was in reality economic determinism of the most abject kind; our free-willed pioneer was as mythical as Rousseau's enlightened savage. After all, the pioneer had a hard time doing the easiest thing. He was a thorough-going particularist (and thereby hangs the tale of much of our lawlessness), but he was not a creature of free will in the sense that he dominated his environment. He subdued his environment, but it dominated him. The fact that conservation is a Twentieth Century word is proof of the truth that dwells in this statement.

A planned economy in America? Except for a few sporadic denominational



experiments, most of which were still-born, where will it be found in the United States until the generation of our immediate parents? This has been of all countries the shrine and home of Drift, of *laissez faire*, of the belief that things "by a natural gravity of goodness in them move always on and on in the right direction." We had the illusion of free will because there were so many interesting things to do, things like cutting down forests, and depleting the soil, and slaughtering the fauna of a continent; and there was nothing to stop us, least of all an inarticulate, unsellable thing like a conscience. We did not realize until last year that we had been allowing ourselves to drift into a social unbalance that will inevitably mean civil war if we do not learn how consciously to correct it.

The pioneer was a full-blown individualist, a particularist. He was motivated, not by free will, but by freedom from restraint. In his pursuits, he was essentially lawless, while the inevitable concomitant of a free-willed society is self-control. For most of the virtues of the pioneer—and they were many—we must look to his past, to the home from which he came, to the lessons taught him through age-long discipline in a more rigorous (even if less laborious) school. Much of the vitality of racketeering and of chiseling in the United States can be directly traced to the habitual disregard of law which was one of the first heritages of the frontier. The modern racketeer has simply carried to a reasonable conclusion the lessons taught to our youth by several generations of waste, of direct theft of the public domain, of anti-social exploitation of natural resources.

To impute conscious maleficence to

the magnificent pirates of our frontier days would be a thankless task. The fathers doubtless lived according to their lights, which is all that could be asked of them. No irreverence is intended in saying that Capone and his kind ply their nefarious trade in the shadow cast by the lumber barons, the railroad builders, the mining promoters, the organizers of public utility enterprises, the financial promoters. The curse of our time, now that adversity has disclosed the weakness of our vaunted economic architecture, is that the very foundations of our structure are precariously mortared with the mud of particularism, the characterless washings of Drift.

President Roosevelt has expressed the conviction that we have outgrown particularism, which is another way of saying that if we seek national happiness we must deny the doctrine of Drift. We must banish determinism and welcome free will. We must start to govern ourselves. Such terms as "a planned economy," "controlled inflation," "a commodity dollar" sound unlike the intangibles we have been discussing, but they take their vital significance only from their philosophical connection. If, as a nation, we do not believe in man's free will, our experiments in economic regimentation are foredoomed. The racketeer and the chiseler are the avatars of determinism; they are by-products of a manner of life that does not know where it wants to go. President Roosevelt proposes to bring into the chaos of our unmoral practices a discipline based upon the ethical free will of Christianity. It is to be Christ among the chisellers, and the chisellers may win; but when the issue is joined, where, O Citizen, will you take your stand?

# Stepchild of the Muses

BY DALTON TRUMBO

*Who pleads for a new combination of the possibilities in moving pictures to achieve what the talkies have failed to do*

WHEN the first crude machine for the production of moving photographs burst upon the world, it received slight attention from legitimate children of the Muses, and no welcome whatever. Its childhood efforts evoked nothing better than the raised eyebrow, the delicately curled lip. Its adolescence found the oldsters regarding it with the fishy stare reserved by trade unions for machines guaranteed to replace a hundred men. But when it achieved its diamond-studded maturity, the literati became thoroughly alarmed and set up a great whooping for blood.

The attack was led off by New York's most vitriolic pundit, with a husky pack yelping at his heels. If the cinema continued its amazing growth, they stood likely to become critics without a subject. For years now, the Broadway St. Georges have snapped at the tail of the movie dragon whenever the legitimate product became unbearably dull: which is tantamount to saying that they have maintained an almost continuous fusillade against the West Coast abomination.

Forgetting the warm neurotic atmosphere of their own cult, they have screamed with Puritanical fury against the looseness of movie morals. Ignor-

ing the sensitive fashion in which even Mr. Eugene O'Neill's nostrils have quivered to the smell of studio gold, they have reserved as their most severe opprobrium for a third-rate play the designation "Hollywood-bound." They have decried the wealth of the cinema with a piteous horror which can have its origin only in the lank condition of the New York stage.

Hollywood, reading them with puzzled respect, forgives only with difficulty the odor of sour and righteous hypocrisy with which their composite writings are so fragrant. For ten years Hollywood has subsidized American drama and American letters. Many a roaring literary lion would be only a harmless pussy without his movie swag: and many a playwright would be dashing off features for the Sunday supplements instead of sounding profound alarums anent the strangulation of native drama. Even today it is impossible for a movie baron to walk through the Algonquin lobby without being torn to shreds by eager literati yearning to be sold down the river to Hollywood. For the chains of such servitude are pure gold, and the work is very easy.

Nor must it be thought that only literary minnows swoon to the song of



the celluloid siren. Witness the dignified surrender of so ponderous a whale as Mr. Theodore Dreiser parting with the great American novel for a (reported) bagatelle hundred thousand dollars! In all fairness, it must be noted that after the interchange of cash, the affair so flagellated the novelist's æsthetic sensibilities that only a well publicized court proceeding could soothe them. Later, for a consideration, he wagged a solemn finger at his movie friends from the pages of a popular weekly.

Through storms of such jealous calumny the movies progressed steadily along that path which leads to wealth on earth and honor in heaven. They were so engrossed in their own turbulent destiny that they did not pause to snoop in the closets of their haughty superiors. They have never, for example, ridiculed the knavish ways of heavyweight novelists in hailing each newcomer to their publishers' lists as a genius and a true prophet. They have not questioned the rosy brochures of the booksellers, which herald the outstanding book of the year at least twice a month. They have never mocked the book clubs, nor turned the light of cynicism upon the extraordinary penchant of prominent literary folk to break into the public prints.

As for that dread corpse, the American stage, they have treated it with the delicate consideration which is its due. They have listened gravely to its seers, hastened to purchase its wares—mostly shoddy—and, in recent years, paid it the supreme compliment of imitation. In all this they have behaved with the charming naïveté of the adolescent. The influx of wealth, with its consequent shower of pretty gauds, they accepted gratefully and enjoyed effu-

sively. But there has never been a time when they hesitated to bend the knee in childlike simplicity to the most spurious fraud ever turned out of Eastern cultural hothouses. It is, no doubt, the magnificent treatment they have received from Hollywood which prompts the literati to abuse the town. Knowing in their hearts that they have been palming off inferior merchandise for enormous prices, they are so shrewish as to despise the gullibility of the purchaser.

THE cinema is the first mechanical art. In a mechanical age, which even now is only beginning, it can well become the most honorable. Already it has had a marked—and to some degree, lamentable—effect upon the novel and the legitimate stage. Particularly in the latter, cinema technique is growing by leaps and bounds.

But quite aside from its peculiar fitness for a mechanical age, the cinema has flourished for another reason. It is founded on the childish conception that the principal function of an expressive medium is to tell a tall tale in an interesting fashion. Practitioners of other modern arts would sooner be drawn and quartered than caught in so compromising a situation. There is something ignoble about the idea which they can not swallow. Coming upon a field bare of competition, the screen could not fail to prosper from their neglect.

Admittedly in the business for profit, the movies have chosen to tell stories rather than to snap Babbitt out of his lethargy and make him ashamed of himself. They have been cautious—save when they went insane over talk—because they can not afford to indulge their æsthetic nudgings. Two hundred thousand dollars and upwards per picture

renders experiment highly dangerous. Nor can the cry of commercialism be raised in this connection. It is extremely doubtful that Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Ezra Pound, Miss Gertrude Stein, Mr. E. E. Cummings, or even less advanced prophets of modernism, would have achieved publication at so steep a figure. In one direction, the enormous initial cost has hindered the refinement of movie technique; but in another, it has assisted the screen in keeping its product unadulterated by queer owls with causes at stake.

The tragedy of Hollywood lies in the fact that its masters were as ignorant of the fundamental causes for their success as its enemies. Only this can account for the precipitate fashion in which they embraced the talking device. They did not understand that the full acceptance of speech would force them to change the essentials which had built their fortunes. For the difference between speech and movement is the difference between the description of a sunset and a picture of it. It is the difference between a thought and an emotion. It is the difference between a minstrel and a dancer. It is the difference between a blind man and a deaf man. And it is, of course, the difference between a legitimate play and a motion picture.

There was no way for the movie barons to know this, aside from the exercise of pure logic—and they shy from logic as a Republican shies from Moscow. The traditions of their business go back only thirty years instead of thirty centuries. Their cultural foundations are deep in the Ghetto. As employers of artists rather than artists themselves, their artistic sensibilities are as untrustworthy as their financial judgment. They have no body of criticism to which to refer, nor do they feel any need of

it. It is a real misfortune that the talking device was not delayed until 1980, by which time the silent cinema would have established itself sufficiently to resist the wholesale capitulation to speech which has beggared it. But the device came, and the surrender was complete. While the cinema outlook admittedly is murky and fraught with uncertainty, two facts may be established at the outset. (1) The public has refused to go to the talkies as frequently as it went to the silents. This tendency was pronounced before the stock market skidded. (2) The silent picture appealed to the emotions through the eye, while the talking picture appeals to the intellect through the ear. From these two facts, the first established by certified public accountants, the second by reputable psychologists, something definite may be learned about the art of motion pictures.

THE literary critics who consistently have attacked the screen for its lack of intellectual appeal might as logically disparage the fishes of the sea because they do not climb trees. The screen is not an intellectual medium. It is as emotional as its earliest ancestor, who told his story before the communal camp fire through the æsthetic interplay of movement and shadow. Just as the tribal chant became the logical complement of the dance, sympathetic musical scores were found to be the most effective emotional aids to the cinema. The story of a motion picture—if it is to hold the general attention of its audience—must be unfolded primarily through motion, secondarily through music.

Since no field of art retains its purity as it gains in popularity, still a third medium of expression must be used in cinematic narration. In pre-talkie days



the printed word sufficed to bridge obvious gaps between scenes, to simplify transitions—in a word, to do quickly that which would require too long a time to do pictorially. The movement of the cinema must never cease. Any device which can assist in maintaining its tempo is excusable. F. W. Murnau in *The Last Laugh* went so far as to eliminate subtitles altogether. But the elimination was not destined to become general, if for no other reason than that so few directors were capable of doing it.

The invention of the sound device offered breathless possibilities. Here was an instrument by means of which the secondary element of cinematic narration could be supplied by the finest orchestras on earth, composed to harmonize perfectly with the mood of each screen sequence, and sent in its perfected form wherever there were theatres, permanently to displace the tinpan piano and the three-piece fiddle section of silent days.

Almost as important as the possibility for synchronized music was the opportunity the new invention offered for an intelligent use of dialogue. Overnight the awkward interruption of the subtitle was hurled into obsolescence. In silent days the chief interest of a studio was to cut subtitles to the irreducible minimum. With the advent of sound it became possible to replace the subtitle with the spoken word. Dialogue is justified in so far as it assists narration in the same manner the subtitle assisted—but not as it assumes the complete burden of narration.

Those who do not have access to West Coast projection rooms have no way of knowing precisely how far the cinema has wandered from the camera. In reality there is no such thing as a

talking picture. There are motion pictures and plays. A motion picture is told by the camera, with the assistance of music and sparse dialogue. A play is told by dialogue, with the assistance of motion. The fact that dialogue is photographed does not make it a motion picture.

I have witnessed current pictures minus their sound tracks, and found them absolutely unintelligible. They have motion, but it is superficial physical motion as distinguished from that narrative motion which is the life blood of the cinema. I have reversed the procedure, and listened to the sound track without the accompanying picture. A brief synopsis of the story as told by dialogue invariably is confirmed by visual inspection of the film. The conclusion is obvious: Hollywood is not producing motion pictures; it is producing photographed plays.

Motion picture producers, not unlike publishers and legitimate entrepreneurs, are commercially minded people. If it is their intention to produce plays instead of motion pictures, they must make them in such a fashion that they will earn money. In order to earn money they must have plays which the public will patronize—in other words, they must have successful plays. Hollywood has announced that during the 1933-34 season it will produce upwards of four hundred so-called motion pictures. Most of them will be plays, since most of them will be told with words rather than with motion.

New York, with the foremost dramatists of the world striving for public favor, produces no more than a score of genuine successes even in an extraordinarily good year. Yet Hollywood plans to produce over four hundred, and—unless it is to lose \$50,000,000 as it

did during 1932—each of the four hundred must be successful. If the legitimate stage produces so few commercially successful plays, how can Hollywood hope to produce so many?

The answer, of course, is that it can not. The most brilliant playwrights in the world pooling their efforts could not produce in a whole lifetime enough successful plays to supply the West Coast for a single year. From a standpoint of supply alone, it is impossible for Hollywood to continue its present policies. But when the limited supply is confronted with an even more limited demand, the situation becomes absurdly impossible.

WEEKLY picture audiences have dropped in the last five years from 110,000,000 to 50,000,000. No one can deny that the economic crisis is responsible for a portion of this decrease. Picture executives, in attributing it entirely to the depression, forget that the first public reaction to screen speech was unfavorable. Talkies, introduced and perfected during the wildest prosperity in American history, had an unparalleled opportunity to prove their commercial merit. Yet all important records for long runs are held by silent pictures. The instant the talkie appeared, just then long runs changed into short runs. Durability is the supreme test of dramatic entertainment, and talkies were not durable.

The producers were fooled by packed theatres, but the accounting departments understood perfectly what was happening. It is better to have a capacity house for two weeks with a single film, than to have the same capacity house for two weeks with two films. Since this latter phenomenon actually occurred to the talkie in the midst of

prosperity, it is only logical to assume that the public was expressing its disapproval. Far more convincing than articulate complaint, it was a dogged, unconscious disapproval which manifested itself in dollars and cents.

It is to be presumed that picture audiences don't give a hang for the art of the cinema. They are interested solely in entertainment. The only reason a prosperous public cut down on its movie attendance was that it believed it was not getting a full measure of pleasure for its money. It did not pause to analyze the reasons why it was not being entertained. That was a problem for producers, who have attempted to solve it by making the finest pictures—technically—in the world. But, with extremely rare exceptions, they all are plays. There will always be room on the screen for the occasional supremely well done play—but disastrous experience has proved that a steady diet of plays will not fill the theatres.

No one will deny that it is easier to pronounce an unfamiliar word after having seen it on paper than after having heard it spelled. It is less difficult to understand a paragraph from Hawthorne when it is seen on the printed page than when it is read aloud by a second person. To listen to words is a wearisome intellectual process. Even if they are brilliant, skilfully connected words, they can not command attention for an extended period. But if they are stupid, vapid words—as most of Hollywood's pseudo-pictures necessarily contain—audience attention becomes an outright impossibility. The popularity of an art rises in direct ratio to the ease with which its message is assimilated. Hollywood has exhausted its audiences with words. It has forced them to burden their intellects, when all they asked was to es-



cape from reality on the wings of their emotions.

R-K-O's Hollywood studio recently conducted an interesting experiment, in the course of which a silent picture and a talking picture were shown to different groups of spectators. Tests of each group revealed that those who had seen the silent remembered considerably more details than those who had witnessed the talkie. Obviously, then, it is more difficult to assimilate aural details than visual details. And, equally as obviously, a story told in pictures is more thoroughly understood than a story told with spoken words.

Fox Movietone, carrying the idea a step further, produced a little feature in which the sound track alone was flashed on the screen, the object of the experiment being to test the ability of an audience to identify the sources of sound without visual assistance. The results were amusing. A gentleman drinking soup was mistaken for a suction dredger. A hippopotamus sounded exactly like a steam engine. The film demonstrated unmistakably that sound, of itself, is not only useless but downright ludicrous as an aid in the identification of sources. The same audience, viewing a picture of the gentleman drinking soup, would have imagined the correct sound without hearing it. Given a choice between the literal use of sound effects and the activity of audience imagination, the producer who would cling to the former is fit only for the fish market.

MR. SAMUEL GOLDWYN, in commenting on the difficulties of the talking picture, mournfully recalls that the silent cinema was only "a cue to a story," the story itself being embellished and heightened by the imagination of the audience. Mr. Welford Beaton, whose

excellent expositions of screen fundamentals are more widely read in Europe than in America, contends that the merit of a motion picture is determined, not by the things which it portrays upon the screen, but by the things which it does not portray.

Thus, in *Cavalcade*, the glimpse of a life belt bearing the word *Titanic* possessed more dramatic virtue than a detailed picture of the stricken liner. Thus the piano tom-tom of the *William Tell Overture* hammered out with the screen storm of silent days thrilled audiences far more effectively than the actual sound of thunder and the actual patter of rain thrill them today. Realism in sound effects binds audience imagination to a specific sound, instead of permitting each member of the audience to conceive the sound as his dramatic sense requires. A true motion picture does not tell the audience a story; it merely suggests one, to which the audience supplies details.

Not long ago, in talking with a director whose latest picture I had just seen, I asked him why his sequences were so filled with speech. He replied that he knew much of the talk was unnecessary, but that if he had eliminated it, the audience would have noticed the lapse. In short, he had filmed dialogue, not for its narrative value, but merely to fill his story with words! Apparently it didn't occur to him that music could have supplanted two-thirds of his unnecessary lines.

When all pictures have completed musical scores—as all of them eventually will have—the audience will not question the fact that it can not hear the actors' voices, even though it sees that they are speaking. Music will be used to drown out speech. A few terse words introducing the topic of conversation during a close-up will supply the audience

with the gist of whatever discussion the actors are conducting in longer shots. The presence of music logically will explain why the words of more distant shots are inaudible. That silent ally of the cinema—audience imagination—automatically will supply conversation based upon the actions of the characters.

The amazing fact in the modern debauch of the cinema is not that it has embraced speech so eagerly, but that it has with such extreme ease forgotten all the tricks of its silent days. A whole story can be told in pantomime alone. A whole story can be told in music alone. How, then, can a combination of the two, blended by skilful film cutting, fail to tell even a better story—particularly when the screen is articulate to the extent that it can bridge any gaps which the first two mediums fail to master?

Cutting alone can solve many of Hollywood's problems. A series of dull and utterly unrelated pictures flashed rapidly across a screen holds audience attention more perfectly than fine monologue. Given a moderately intelligent combination of pure narrative motion, sympathetic music, necessary dialogue—all of them clipped to the point where the audience regrets each swift transition—and a simple story will hold the attention not only of the stenographer, but also of her high-brow Ph.D. sister. A continuation of beautifully articulated, elaborately produced and technically perfect films will serve only to increase studio deficits.

THE intelligentsia, whenever they can be persuaded to discuss the cinema, are given to yearning glances across the Atlantic, where the scene is brightened by Comrade Vsevolod Pudovkin, M. René Clair, and other pioneers. Much courageous work is done

abroad, but not enough to convince a reasonable skeptic that the millennium is at hand. The Russians, for all their power, are intolerably camera-conscious. Elaborate montage and sublimated symbolism impede their pictures just as psychological treatises clutter their fiction. In America one is irritatingly aware of watching a star; in Russia it is the cinematographer who hogs the show. It seems plausible to believe that Russian pictures succeed among Russians chiefly because they lack serious competition. The comrades have little to do of an evening, and it is better to go to the cinema than to stay home and hunt lice.

What, then, of *Le Million*, *Sous les Toits de Paris* and *À Nous la Liberté*, which so warm the hearts of the literati? Despite their grace, M. Clair's confectons are a shade too subtle for the Yankee palate, and a trifle too erratic in pace. Moving ahead at delightful speed, they are apt to run into purely abstract scenes at unpropitious moments. His chief claim to immortality—a sound one—is his brilliant mastery of the dialogue demon.

*Maedchen in Uniform*, which restores much of the lost German prestige, offers the superlative virtue of sincerity. There is not a hint of Hollywood anywhere in it. The story is straightforward and honest. The direction is unaffected, and the characters appear completely unaware that, as movie actors, they are rare and radiant creatures. Unfortunately, the film is at a slight disadvantage before American audiences, who have been nursed by the most skilful technicians on earth.

Out of this hodge-podge there is much meat for the American director. He might profitably study Russian camera technique. It is his by heritage



anyhow, for the Soviets developed it from the original of Mr. David Wark Griffith. A little of the French grace would decorate the American scene, and certainly M. Clair's annihilation of dialogue is a subject for prayerful contemplation. From the Germans might be taken a sound lesson in cinematic honesty. Such an international stew, flavored and mixed in Hollywood's technical wonder house, could be no less successful than the native dish, and might be a marked improvement.

Occasionally one hears that a true prophet has reached the West Coast with the holy formula tucked in the folds of his tunic. Such a one was Herr Josef von Sternberg, who rose with *Salvation Hunters* and fell with *Blonde Venus*; and whose bag of tricks was found to contain only pretentious nonsense. Herr Ernst Lubitsch, however, is a horse of strikingly different color. He is not ashamed of his vocation, and his pictures place him closer to genius than any of his colleagues. Despite the intellectuals, he is far more versatile than M. Clair. Mr. William K. Howard, who knows even more about timing and cutting than Mr. Lubitsch, and the young Mr. Mervyn Le Roy, who single-handed has saved his employers from bankruptcy, both may contribute something of importance to the cinematic Renaissance. Mr. King Vidor, who produced a thoroughly fine silent in *The Crowd* and photographed Mr. Rice's *Street Scene* with astonishing success, ranks with Mr. Frank Lloyd of *Cavalcade* as one of the few who have mastered the current method without loss of dignity.

There are other stolid, competent

workmen, who, taking little stock in the artistic tosh broadcast by the town's æsthetes, eagerly await the dawn. Even now their Messiah may be on the march. That he will come eventually is beyond question. Unless he springs from the womb a full-fledged member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, he will have a devilish time obtaining an interview. But when he breaks through the opposition, he will find dying on its feet for want of courageous imagination, a medium of such boundless possibilities that only a fool would define its limits.

Between long vigils in studio outer offices, he may find certain milestones worthy of his attention. In 1930 Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin wrote, produced, directed and starred in a comedy called *City Lights*. It was graced with a complete musical score, and contained no dialogue. It garnered more cash and critical bouquets than any picture of recent times. In 1931 the late Mr. F. W. Murnau filmed *Tabu*—a simple tragedy—with a cast of unknown natives. Mr. Hugo Riesenfeld added a complete musical score, but not a word was spoken. Currently, Mr. Walt Disney produces animated cartoons which—during an unparalleled depression—have charmed the world and made money hand over fist. They contain full musical scores, and the extremely sparse dialogue makes no effort at realism.

The unique success of a comedy, a tragedy and a series of fairy tales may point toward the fundamentals: producers, however, will contend differently. But even they, if backed into a corner, will admit that talkies and bankruptcy have a strange affinity.

# THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL



MIDWAY of another autumn season the Landscaper reports with a certain degree of pleasure that there are still enough good books to read, authors continuing to produce in somewhat the same careless disregard of external circumstances as plants and trees. And good books that have at the same time the intangible something that makes them appeal to large circles of readers are not only being produced, but what may seem even more remarkable, are actually being bought and paid for in heartening quantities, and this by a class that has not as yet felt any lifting of its burdens by Washington's feats of prestidigitation and hocus-pocus. In fact, a close look at the white collar situation at this moment would probably reveal a decrease in purchasing power because of the increased cost of living, and it is undeniable that up to now it has been this middle class that has done the book buying. Therefore, the fact that this class is still willing to buy books may be said to be an optimistic sign, and authors and publishers are hereby invited to get what comfort they can out of it.

Those who believe that we can spend our way out of the depression will naturally receive the greatest degree of

encouragement, for if this is the way out, it will not be long before we are clear of the jungle. There is, of course, a pardonable skepticism of the theories that seem to be animating the energies of the leaders of our Government, a pardonable doubt that giving people money to spend, which in

turn has to come from the pockets of these same people, or other people, all living in the same country and all, therefore, affecting its trade and industry with their actual purchasing power and their confidence, or lack of it, is the solution. Or that a definite programme for the contraction of any industry, such as the production of wheat or cotton, can result in prosperity, since prosperity is normally attendant upon a period of expansion, not of contraction. Or that the actual destruction of commodities which are needed can have a good effect eventually. Or that an increase in farm prices is of any use when it is attended by an increase in the prices of manufactured products, which keeps pace with, or even outstrips the rise in the price of farm products. Or that price-fixing on the part of the Government, in an attempt to bring these two factors into a proper relationship can do anything else except to make a bad situation worse. . . . One might multiply these



statements indefinitely, and with a growing pessimism.

### *A Look Backward*

BUT it seems better to stick to the literary landscape, and to extract what good cheer from it that may be extracted.

A short backward glance shows one novel standing out like Mount Everest, one of those extraordinary literary runaways the contemplation of whose career keeps publishers in business and invariably sets hundreds of hams to writing novels in the hope of a similar stroke of lightning. This is, of course, Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse*, commented upon here before, a very long story of a man's life, cut to the picaresque pattern, pressed down and running over with excitement, spicy enough in its amorous episodes, and in general giving its readers the full worth of their money. It was received upon its appearance with a fanfare of critical comment that seemed, and still seems, to this commentator as extravagant, but there can be no doubt that the book has in it what American readers are looking for just now.

Nor can it be said that up to the present moment a serious rival has appeared upon the horizon, so that it seems quite likely to continue to lead the best-seller lists for the rest of this year, at any rate. That a piece of red-plush should achieve this popularity—good red-plush, to be sure, but Victorian in design nevertheless—is significant of something, but just what the Landscaper has not been able to puzzle out. As significant as the craze for "The Three Little Pigs," with whose theme song this splendid country has at last faced the depression, singing its gay defiance of the famous wolf. . . .

### *More Good Novels*

OTHER recent novels of importance made their appearance late in the summer, among them Louis Bromfield's *The Farm*, a chronicle of a Middle Western family, the author's own, which is one of the solidest and most genuinely important books he has written. It is much better than some of his later and cleverer books, and has qualities that ought to make it continue to be read for a long time to come. Then there is Winifred Holtby's *Mandoa*, *Mandoa!* already mentioned here, a brilliant satire by a young Englishwoman who has real possibilities as a novelist, and there is John Galsworthy's most recent work, *One More River*, also mentioned here last month when the Landscaper had had little more than a chance to glance it over, and which is one of the best of his later novels. It is a better piece of work than the other two novels with which it forms a trilogy, the two being *Maid in Waiting* and *Flowering Wilderness*, better because its plot is more reasonable, because there are no Americans in it—Galsworthy's Americans were always shockingly bad—and because it has more humor in it than either of the others. In fact, it is, despite the tense emotional situation at its centre, with its possibilities of tragedy, one of the most entertaining of all Galsworthy's novels. It contains, too, oddly enough, a perfect valedictory in which Galsworthy, through a most attractive Charwell—Dinny Cherrell is one of its two principal figures, sharing the centre of the stage with her younger sister, Clare—pleads for an older set of virtues. In short, it is a book worth reading and pleasant to read, with Aunt Em, also a character in the other two Charwell novels, as diverting as ever.

If you haven't met Aunt Em, she is worth knowing.

Another of the distinguished novels of recent weeks is Helen Waddell's *Peter Abelard*, which seems at this moment to be well launched on a career of success. This retelling of one of the greatest love stories of all time is a book of high quality, singing prose and scholarship. In general, the American critics have not agreed with their English brethren that it is a better novel than George Moore's *Heloise and Abelard*, nor does the Landscaper think Miss Waddell has succeeded in surpassing Moore's imperfect masterpiece, but she has written an extraordinarily fine book and one that will amply repay the time spent in reading it. The outline of the tale is inexhaustible, and will be retold more than once before it is finally forgotten, but Miss Waddell's version can never be left out of account. Then there is Sigrid Undset's latest work, *Ida Elizabeth*, a long novel of the life of a married woman, written realistically, and with the full mastery of her medium that the world has learned to expect from this author, a thoroughly admirable piece of fiction.

### *Romain Rolland's Novel*

MORE recently, the novels that seem to the Landscaper to be outstanding are Romain Rolland's *The Death of a World* (Holt, \$2.50), which is Volume IV of *The Soul Enchanted*, and a far better piece of work than its immediate predecessor, which dealt with the War years and was overburdened with pacifist propaganda, and *Oil for the Lamps of China* by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), the story of a large American corporation and of contemporary China. The Rolland novel continues the fortunes of Annette

and her son, Marc, in the years after the War, details their struggle for existence, and with Marc as the central figure, supplies another story of a human being finding himself, the sort of thing Rolland has always done with great skill. The book ends with the marriage of Marc to a Russian girl, Anastasia, called Assia, who is in herself a symbol of the dead world, a woman who has suffered everything that life can offer, all the physical brutality and mental torture, and who understands Annette and is understood by her. Whether the novelist intends to drop the story here or go on with it has not been announced, but at least he has chosen to end this chapter on a note of hope: "In it a world is weeping, a world is dying. But in it likewise, I hear already the crying of a child." It is now certain enough that in *The Soul Enchanted*, Romain Rolland has not written another *Jean Christophe*, for the present work is at best uneven, and at times antiquated in its literary method, but it is not a book to be overlooked, and at its best, it is often very fine indeed and very moving.

### *A Story of the Real China*

THE Hobart novel tells the story of an American employe of one of the great oil companies who, as its representative in China, gives up his whole life to doing his job, and is kicked out for his pains when the time comes. This makes it a typical American story, but it is also a splendid study of China, seen realistically and honestly, and interpreted with skill, the kind of fiction that really makes for international understanding, even while it destroys some romantic and idealistic illusions. We have not been without good novels on China recently, but this is easily one



of the best and most important; in fact, it is one of the best novels on any subject that has been offered in recent months, and if it has the success it seems headed toward at this moment, one may rejoice that it will be deserved. There is another book on China, not a novel, but which may be mentioned in connection with the Hobart work, and this is *Chinese Destinies* by Agnes Smedley, subtitled *Sketches of Present-Day China* (Vanguard, \$3), a collection of articles and stories that blend into a stirring and depressing picture, one of brutality and oppression, graft and chicanery, but through all this, as Romain Rolland says at the end of his novel, is heard "the cry of a child," a New China trying to be born. The book contains an excellent description of the Chinese Soviet Republic, about which little seems to be known outside the East, and also touches upon other matters that do not get into the newspapers; it is easily one of the most interesting books about China that has appeared for a long time, and is calculated to help Americans to become reoriented on a question they have never done any straight thinking about.

### *In the Second Flight*

SEVERAL other novels of recent publication deserve brief discussion. One of these is William McFee's *No Castle in Spain* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), the story of an American girl who marries a Spanish-American Don, and doesn't like him, a good adventure yarn, with less real merit than is to be found in many of Mr. McFee's novels, but entertaining nevertheless and disclosing a real insight into Latin-American character. Another is Catherine Brody's *Cash Item* (Longmans, Green, \$2), a novel by the author of *Nobody*

*Starves* for which the Landscaper beat the drum with much enthusiasm last year. The present book is less successful than *Nobody Starves*, but it is a good picture of one phase of the depression and the reactions of ordinary people to financial hardship, filled with careful and minute observation and also filled with the truth of what money does to people when they have it and when they lose it. Miss Brody is not very successful with her characterizations in the new book, perhaps because her people are a little too "average"—in fact, she is more of a social documentarian than a novelist, anyway, but she does her job well, and her book will have an interest for the serious-minded. Thames Williamson's *The Woods Colt* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2) is a tale of the Ozarks, Mr. Williamson having shifted his interest in regionalistic goings-on once again, a tale of the determined fight for freedom of a lad born out of wedlock, told entirely in the mountain dialect, and dramatic in the extreme; not, perhaps a really important novel, but a thrilling piece of narrative to read, with a strong forward drive, and an exciting climax. And for those who like stories of American hillbillies there is another collection of sketches by Vance Randolph available, the present volume being called *From an Ozark Holler* (Vanguard, \$2), and containing some of the best work Mr. Randolph has yet done. Some of the pieces are rough and bawdy, and some horrible, but they are all genuine, as good a collection of pure Americana as the Landscaper has seen for some time.

### *And Still More Novels*

STILL other novels that deserve to be considered for reading lists are Michael Home's *Return* (Morrow,

\$2.50), a long and unhurried English story that runs from the end of the Nineteenth Century to the late Nineteen Twenties, offers, in excellent prose, an effectively told story of a family, against a fine background of rural life; *The Old Man Dies* by Elizabeth Sprigge (Macmillan, \$2.50), the story of the influence of a rich old man upon a whole family group, very well done, with the Old Man himself always off stage, but always affecting the lives of all the other characters; and *The Bishop of Havana* by Pendleton Hogan (Washburn, \$2), a young novel about a Spanish gypsy who became the bishop of Havana in the Eighteenth Century and made a journey to San Agustín in Florida, a journey from which he never returned. This book has its definite faults, its principal weakness being that its theme is a bit too large for its young author to handle, but it is original, and it has the merit of dealing with the days of the Spanish occupation of Florida, a period of which far too little has been made in American literature.

### *Novels Still to Appear*

OF IMPORTANT fiction that is still to come, much of which will be available in the book stores by the time this article reaches print, there is a new novel by Oliver La Farge, author of *Laughing Boy*, which is called *Long Pennant*, and which is a story of the sea. There is also a curious book called *I, The Tiger* by Manuel Komroff, author of such successes as *Coronet*, *The Two Thieves*, and so forth, and a satire on modern civilization from the point of view of a caged tiger, with a great deal of sharp and whimsical comment. And there is an adventure story translated from the French, *The Mountain Tavern*, by André Chamson, which is

beautifully written. This is to mention only a few of the novels that are yet to appear; in general the season seems destined to go down in history as offering enough good reading matter, but no unquestioned masterpieces. Without wishing to arouse any unduly invidious comparisons, there are no books in sight of the stature, for example, of Ellen Glasgow's novel of last year, *The Sheltered Life*—you remember, the work of fiction that did not win the Pulitzer Prize, thereby establishing indisputably once and for all the fact that such awards are, to put it crudely, the bunk.

### *Romantic Dickie Davis*

SOME of the more or less recent biographical offerings ought not to be overlooked, and the variety in this field is unusually wide. One of the best is Fairfax Downey's *Richard Harding Davis* (Scribner's, \$3), a complete portrait of a highly romantic newspaper man of the Gibson girl period, very well done indeed, and enough to set many an ambitious youngster sighing for a return to such a delightful period. The Landscaper was struck in reading the newspaper reviews of Mr. Downey's excellent book that so little note was taken of Davis's period, that so little was made of the fact that he was a perfect child of his century. The Spanish-American War was his war—if there is any doubt of the truth of the statement, please read Walter Millis's *The Martial Spirit*, one of the best books that has ever been written about any war—and in general he belonged perfectly to an age that seems curiously remote from our own. Some of the judgments that have been pronounced upon Davis fail to take this into account; considering his period, he did



a good job of work, and if he posed and swaggered a little, it was also in the picture. At any rate, he once quit Hearst over a matter of principle, an heroic gesture that one does not somehow see repeated by any reporter or editor of this generation.

Two first-rate books on a great queen and a near-great king are Milton Waldman's *England's Elizabeth* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.50), and Jean H. Mariejol's *Philip, The First Modern King* (Harper, \$3.75). Mr. Waldman's new portrait of Elizabeth is not only a fine piece of scholarship, but an equally fine interpretation, and while it can not be said to exhaust the subject—this quest for the secret of the greatness of the great is endless—it is a book to give pleasure to any intelligent student of history or any lover of good biography. Professor Mariejol enjoys a reputation as the great French authority on the Sixteenth Century, and his study of the life of Philip, the wholly Spanish son of a cosmopolitan father, is long and carefully detailed, a biography depending rather upon an examination of the documents than upon the mere cleverness of the biographer. Philip, who saw Spain reach its height and lived long enough to watch the inevitable process of decay at work in his great empire, is one of the most enigmatic figures in history, holding within his own personality some of the deepest secrets of Spanish character, and this gives an added value and interest to the present work. Would Charles V have succeeded in marrying Philip to Elizabeth if he had lived? Herein lies one of the great riddles of history, and more especially, what would the results of such have been upon the history of two great countries, or for that matter, upon the history of the world?

### *Mr. Leibowitz's Career*

IT is a far cry from such works to another which is as immediate in its appeal as today's tabloid. This is *Not Guilty: The Story of Samuel S. Leibowitz, Criminal Lawyer*, by Fred D. Pasley (Putnam, \$2.50). Mr. Pasley, it will be recalled, wrote a book about Al Capone some years ago. Mr. Leibowitz, about whom a great deal was heard in connection with the famous Scottsboro case, is a young man—forty years of age—who has made a remarkable record in the practice of criminal law, has, in fact, saved a good many people from the electric chair. Mr. Pasley's book is obviously not literature, but it is good journalism, and should appeal to several classes of readers, those who like crime stories, with which it is naturally filled, those who like success stories, for Mr. Leibowitz has been very successful, and last, but not least, those who wonder at times just what is wrong with American justice. Here is the whole story of why it is possible to kill a man in the United States with the best chance of escaping punishment in any supposedly civilized country; there are Leibowitzes all over America who know how to win verdicts of not guilty. This is, indeed, a most interesting book, and one that may be recommended without hesitation to all except the squeamish. The Scottsboro stuff is particularly strong, and speaking as one who was keenly interested in this case from the outset, seems more convincing than anything that has been printed—makes it more certain that the young Negroes who were charged with rape could not have been guilty. This is an observation that has nothing to do with the story of Mr. Leibowitz, who ought not to have to

worry much about the depression, for murder will continue and murderers and their families will go on being willing and able to pay for that favorite verdict of not guilty.

### *Two American Stories*

AMERICAN stories of another and far more heartening sort are to be found between the covers of two recent autobiographies, Floyd Dell's *Homecoming* (Farrar and Rinehart, \$3) and *Along This Way* by James Weldon Johnson (Viking, \$3.50). Floyd Dell's is a story of a generation, and also the story of how a delicate and sensitive boy found his place in the world, a story told with decency and restraint, and with candor at the same time, so that it is without anything offensively immodest and at the same time tells the truth. Mr. Dell's book will be read with avidity by people who have lived through the same period in this country as he has, for it is done against a background with which those of us who are in our middle years know by heart; it is a good book, and one the Landscaper has no hesitation in recommending. James Weldon Johnson is one of the most distinguished Negroes of present-day America, and he has told his whole story in his new book, which is an amplification of his earlier *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man*. It is the story of a man who has made his way against whatever handicaps race and color imposed upon him, who has made a great deal of his talents, and who does not feel resentful about his battle. It is also a story of the frequently changing attitude toward the Negro in different parts of this country, showing that many factors enter into race prejudice and that it is a long, long way from being the instinctive affair thoughtless people

assume it to be. There is an implication of the whole race problem in Mr. Johnson's own story, and he suggests two ways out: one a gradual absorption of the colored people; the other their determined and united stand against a white America, with an unceasing battle for their rights. Which will it be? Is it not true that the first process began shortly after the landing of the first cargoes of slaves and has gone steadily on up to the present moment? Nature has an odd and amusing way of making race prejudice look silly. . . . This, of course, has very little to do with the excellence of the Johnson biography, which is, as has been said, a purely American story of prime interest to the intelligent members of both races.

### *Angry Herr Luther*

TWO biographies remain to be mentioned. One is *Martin Luther: Germany's Angry Man* by Abraham Lipsky (Stokes, \$3); the other, *Boris Godunov* by Stephen Graham (Yale University Press, \$2.50). Mr. Lipsky has also written a life of John Wesley, and has been especially interested in religious leaders of the type of these two men. He believes that Luther as a personality will outlast Protestantism, and he makes the most of the stormy character of the German leader in his book, of his coarseness, of the profound depth of his feelings, of his melancholia and his crude jokes, of the vigor and lack of restraint of his language, and also of his superb courage. This is a story in which drama is implicit, and Mr. Lipsky has done a good job of interpretation. Mr. Graham's portrait of the Russian Emperor known to the world as the principal figure of an opera continues the story of Russia which was



begun in his magnificent *Ivan the Terrible*. It is no less well done; the background of Sixteenth Century Russia is admirably painted, and the whole book a fine combination of scholarship and literary skill.

### *An Improbable Continent*

TWO new books on South America are among recent publications, and both deserve warm recommendations to any one interested in the vast continent that lies so near us geographically and so far away in every other respect. These are Rosita Forbes's *Eight Republics in Search of a Future: Evolution or Revolution in South America?* (Stokes, \$3), and *Colonial Hispanic America: A History*, by Charles Edward Chapman (Macmillan, \$3). Miss Forbes traveled a matter of twenty-three thousand miles to collect the material for her thoroughly interesting volume, and summed up her conclusions about the continent with the simple statement that nothing had so impressed her about it as "its improbability." She was also impressed by its great and varied beauty, and by its possibility for tourist exploitation in the years that are to come. She ventures the prophecy that revolutions will continue because of the illiteracy of the masses, and goes on to point out that each country is exceedingly suspicious of its neighbors, and that progress is haphazard, which are not very striking generalizations and as true of one part of the world as another. But she saw much before she sat down to make these observations and the book is filled with fresh and novel impressions that make it excellent reading, with its solid information made easy to digest by the amount of human interest with which it is mixed. In other words, this is a good travel book, but it also tells

us much we all need to know about the republics to the south of us, and may even serve as a warning to some of us not to grab for Peruvian bonds during the next wave of prosperity. Professor Chapman's history tells the whole story of Spanish and Portuguese colonization, describing it as an orderly and in large measure, successful process, and also linking up the settlements of Hispanic America with the historical events and dynastic changes in the mother countries. He also gives a detailed account of the struggle for liberty fought by the colonies, and in general summarizes a part of the world's history with which North Americans ought to be much more familiar than they are. He has performed a needed task very well indeed.

### *More About Hitler*

OF MORE immediate interest, perhaps, is a group of books bearing upon the situation in Germany, most important of which is Hitler's autobiography, *My Battle* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), a considerably expurgated account of how the Nationalist Socialist Leader came to power. Many passages containing attacks on the Jews have been eliminated entirely. This is a strange book, for it reveals still further the utter absurdity of Hitler's leadership. It offers no explanation of his hold on the German people, that is, no reasonable explanation, and makes disheartening reading for any one who has kept any of his faith in human nature. It is, of course, important as an historical document, but must depend upon this fact for its appeal. It goes along with an anonymous work by a German called *Germany: Twilight or New Dawn* (Whittlesey House, \$2), a short and temperate summary of

recent events in Germany, optimistic in tone and conclusion, and *The Experiment with Democracy in Central Europe* by Arnold F. Zucker (Oxford University Press, \$2.50), a carefully documented and scholarly study of the whole governmental situation in Central Europe after the War and more recently, with much attention to Germany, naturally. Another book that might well be read in this connection is Harold Nicholson's *Peacemaking* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), which is the story of how the Treaty of Versailles came into being, and which ought to be read by all those who think there was anything God-inspired about that trouble-making document. Harold Nicholson is one of this department's favorite authors, and his official position in Paris gave him every opportunity to study the Peace Conference in action. The results of this study are enough to make a pacifist out of anybody, for wars end and peace conferences have to be held. Statesmen are never as wise as generals; the difference is that between a surgeon with a leg to amputate and a general practitioner trying to deal with a case of nervous indigestion. . . .

### *A Good Bedside Book*

THIS brings us down to the perpetually convenient classification of miscellaneous, and at the top of this list is a book that has given the Landscaper a great deal of pleasure, just the kind of thing to read when there are a few spare minutes, provided you have a taste for stray—and probably useless—bits of information. The book is Dr. Logan Clendening's *Behind the Doctor* (Knopf, \$3.75), a collection of tales about the history of medical practices that is amusing and entertaining and well filled with sketches of interesting

personalities, besides. There are many quaint illustrations, and the book is written in the gay style that one might expect from the author of *The Human Body*, perhaps the best volume on physiology for the masses that has appeared in this century. Dr. Clendening is a physician with a sense of humor, who can not ever have worn or ever thought of wearing hieratic whiskers. A cheer for his book, and if you don't think you will like it, make a note to buy it as a Christmas present for a friend with an inquiring and curious mind, being assured that he will bless you for it.

### *Across the Arabian Desert*

OF BOOKS of travel there is none available that can compare with H. St. John Philby's *The Empty Quarter* (Holt, \$4), a description of a journey through the great Arabian desert called Rub' Al Khali, ninety days of travel through untouched territory—not even Bertram Thomas covered this ground—done in prose of an Elizabethan strength and vigor. Mr. Philby is not the ordinary adventurer, but a man who knows his part of the world with the deepest possible intimacy, a scientific explorer whose work has won wide recognition, and an Englishman who really understands the desert-folk. This book richly deserves a place on the shelf close to Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*; if it does not become a classic of exploration it will be because it is lost sight of in the present upset state of affairs, and a real loss that would be. The volume is well illustrated, and contains a number of excellent maps.

The most charming book the Landscaper has rested his eye upon recently is *Paris to the Life* by Paul Morand (Oxford, \$3), with illustrations by Doris Spiegel, an American. M. Mo-

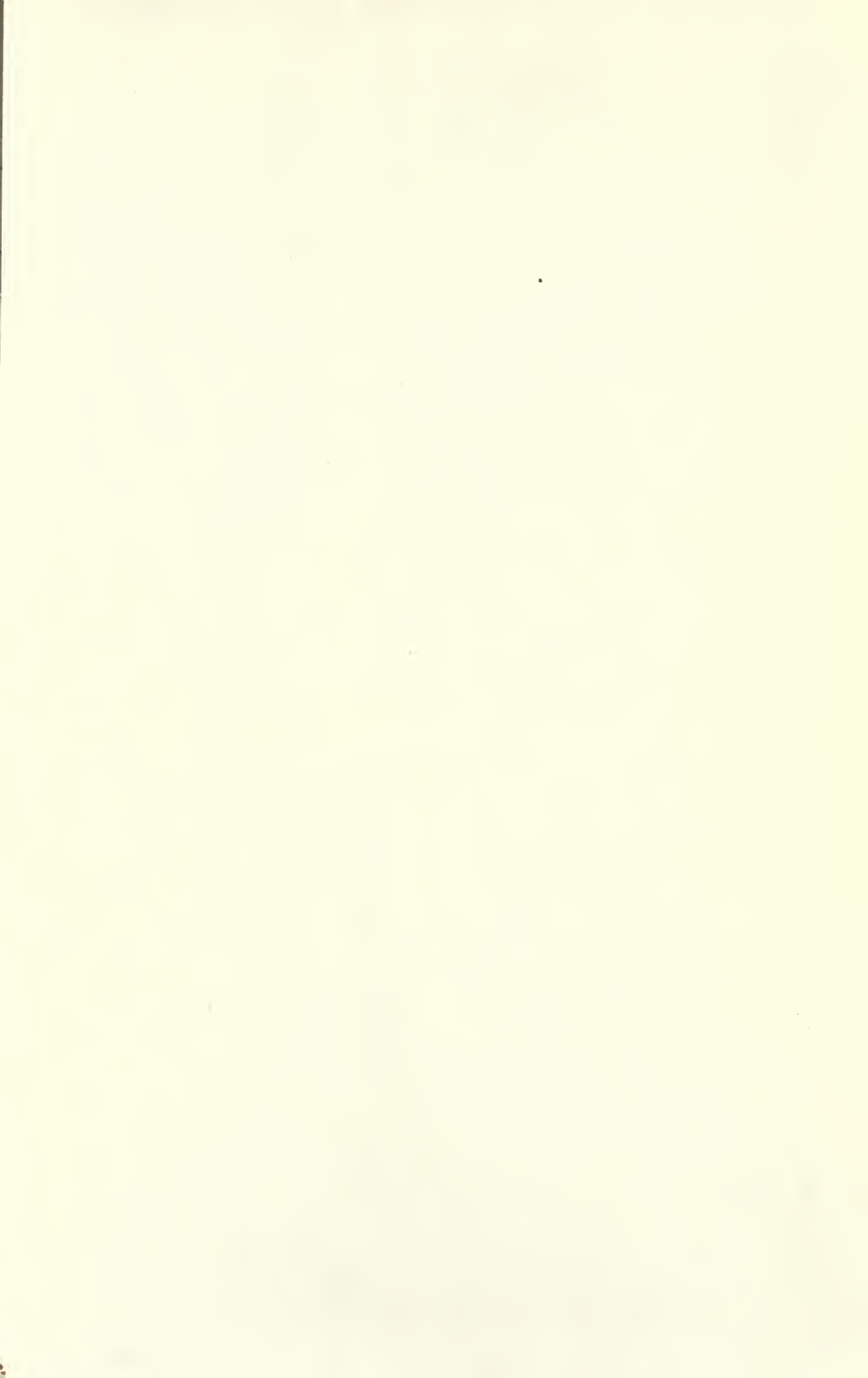


rand's text might be expected to be good, but curiously enough, it is not a bit better than Miss Spiegel's illustrations, which come as near capturing the heart and soul of Paris as any pictures this lover of travel books can recall. And what a pleasure it is to enjoy Paris between the covers of a book, where one may have all its quaintness and beauty, without the bad manners of its inhabitants!

This leaves the miscellaneous shelf still fairly well occupied, but no masterpieces have gone neglected. If you have a burning desire for efficiency, Walter B. Pitkin's *More Power to You!* (Simon and Schuster, \$1.75), is available,

just packed with usual suggestions for getting more out of life by being more energetic and organized. This is not the worst book the prolific Professor Pitkin has ever written; indeed, compared with *Finding a Job* by Roger W. Babson, another irritating volume of the times, it seems perfectly splendid. Mr. Babson apparently has not heard of the depression; he still believes that being a good boy and getting to work on time, also engaging in a business that is of "service to humanity"—how about tending bar, Mr. Babson?—is the perfect formula for success in all lines. Mr. Babson is an American sage, 1929 model. . . .







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